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# CAROLINA

——AND THE——

# SOUTHERN CROSS

*History Not Hatred, nor Sectional Strife.*

Dedicated to our busy people who always have time to make history but never time for research

"LO, how all things fade and perish!
From the memory of the old men
Pass away the great traditions,
The achievements of the warriors
The adventures of the hunters,
All the wisdom of the Medas,
All the craft of the Wabenos.
Great men die and are forgotten,
Wise men speak; their words of wisdom
Perish in the ears that hear them,
Do not reach the generations,
That, as yet unborn, are waiting,
In the great mysterious darkness
Of the speechless days that shall be.
On the grave posts of our fathers
Are no signs, no legends painted;
Who are in those graves we know not,
Only know they are our fathers."

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"THE BEST BY TEST"

Phone 235 -:- Kinston, N. C.

# CAROLINA
—AND THE—
# SOUTHERN CROSS

L. V. ARCHBELL, EDITOR KINSTON, N. C., NOVEMBER, 1912. VOLUME 1, NUMBER. 1

## THE OBJECT.

The object of this little magazine is fourfold:

*First*, we wish to secure that part of the history of our State that has not been recorded, but is quietly passing beyond our reach with the Confederate Veteran and the women who faced the crisis with him.

*Secondly*, if the history of the sixties can be published at once more interest will be taken in the work and greater effort will be made to obtain it.

*Thirdly*, if an organized effort is made to obtain this history throughout the State it will create a personal interest in the magazine, thereby securing for it a State-wide circulation.

*Fourthly*, if a magazine of this kind can gain a foothold in our State the general public will become informed about State history, a subject upon which we are densely ignorant as a people.

## HOW WE MIGHT ACCOMPLISH THE WORK

There are at least thirty-five children's Auxiliary Chapters belonging to the State Division of U. D. C. Each chapter has a leader who is making an effort to instruct them in the history and work of the Confederacy. These Chapters have no organ through which to express themselves. Each has no idea what the other is doing; and they lose the inspiration of friendly rivalry in a common cause, because they get in touch with each other only once a year. If each chapter can be induced to record the story of its own locality in short but true articles, busy people will take time to read them. If the editor can get short articles, experiences, anecdotes, and reminiscences to correlate with accounts of battles, skirmishes, marches and so fourth, people who are not students could read and comprehend without that effort that the seeker after truth in history, is obliged to put forth and which busy men, women and children have not time to indulge.

This magazine is not intended for the scholar. If it lives we hope through it to obtain truth in detail that otherwise will never be written and by it we hope to give those truths in easy lessons to a people who make history but never read it.

## WHAT WE WISH TO PUBLISH.

A simple, truthful account of all battles that have taken place in North Carolina, the personal experiences of reliable people, who came in contact with those battles, home life in the State during the Confederacy, what people did to make a living, and how they helped the soldiers in the field.

We have descriptions of large plantations. We have accounts of heroic deeds of men and women. We have slave stories that are beautiful and records of sacrifice that must make people better and stronger for knowing such things.

We want to record the life of such men as Gen. Gordon of North Wilkesboro, Col. Roger Moore of New Hanover, Col. John Ashford of Sampson, Capt. W. J. Hunter of Duplin, and scores of others.

## FOSTER'S RAID.

Foster's Raid was selected as the central history of this issue because of its local interest. The Kinston battle field is not more than a fourth of a mile from the editor's home. While much local history centers around this bit of carefully planned U. S. history, it is spoken of by the descendants of veterans, who fought in the battle, as a "skirmish." Our own historians treat it as a mere incident of the war, and school children have hard work to find material for a two page essay.

On the other hand, the northern historians have glorified it. It was reported as a great victory against overwhelming numbers. President Lincoln and Congress offered flattering congratulations to Foster and his army, and the names of Kinston, White Hall and Goldsboro, were emblazoned on his battle flags.

Each year brings veterans of the United States army on a pilgrimage to the battle fields around Kinston. No matter how modestly our State treats the history made here, no matter how we depreciate our own valor, it is evident that those who opposed us did not, and still do not feel that it was a mere incident. Suppose such a handful of New Englanders had have had the experience with a like number of British. They would be writing about it to this day.

The two accounts of Foster's Raid given in this number, came from the pens of living veterans, who were in direct contact with it, at different points. Both veterans know every step of the the route that Foster marched. There are plenty of living people who remember it. Foster did not enter Goldsboro.

"Side Lights on Foster's Raid," on another page, give some idea of the hardship on women and children. The half has not been told, but enough to show what it meant to those who could do nothing, but hope and pray.

The letters republished from the official records of the Union and Confederate armies, in the "War of the Rebellion," on another page, give the result of Burnside's encounter with Lee at Fredericksburg, for the help of which the "raid" was planned at Washington. The report of Sickles, recounting the merciful acts of the Confederate soldiers to the wounded and dying Yankees within their lines, is in striking contrast to the behavior of Gen. Foster to the aged Mrs. Williams and her dying daughter. It should make us proud to think it was our people whose record will bear the light of all the ages.

## A WORD TO OUR READERS.

Our readers will please note that this is a Kinston issue of CAROLINA AND THE SOUTHERN CROSS, and those who were familiar with the town in the sixties would not recognize it now. Please read all the advertisements and see how bravely she has born herself since the battle with Foster.

We intended to publish only about half as many pages as this number contains, but owing to the generosity of Kinston, and kind contribution of reading matter, we have had to enlarge this number and still leave out something that would be very appropriate.

## MRS. MILLER'S SERVICE.

It is said that it was owing to the influence of Mrs. Anderson Miller that Kinston was not burned by Foster.

She was a northern woman and her husband and all of his brothers were Confederate soldiers. Her bravery in rescuing Miss White, who was besieged by the Yankee soldiers and was about to kill herself rather than fall into their hands, should never be forgotten. She [Mrs. Miller] was the mother of Mrs. Hyatt, who with Mrs. Miller was brought to Kinston on one of the gunboats, as a prisoner of war.

Sometime we shall give the whole story of this remarkably strong woman.

## OUR YANKEE.

Several years ago workmen were excavating on the left bank of the Neuse river preparatory to building the Caswell Cotton Mill, when they found some human bones. There was no sign of coffin, but remnants of brass buttons and bits of cloth and silk gave rise to the belief the workmen had uncovered the grave of a Federal officer who had died in a tent that had been quarantined with small pox on the bank of the river, when Foster's army occupied Kinston. The Daughters of the Confederacy hearing of the discovery immediately took charge of these bones, had a box prepared and gave them decent burial in Maplewood Cemetery. On memorial day when we decorate the graves of the Confederate dead with flowers, the grave of "Our Yankee" is not forgotten. This serves to show the spirit of the women of the South who insist on teaching true history, but cherish no bitterness.

The word Yankee is preferred because it is familiar. It will require no effort of the mind to understand which side is referred to when the word is used. The word is a part of history. Reference to the official records called "Records of the War of Rebellion" will frequently be made. The terms yankee and rebel occur in the official letters and reports.

The Kinston Free Press has our thanks for the loan of cuts used in this number. The Free Press is doing good work for Kinston. It publishes the best semi-weekly in the State, and sends a bright daily to over 3,000 people. Besides publishing numbers of church and school journals, it has a large advertising department and still keeps in touch with the farmer in a sympathetic personal interest.

The imagination was strongly developed in Gen. Foster. He seemed to see double when looking toward the Confederates. He reported to his government that the "rebels" had a monitor car at Goldsboro. Also he reported that Evans had 6,000 men and a large number of guns.

## THE GUNBOAT "NEUSE"

The gunboat or iron clad ram, which was in a state of being built at White Hall when Foster used so much ammunition trying to spoil it, was soon put in good shape and the ship carpenters resumed work. These men boarded at the "Burns Place," and it was they who discovered that something was the matter with the well. When they cleaned out the well they drew out arms and legs enough to fill a cart. The limbs had been sunk by the aid of Mrs. Whitfield's flat-irons, that were used as weights. The thought of drinking such water made the soldiers and workmen sick.

Thomas Howard and Benjamin Ellis of the firm of Howard & Ellis, Shipbuilders, New Bern, had charge of the work. The master machinist was James Flemming of Gosport, Norfolk navy yard. Sometime we will give the names and residences of all the workmen.

Only the wood-work was done at White Hall, then "The Neuse," for that was her name, was floated down to Kinston to be finished with iron armor. She was armed with two heavy guns, one at each end, and she was one of the best of her class, superior to the Albemarle, which sunk the Yankee navy at Plymouth when it was taken by Gen. Hoke. But when Hoke wanted to use the "Neuse" to make an attack on New Bern the river fell seven feet, and she couldn't be floated.

The Confederate soldiers blew up the "Neuse" in 1865 to prevent her falling into Sherman's hands, after Kinston was evacuated the last time.

The "Gunboat" is the favorite swimming place of the Kinston boys, and people who have drowned in the river at Kinston, are nearly always found at the "Old Confederate Gunboat."

## THE WHITFIELD HOME.

The Burns Place was used as a hospital by Foster. The soldiers amused themselves by stabbing the portraits of the Whitfield ancestors. A landscape painting, the work of a sister of Mrs. Whitfield, was stolen, but after the war, it was returned by a man who inquired about the circumstances of the family. Mrs. Whitfield was sick, and did not see the man and one of children, who met him told him with some spirit that the family was not dependent on charity. His intentions must have been kind, but I am afraid the little girl who met him convinced him that the South had not been subjugated.

A well at this place, that supplied the family with drinking water, and was used by the Confederates who had been building the gunboat, was polluted by the Yankees, who placed in it, about a cart load of legs and arms cut from their men who were wounded at the battle of White Hall. L. V. A.

It was the Yankees of New England who established the underground railroad to inflame the slaves against their masters. The John Brown attempt, the speeches of Garrison, Phillips and others, as well as the agitation about the western territory and special privileges, all began among the New England people who were known as Yankees.

When the politicians of the north and northwest joined forces with the Abolitionists to carry the elections the people of the south designated them all as Yankees and eventually a Yankee was anyone who lived north of the Mason and Dixon line or took up arms against the South.

# PHYLLIS

## CHAPTER I.

PHYLLIS had been dressed with more than usual care that day because "Cline" said every clean frock had been soiled and "Miss" had kept the "niggers" so busy cooking that there had been no time to do de washin'. That accounted perhaps for the little girl's presenting herself to her mother dressed in a dainty corn colored Barege, white stockings and blue slippers that had evidently run the blockade. While the nurse dressed her she had stood on a chair in front of a mirror and watched the operation with great a deal of impatience, for it must be confessed that Phyllis preferred to look through a tangled thatch of hair that broke into a thousand rings as it passed through the comb and parted boyishly on the left side, than to stand for ages and ages on a chair while nurse wet and brushed the curls smoothly around her finger. The reflection in the glass did not accord with the child's idea of beauty at all, and she objected to dressing up except when she went to church, where there was nothing else to do but sit still and take care of ones' clothes.

"Oh,Cline, why do you put these things on today? I am going to take Lady Rowena into the woods to see—" "No, you aint going' cross de fence dis day chile; the soldiers are comin' and if you go off your buddy may come by an you will miss him, and den you'll be cryin' your eyes out."

"Cline, if buddy is coming Lady Rowena must have on a clean dress too, and where am I to get it? He must not say she is only a rag baby." The big black eyes of the child were fixed on the face of the nurse, and lifting her finger in an impressive manner, she almost whispered "Cline, Rowena Rebekah knows a great deal more than you do. I wouldn't be a bit 'sprised if she knows ezactly when the war is going to end."

"Maybe she do," answered Cline, indulgently, "There is no tellin' what these dolls and rabbits and foxes say to each other when folks aint listenin' and you and dat doll do stay in de bushes a good deal. Maybe the de birds tell her things too and I spect dey tole her ter keep you in dis yard terday. I'm gwine dress her up now in woner dese here little dresses you use ter wear when youse a baby and if she don't keep you on dis lot ter day I aint never gwine have no confidence in her no more, and if you don't stay close to de house you gwine tear dat fine dress all to pieces and yo ma gwine ter be mighty mad wid me." Wily Caroline knew that the child would obey for the honor of Rowena Rebekah and the protection of the nurse, though she would take risks for herself.

The little one gave her a loving hug and said, "I love you Cline, and I am not going to make mother mad with you, I will not cross the road nor go into the woods while I'm dressed up."

"Why Caroline," exclaimed her mistress, "What does this mean?" "Miss Phyllis is expecting her big buddy to come along wid de soljers and she and Lady Rowena aint gwine no further 'n de big gate 'n dats de only clean rag shes got to put on, 'n her feets most too big for dem blue slippers now."

The mother looked thoughtful a moment, then calling the child to her she knelt down and looked straight into her eyes Oh, that straight level look of the mother, what a power it holds over the child and how lasting! It will be remembered longer than a threat, or a frown for through it the soul of the mother controls the spirit of her child. "Promise me," she said, "That you will not go out of my sight today. Caroline must help me, and you must take care of yourself, but you must stay where I can see you."

All this time the black eyes of Phyllis looked into those of the tall slender woman before her and there was a perfect understanding between them, when the little one answered, "I shall not go any further than the big gate, mother, and I have promised Cline, too."

Everybody was busy that day; there were not so many servants as Phyllis had been accustomed to see around her mother, because the servants had been sent up the country to keep the Yankees from getting them.

Things had been changing very rapidly, so rapidly, that the child had only a kaledioscopic memory of what had happened before. She remembered a time when she sat on her father's knee and sang for his guests, who applauded her. That was before she could walk. Ages and ages after that she remembered that her splendid papa took her out of a warm bed and rolled her over and over in the snow and it was glorious. Then there was a long, long blank in her memory and she stood beside her mother where tables were set all along the street. They were covered with snowy linens and shone with silver, china and crystals and they were supplied with large quantities and varieties of good things to eat. The ladies of New Bern had spread a feast for the soldiers who had gathered in camp preparing to defend the State against the invasion of "Yankees."

Phyllis was too full to eat. The white tents on the green grass appealed to her more than the food. All the men had on grey clothes with brass buttons. A brass band played somewhere, and then the soldiers lolled on the grass and sang:

*"Farewell to my old cabin home,*
*There lies my sister and my brother,*
*There lies my wife, the joy of my life,*
*And my child in the grave with its mother."*

Never again did Phyllis hear that song, but it remained in her memory, because she had a way of pondering over the meaning of words that she did not know, and drawing her own conclusions instead of asking questions. The word "grave" was beyond her knowledge or comprehension, hence the whole song was a mystery, and because it required a constant effort of the mind to unravel it, the impression grew deep and lasting.

Now she was here in the woods living in what her brother had christened the "Cabin Home," a small house built of logs, surrounded by zig zag fences in the heart of the wilderness, where birds of prey swooped down in the day time and carried off the chickens before her mother, eyes and the owl, the whip-poor-will and the loon awoke the echoes at night.

She had learned the meaning of "the grave" for that terrible destroyer, diphtheria, had visited the "Cabin Home" and taken the fair blue eyed sister, her ideal of beauty and Phyllis had looked down into an open grave and at the same time witnessed the exalted self forgetfulness of the mother as she

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saw her child buried from sight, while the strong arm upon which she had always leaned was not there to support her. Phyllis' father was engaged at that time in the secret service of the Confederacy and few things happened in New Bern that did not find a way to the ear of General Ransom at Kinston. For that reason the mother's heart often stood still with fear and horror. If at any time the Yankees discovered the source from which the Confederate General received his information—well the woman knew that her beloved one would suffered as Nathan Hale had, and with the same declaration on his lips.

Soon after the little grave had been made news came from below that the Yankees had raided the plantation of Phyllis' grandfather, an old white haired gentleman past eighty-five, and ordered all the negroes, a large number of men and women, to leave the plantation and march in front of the soldiers on their return to New Bern. The Yankees had also stolen and destroyed everything that had made the place a home, and when the grandfather had persistently held on to the bridle of his favorite saddle horse which he had ridden every morning for years, a brutal soldier knocked down the old man with a gun and left him lying on the grass, while he robbed him of his beloved old horse. Phyllis' brother, who had been kept at home to care for his mother, now went scoutingne ar New Bern in an attempt to recover the old white horse, but the effort was fruitless, for the Yankees caught the boy and took him to New Bern, a prisoner, and General Foster promptly put him into the New Bern jail, because he refused to consider a price for information about Kinston's garrison. Phyllis' father went to General Foster and had his son released, because Foster thought there was no harm in the half blind "Rebel" who visited him every day and so frankly condemned "Abe Lincoln" and his policy that had forced North Carolina out of the Union. During these conversations much useful information leaked out and somehow found its way to General Ransom, sometimes on tissue paper at the bottom of a box of matches that had been cut very short, the message was handed to a countryman who was not suspected by the Federals at New Bern. Sometimes a hollow walking cane contained important news that upset a movement planned in the capital of the North by "Old Abe" himself. But at this time a written message was out of the question and all night long the father and son sat alone in the dark, whispering over and over the message that must reach the Confederate General within two days. The boys' instructions were to go at once to Kinston and tell Ransom that the enemy were ready to move immediately and importantly.

The mother, who waited at home in a frenzy of fear and suspense must still wait for news of her boy and her husband till the Confederacy had been served.

When the delicate looking lad stepped into the canoe of the colored ferryman "Uncle Wiggins," he not only carried a plan purposing to frustrate the whole northern army, but there was a hot determination within him to join the Confederate army as quickly as possible. His ideals of the *American soldier*, were George Washington, Light Horse Harry Lee, Moore Caswell, Nathaniel Green and others whose valor had given us the power to write our own Constitution and create the Stars and Stripes, the flag of our country and the emblem of our rights as set forth in that Constitution. Only yesterday he had been made a prisoner by men claiming to be soldiers of the United States. The Satrs and Stripes had floated over the the headquarters of their General and the boy had heard him ask them how much *booty* they had stolen from "The Rebels," and if they had obeyed his [General Foster's] instructions to "*Destroy everything the*—— rebels had."

No hope of recovering the old grandfather's horse from such a valiant warrior as Foster. The espousal of the United States Flag by such men had changed its meaning to the South. The Stars and Stripes and General Foster hobnobbing together were calculated to give the boy a shock, but it was not the first time that the flag of one's country had been made to represent oppression and invasion. It was not the fault of the flag but of the men who made it their ensign while carrying an armed force into a State of the Union without the State's consent or the *consent of the United States in Congress assembled.*"

Another thing had come to the knowledge of the boy while in New Bern. The tomb of Governor Richard Dobbs Speight had been desecrated by the northern army, the honored dead had been rolled from his metallic casket and his coffin had been used to convey the body of a dead northern officer back to the north. Richare Dobbs Speight had helped to write the Constitution of the United Stes. His signature was among the other names appended to it and now the body of the signer had been deprived of its coffin over which the vandals of the north had draped the Stars and Stripes. Could that flag still mean what Richard Dobbs Speight and George Washington intended? Not to the studious lad who had been taught that true patriotism is something deeper, stronger and nobler than mere sentiment about a flag. The flag bereft of the truth for which it stood, is like the dead body of our best beloved, after the soul has fled.

Straight to Kinston went the boy with his father's communication to Gen. Robt. Ransom. He had had the ability not only to convey the message intelligently and clearly but he could draw maps and plans of the enemy's proposed movements, and he so impressed the General that he offered him a commission on his staff which the boy promptly accepted, but here fate interposed in the form of Col. John D. Whitford, who urged General Ransom to send the boy back to his mother, for the present, as she was too timid to be left with the entire care of her family, while her husband was in momentary danger of losing his life in the secret service of the Confederacy. The boy was not grateful for this interference, but his mother felt differently. However, he did not have long to wait.

The father in New Bern became conscious that he was more closely watched than formerly. Frequently at night, soldiers would demand entrance to his house and having entered they searched every nook and corner for any evidence that would justify them in arresting him. Failing the evidence they arrested him anyhow. A demand to see the General always brought release and a long conversation with the officer resulted in freedom and less surveillance for the time.

An Englishman in the Yankee army advise the father to leave New Bern at once. "For," said the the Englishman,"They have fixed your fate at headquarters and you are a to be confined in jail for some time at least. You are a marked man."

At once Uncle Wigggins was told to be at a little stream between Neuse River and Jack Smith's creek at sunset for three days. Then the father began to

take long walks. On the first day, he invited one of the the officers to walk with him. They went nearly to "Uncle Wiggins'" rendezvous, but the father turned back with the officer and so disarmed him by his frank conversation, so honestly and openly differed with him, so sincerely regretted the haste that had hurried the South to defend herself, that the officer concluded to wait further developments before curtailing the liberty of the "Old Rebel," who talked with so much common sense.

The next day the father walked a little further up the road but turned back in time to disarm the suspicions of a soldier who had appeared to follow without any particular aim. This man had been on the road for the past two days, therefore the father had concluded to make friends with him by calling his attention to some hardwood branches which he had just brought from the woods ostensibly for the purpose of making them into walking canes. As the Yankee soldier had been a cabinet maker and could talk very intelligently about wood, the father exerted himself to interest him in the forestry of North Carolina, and on reaching town he presented the soldier with a stick which had already been varnished and remarked that he would get some prettier specimens on the next afternoon, so that the soldier could send them home to some of his friends. They separated well pleased over their mutual understanding of hard wood, but the soldier did not know that the man he watched had seen "Uncle Wiggins" among the tall reeds and alders of the creek and that the very next evening was fixed upon as the time of escape.

After supper the father called in Gen. Foster and told him that he had almost decided not to have his family to return to New Bern, and he had determined to ask Gen. Foster to give him a pass through the lines. He went on to say that there had been a death in his family, that his boys might be induced to join the Confederate army, and leave their mother without protection, and with no one to provide for a family of little ones, and that his own life was becoming a burden, because the soldiers raided his home at all hours of the night or day. He could not think of subjecting his wife to such treatment and as his sight was failing so rapidly that he could scarcely see to read, he preferred to go to his family. The General asked when he would want the pass and the father said in about a month or perhaps earlier. He very much desired to secure a reliable tenant for his house, and that was doubtful because the soldiers had ruined the walls and floors, by tearing them open to search for something that they seemed to think had been hidden there. People would not think the house a pleasant place in which to live. Gen. Foster said that he would consider the application for a pass, but that he was opposed to sending people through the lines unless they agreed to take the oath of allegiance to the Federal Government. This brought such a violent protest and such sound argument from the "Old Rebel" accompanied by such open disagreement with the General in regard to his treatment of people who had made the Constitution and the flag of the United States, that Foster's suspicions were allayed for the time and he told the father that he would consider the question of a pass and notify him of his decision.

It was a heavy hearted father who turned his back on his home, for the last time, which was on the afternoon following the visit to Gen. Foster. He knew that he must act quickly. Already escape might be impossible. Everything would depend on his ability to outwit the soldier, who had been a cabinet maker, for there was no doubt that he was sent to keep an eye on the movements of the "Old Rebel." The soldier sat by the railroad where they had met the day before. "Hello, friend," said the father, "How would you like to go up the creek to help me to get those hard-wood, specimens I promised you?" The soldier hesitated, then after a keen look he said that he was on guard and could not leave but that he would be glad to have the specimens.

"I may leave New Bern in a few weeks. I have already applied to Foster for a pass," said the father, "And as my stay here may be short I had better get your specimens now. If you go with me I shall be able to go farther into the woods, and you can account for my behavior. I want to keep on the good side of Gen. Foster so that I can get that pass." "I will answer for you and I will wait here for the specimens, but you had better be here by dark, I guess," replied the soldier, "They are getting strict at headquarters."

Up the road the "Father" turned and looked back at the Yankee soldier, back down the long row of cross ties that led to a deserted house, a filthy jail and perhaps to a gallows, then turning away with a sigh and a prayer he found Uncle Wiggins, and lay hidden under the sails of his boat till the night shadows made it possible to attempt to cross the Neuse river.

The escape had not been without danger and pursuit. Arrests had been made but nothing was proved. When little Phyllis had seen her mother rush into the arms of a strange man who suddenly appeared before them one day, she did not recognize him as the papa she had known. This man looked rather old and haggard. He was unkempt and covered with mud and she heard him tell her mother that he had barely escaped with his life and that there were swarms of soldiers in search of him. For that reason he had not stopped in any house. He could not afford to bring trouble upon the white people who would gladly have sheltered him, and "Wiggins" was not suspected because he was a negro. A few days after his return the father and elder brother made a visit to the Confederate headquarters at Kinston and the father came back alone.

After that, Phyllis associated her mother's face with a picture that a neighbor once showed her in her church. It was one of the Saints at prayer and the face was lifted, not bowed as the others were. Why did that picture remain in the child's memory while all the others faded? Who can say! And who can tell how little Phyllis knew that her mother's soul lay prostrate in prayer before God's mercy seat, and never changed that attitude after her two boys joined the army. There were two of them. Phyllis did not see much of the younger brother at the "Old Cabin Home," because he was too busy helping volunteer scouts or patrols or other things for the Confederacy. He had always longed and hoped to join the army from the first because he was the kind of boy that —

*"If the path be dangerous known*
*The danger's self were he lure alone."*

He had fought in the battle of New Bern. His father, one of the Home Guards, had gone to Richmond to bring home the remains of a brother-in-law, who was in the "Stonewall Brigade" and he had jokingly said that the younger son might fill his place if the Yankees tried to capture New Bern. The trial was to be made sooner than anybody thought. A large number of

Confederate soldiers had been granted leave of absence to visit their homes. Those who remained were commanded by Gen. L. O'B. Branch, who did not at that time know even the theory of war. The militia and Home Guards went to his support, but a lack of experience in officers and men made it impossible to resist for any length of time the training and equipment of Gen. Burnside and his army.

Phyllis often heard the younger brother remark that his mother was the bravest woman that he knew, because he took his father's cartridge belt and asked her permission to fill his father's place in the company, she helped him adjust the belt by punching holes in the leather with her scissors and buckled it on with her own hands. This impetuous youth had to be called to order before the day was over for seeing the enemy approaching, he exclaimed, "There they come with the Stars and Stripes. Let's charge em! Charge em!" Colonel Guion reminded him that the company was not without officers and boys must not give orders.

It had been hard for the mother to keep him at home till he was old enough to be a soldier and on the day that the army passed the "Cabin Home" on its way to New Bern this young brother and the father went with the soldiers, though Phyllis had only a vague recollection of their going. Her own part in the day's happenings always remained vividly in her memory.

After "Cline" had dressed her in the yellow barege she took the big rag doll, her constant companion, and walked to the great mulberry tree that stood by the gate like a huge umbrella sheltering the road. She could climb like a squirrel, and after reaching the top of the high zig zag fence it was easy to reach a comfortable seat on a great limb that hung right over the road. Selecting a place between two branches for a cradle she was soon engaged in getting Rebeka Rowena to sleep. After telling the story of Daniel in the Lion's Den, she sang everything from "By O' Baby Bunting," through the nursery hymns and was just beginning Dixie, when she became conscious of an unusual noise, the tramp of many feet. Parting the branches to get a clearer view, the little girl tried to discover in the cloud of dust the beloved brother who Cline had made her believe would come with the soldiers. Seaching rank after rank, she had not been conscious of the forward movement of the advancing troops and when a voice said "Come out of that tree, little girl. Come out of that tree," she had just started to swing herself down by taking hold of a limb and letting go. When she did let go with her hand the yellow dress let go what seemed to her yards and yards of gathers. "Better not let your ma see that, sissy." "Come out of that dress now," drawled a soldier. "I have, almost," answered Phyllis solemnly, as she crushed the accordion like gathers in her little hands. "Tie your bonnet strings around your waist advised a soldier and Ma won't see it." That was an inspiration, for Phyllis never wore her bonnet on her head, but it usually dangled at her shoulders out of her way. Now she pulled a string and a tall man who had been standing beside her helped her to adjust it in a way that would hold the drooping widths of gathers and hide the gap between waist and skirt. "Hello, yaller bird." Hello, blue bird." Hello, singing bird, give us a song," said the soldier boys as they passed by. The officer lifted little Phyllis to the fence and said, "Sing for the soldiers little one, I heard you singing up the tree."

Phyllis loved to sing. She had a strong clear voice that carried far and nothing pleased her better than to sing the war songs that were on every tongue t it must be confessed that some of the words puzzled her no little. Such words as the "Dissolution Wagon," and Constitution were more than a mouthful and no doubt brought many of the smiles that wreathed the faces of her listeners.

Beginning with "Bonny Blue Flag," little Phyllis' childish treble was soon joined by hundreds of voices and when the song closed a cheer went up from the on-coming troops for the "Little singing bird," and a hearty, give us another, from a soldier.

*"Our rights forever, Hurrah, boys hurrah;*
*Down with the Yankees, and raise the Southern Cross*
*And we'll rally round the flag boys, rally once again,*
*Shout, shout the battle cry of freedom."*
*"Old Lincoln and his hireling crew*
*Will never whip the South*
*Shouting the Battle cry of freedom."*

The voice of Phyllis again rang out and again hundreds joined the stirring, defiant music. Song after song started from the child's lips to be joined by the boys in gray till the Confederate song book was exhausted and "Dixie" was rending the air far down the road when the officer lifted the child from the fence saying, "Well, little lady, you've done something for your country today. You've sent an army on their way with a song on their lips. Now take me to your father."

But Phyllis never knew whether he found her father or not, for just then a boy with a white face staggered toward her and said, "Little girl, get my canteen filled," and as she ran toward the well where the negroes were drawing water and filling canteens, she saw him fall in a faint at her mother's feet, and the mother was chafing his hands and holding a spoon to his lips. Afterwards Phyllis' father and younger brother drove toward the army with the sick soldier between them, and for days everything in nature seemed to listen for the sound of guns.

[To be continued.]

The next Chapter will tell of Phyllis' home life in the Confederacy.

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Aunt Frances was a thorn in the side of Sarah, the cook, but it amused the mistress to hear Aunt Frances tell her religious experiences. Also, as she was a "'fore de war nigger," she felt that obligation, which still seems to be natural to Southern housekeepers to provide something for the old darkey to eat whenever she chose to "go to de house." Of the numerous cooking utensils in the kitchen there was a frying pan without a handle which was highly favored by Sarah. One day it slipped into a big pot, and could not be found. Sarah was a kind of tragedy queen on all occasions, but when she was excited her air and her language were overpowering. She stood before the mistress with her arms akimbo and announced that "Sister Frances" had stolen the frying pan. "Well Sarah," said her mistress ,"what are you going to do about it?" "Why, madam," she replied, "I am going to 'Sister Frances' house and git dat fryin' pan, for I don't intend to expond to other peoples' sponsibles."

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**A Quick Rejoinder.** Colored lady—"Mr. Bryan, why are you so solumcolum?" Mr. Bryan—"Because I am so briskinary."

# Foster's Raid

## ON THE ROAD TO KINSTON

[A Veteran's Account.]

Gen. Foster had recieved orders to advance on Kinston and cut the W. & W. railroad at Goldsboro. The General being ambitious, addressed himself to the task with spirit and vim. He at once organized a flotilla of many heavily armed gun boats and small craft numbering about twenty total. This fleet was to protect his right, as he advanced. His splendid body of cavalry was carefully overlooked and horse and man made to match for the march. His superb artillery shone resplendently in the morning sunlight and his many brigades of well fed and well drilled infantry armed with the best Springfield rifles awaited his orders to move forward. Large commissary and ordinance supplies were in line and the men became impatient at being kept so constantly under arms awaiting the word.

The Confederate authorities had been made aware of this formidable host's purpose to advance on Kinston, by the Confederate cavalry and scouts. Gen. Evans of South Carolina, a gallant officer, was placed in command of about 2,500 infantry and 200 cavalry to meet this coming host of Federals. The Confederate authorities felt that Richmond was more important to them than the W. & W. railroad, and that when the great fight, with Burnside, to be fought at Fredericksburg, Va., should have been decided, then if necessary, an army could be sent to meet Foster. In a word Kinston and the W. & W. R. R., were left to luck or fate. The weather was very cold. When the signal gun at New Bern was fired on December 11, and the flotilla, the army and stores moved forward to carry out the orders of Lincoln, Stanton and Halleck, nearly 30,000 Federals all told took up the march.

The advance was effected with no opposition till reaching Revolution Run,about 21 miles from New Bern, near the Haskins and Nobles farms, when the Confederate cavalry fired upon the advancing squadrons.

Lieutenant Hartsfield was in command of the advance post and Col. John A. Baker in command of the whole. Col. Baker had thrown Lieut. Hartsfield's command well beyond the Run and Hartsfield, being a veteran of the Mexican war, objected that he was placed where he could be easily flanked by a superior force, and asked Col. Baker to let him retire to a better position. Being ordered to remain, the enemy coming close, the fight at once commenced. They flanked Hartsfield after a sharp fight, threw heavy columns against Baker's weak force and by reason of superior numbers drove back, at a disadvantage, the Confederates engaged. The small force of the 3rd N. C. cavalry was overwhelmingly attacked by the 3rd N. Y. cavalry, and Langston of Company E, whose horse was killed under him, and Beale, and some of Company C were surrounded and captured. Hinton was killed, Gibson of Company C was wounded; unfortunately his horse broke through the bridge at Gallus Branch and after he had surrendered the Yankees deliberately shot him again through the temple. Left for dead he was next day carried to the Nobles house and was kindly nursed by Mrs. Nobles till he died.

Hearing the fighting, Capt. Foy hurried to the scene with what men he could call to him, and a few of brave Nethercutt's men, and opened up on the Yankees such a hot, sharp fire that for a while the Federals had to halt, and call for reinforcements. The kitchen at the Nobles farm was soon filled with wounded Yankees and the ambulance carried away their dead.

A Yankee officer declared after the war that the fight that Capt. Foy and Lieut. Hartsfield put up at Revolution Run was one of the most disastrous, for such a short time and by such a small force, that he had ever experienced.

Major Nethercutt and Capt. Foy should be remembered gratefully by the people of Jones county for both were patriots, and sturdy fighters.

The Federal Army were two days and nights passing the Nobles farm. The artillery and wagons cut the neglected road so deep that the bodies of the wagons raked the ground as they pressed toward Kinston.

The first night this great army camped on the Nobles farm, the old Pollock place, and the Huggins plantation. The Federals felt sure of victory, for their number and equipment exceeded the records of '76 or '12 or '44, which dates witnessed the puissance of the United States. The Confederates were few, badly armed and had no prestige as to a separate nationality. It appears now from this latter day view point, a wonder that men would dare to war with shot guns versus improved rifles, "Cat boats versus armed cruisers," 600,000 men versus three millions of well fed, well drilled soldiers, and an empty treasury versus a strong box of gold.

A hospital was improvised at the house of Mr. Enoch Nobles and their wounded men and one Confederate were then and there treated. They destroyed all the Nobles' cooking utensils and THREATENED THE WOMEN if anything went wrong with their wounded.

Flushed with their small victory, the army advanced with the certainty of conqueror; but the sharp fight that Hartsfield, Foy and Baker had put up warned the advancing Federal cavalry to use caution with boldness.

South West Creek was the line of defense adopted by Gen. Evans and he placed his men as best he could to meet the oncoming army.

At Wise's Forks,a very important strategic position, Col. Baker, 3rd N. C. cavalry, being advised, knew that the Confederate cavalry were on River Road and Trent Road; he therefore attempted to detain the Federal advance as long as he could, to allow the troops to get out of the immediate danger of capture, but 5 to 1 told the old tale, a fight, a retreat and a run. The Confederates fell back in a body to South West Creek and awaited developments.

Gen. Foster made a detour to his left for Woodington. At Williams Mill Foster heard that an important point that led to Evans' rear was unprotected. He pitched his tent at the church at Woodington, near Mrs. Nancy Williams' home. Here he ordered two prisoners, captured at Revolution Run, brought before him. These were Jas. Langston and Wills of Co. E, 3rd N. C. Cavalry Foster threatened them with death if they did not tell him how many "rebels" were in front. Also, he told Langston, that that he had 60,000 men in his command in North Carolina and he had 60 cannons with him. Langston

Continued on Page Nineteen.

# Famous Flags For Foster

## BATTLES OF KINSTON, WHITE HALL AND GOLDSBORO.

General John Gray Foster was in command of the northern army at New Bern, N. C., which place had been captured by Burnside, and Foster was his chief lieutenant.

In all the operations of Burnside, the capture of the isolated, so called forts at Hatteras Inlet with the handful of Confederates who were stationed there; the Roanoke Island forts and 2,500 men and New Bern, defended by about four thousand Confederates, of whom 1,200 were raw militia called out for the emergency, the main and indispensable reliance was the powerful navy which participated in all these battles. The naval vessels carried the deadliest and most modern guns, and could fire on the Confederate works with the heaviest and most destructive shot and shell, from positions which the inferior cannon of the Confederates could not reach. The navy with more guns than were in the Confederate works would rain on them a torrent of shell, dismounting or making useless the most of the artillery of the defenders. After the navy had virtually destroyed the forts, then the army, assisted by the guns of the navy at closer range, would move on the almost helpless army of the Confederates.

For no army, however brave, numerous and powerful can contend with the heavy guns of even one well armed ship of war without the aid of guns of equal caliber.

It was not the northern armies with their vast numbers that overcame the Confederates. It was the immense navy at the command of Lincoln's government, which always struck the initial and disabling blow. Grant owed his Fort Donnelson, his Vicksburg and his long struggle with Lee to the powerful navy at his disposal. So the Confederates with nothing but a few improvised vessels for a navy, had to abandon Norfolk, lost Hatteras, Roanoke Island, New Bern, New Orleans and other positions in reach of vessels of war. The first victories gained by the Federals were on the North Carolina coast.

Now Burnside was as much lauded at the north for overcoming the almost helpless forces on the North Carolina coast with his greatly superior army and almost unopposed navy, as he might have been had he achieved victories comparable to those of Napoleon in Italy.

For this overestimate of Burnside's military capacity, the northern army paid a fearful price when at Fredericksburg, where no navy could reach. Lee with less than half of Burnside's numbers hurled back his more than one hundred thousand men in overwhelming defeat and frightful slaughter.

Gen. Foster, reflecting on the great reputation of Burnside, was ambitious for similar laudation. So on the eleventh of December, 1862, as Burnside was about to begin the great disaster at Fredericksburg, Foster left New Bern for Kinston with an army which he stated consisted of about 12,000 men and 40 pieces of artillery. In addition to his army the indispensable navy proceeded up the Neuse river to aid the navy when it reached Kinston.

The naval force consisted of nine gunboats carrying 19 heavy guns.1

The only troops available to the Confederates to meet this formidable force, was the command of General N. G. Evans, at Kinston. Evans' whole army, artillery, cavalry and infantry numbered only 2,014 men.2

General G. W. Smith was in command at Goldsboro, but he had no army there. Evans called on Smith for reinforcements. Smith replied, "I have no troops."3

Notwithstanding his small force, Evans, with a portion thereof, met the enemy at Southwest creek three or four miles below Kinston, where on the 13th of December, 1862, the whole of Foster's army was fought back, the greater part of the day, with about one Confederate to eight of the enemy. The enemy with this overwhelming force crossed the creek above and below Evans, who then had to retire or be surrounded. He fell back toward Kinston bridge.

On Sunday the 14th, the next day, Foster advanced with his whole force. Evans met him about one mile from Kinston, on the right bank of the river. Here a most remarkable battle was fought.

When one considers Evans' small force of infantry, few cannon, and these of inferior caliber, against Foster's 12,000 infantry, 40 pieces of the finest artillery, and large force of cavalry, we have an example of Confederate valor, the history of which should be preserved for all time.

Foster in his report,4 says: "After five hour's hard fighting we succeeded in driving the enemy."

Evans had to cross the Kinston bridge to save his men from being surrounded and captured, as it was, about 400, who had been posted up the road at Harriet's Chapel, were captured. These had fought after their commander, Col. Peter Mallet, had been wounded, and all their ammunition was expended. They attempted to cross the bridge, but when it was reached it was on fire, and crowded with men. At Harriett's Chapel, which was on his left, were Col. Mallet's North Carolina battallion, 460 men, and Col. Radcliff's 61st N. C. Regiment, about the same strength, and one gun of Starr's battery. All except the 400 succeeded in carrying the bridge. Both Radcliffe and Mallet were among the captured. Lieutenant J. J. Reid, Lieutenant J. H. Hill, Adjutant E. N. Mann and Lieutenant E. K. Williams of Mallet's command were killed near the bridge.

Foster reported his loss at Kinston as 200 killed and wounded, that the 10th Connecticut alone lost 90 in 20 minutes, out of 340 engaged. Among the killed was Col. Gray, Yankee, of the 96th New York regiment. He was killed at the bridge.

Foster, having gained possession of the bridge, his men formed a bucket line and extinguished the fire. He then crossed over a part of his force, and took possession of the town, and bivouacked his army in the adjoining fields.

In the meantime the navy reached the Confederate battery on the river two miles below Kinston with five of the gunboats.

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(1) See series I Vol. 8 page 290,, Union and Confederate Navies, Records War of Rebellion.

(2) See series I Vol XVIII, page 113, War Records, published by U. S. Government.

(3) See page 107, series I Vol. XVIII, War Records.

(4) Page 54, same volume.

There were four light guns and two heavy pieces in the battery, which was commanded by Col. S. D. Pool, with 200 men of the 10th N. C. Artillery.

The river was narrow and crooked, which brought the gunboats at close range and they were soon driven off; whereupon they hastened to New Bern. Col. Pool abandoned the battery, after Evans' retreat, and Foster carried the four light pieces to New Bern. The two heavy guns were destroyed. The next night, the 15th, Evans camped at the Kennedy place, now the site for an orphanage, having refused the demand for his surrender.

Foster recrossed the bridge and proceeded up the right bank of the Neuse to White Hall. Here was the skeleton and timbers of a gunboat, which the Confederates had begun to build. This was on the left bank across from White Hall. Foster attempted to cross, but the Confederates burnt the bridge, and opposed the crossing, with Leventhorp's regiment, portions of Ferebee's and Evans' regiments, and a section of artillery from J. W. Moore's 3rd N. C. Battalion, commanded by Lieut. J. N. McCleese, about 1,200 men.

Foster began his attack shortly after noon of the 15th and with his large artillery force began to shell the opposite side of the river. He kept this up until after dark, attempting to destroy the gunboat. The next day Foster opened a most terrific fire with cannon of large caliber. The Confederates had only one gun of light caliber. Foster's guns were in a commanding position on the hills, while the Confederates were on the low side of the river. Notwithstanding, the Confederates inflicted heavy loss on the enemy. Their men and horses were shot in great numbers. They report 100 men killed and wounded. Also 40 horses of the artillery killed.

The Confederates, on account of the narrowness of the position, could use only one regiment at a time, while all were under fire. Leventhorp's N. C. regiment and the one piece of artillery, under Lieut. McCleese and Col. Ferebee of the 59th N. C. with a skirmish line at close quarters, did most of the fighting.

The Confederates at White Hall were commanded by Brigadier General Beverly H. Robertson. His force consisted of Leventhorp's regiment, portions of Ferebee's 59th N. C. and Evans' regiments and a section of artillery from J. W. Moore's 3rd N. C. Battalion, commanded by Lieut. N. McCleese. Col. J. V. Jordon's 31st N. C. regiment came up in the night of the 15th. None of these regiments were full. There were about 1,500 men in all, and two pieces of light artillery, one piece of which was struck on the muzzle and disabled at the beginning. The fight was carried on with one piece only against several batteries of the enemy. The battle was a tremendous cannonade on the part of the northern army in an effort to destroy the gunboat. It lasted for hours. The Confederates lost 10 killed and 24 wounded, among them Lieut. W. N. M. Means, of Co. E, Eleventh N. C. Regiment, and 1st Sergeant Bristol, Co. B, same regiment, killed.

Foster then on the afternoon of the 16th, marched on Goldsboro, leaving his dead at White Hall unburied. His army bivouacked about eight miles from Goldsboro that night, and next morning on the 17th reached a point near the Railroad bridge. He dispatched a force of cavalry which he had, 650 to Magnolia, and Dudley toward Wilmington to destroy the railroad, which was done to some extent but hurriedly. Gen. G. W. Smith at Goldsboro had managed to get a regiment from Peterburg, one from Wilmington, and Gen. Cligman's brigade with three regiments. Evans reached Goldsboro on the 17th with the remnants of his brigade. Late in the day, after the fight, Pettigrew's brigade came in from Richmond. There was fighting here all day, and Foster, after great loss succeeded in destroying the railroad bridge, which was set on fire after many volunteers for the purpose were shot.

The bridge was set on fire by Lieut. Graham, 23rd New York artillery, which was a daring act, and was a demonstration that the Conrfederates in these battles were not fighting an army of cowards.

Gen. Clingman, N. C., arrived at Goldsboro on Tuesday morning, the 16th of December, with only one regiment, the 8th N. C., commanded by Col. H. M. Shaw. During the day the 51st N. C., Col. Allen, and his brigade came up from Wilmington, and during the night the 52nd N. C., Col. J. K. Marshall of Pettigrew's brigade, came in. In all 2,000 men. These were on the left bank of the river between the two bridges, and were soon forced back by the large force of the enemy. They then recrossed at the county bridge, and took position on the bank, and at the bridge. Two guns of J. B. Starr's N. C. battery at the bridge under Lieut. T. C. Fuller, were placed at the bridge. Col. S. D. Pool with his 200 men and two guns and Starr's battery, defended the railroad bridge, upon which the enemy concentrated his artillery fire for two hours.

After the railroad bridge was destroyed, Foster ceased his cannonade and started back to New Bern. In the mean time Gen. Evans had arrived, and had taken command. He could not let Foster go without giving him another tussle so he ordered Gen. Clingman to cross the river and fight him. This Clingman did, but it was perhaps useless waste of life against such great odds. For in obedience to Evans, the regiments of Cols. Marshall and Allen charged the enemy and lost 20 killed and 107 wounded. This however, accelerated Foster's departure to New Bern and fear of still further pursuit prevented his stopping to harm those who were on his route. The Confederates received reinforcements, but at night stopped further operations.

In the fight at Goldsboro the Confederates had about 2,500 men, and five pieces of light artillery. Lieut. T. C. Fuller of Starr's Battery seems to have handled his few pieces of artillery with exceeding bravery and skill. Foster reports his loss on the expedition at 591 killed and wounded.5

As he was criticised by Gen. Dix for his small accomplishment and heavy loss 6, it is probable that the report of his loss being 1,500 is nearer correct. The Confederates' loss was 71 killed and 268 wounded.

The railroad bridge was repaired and the railroad was in order within 10 days. The gunboat at White Hall was so little damaged that by April it was ready for the iron.

Foster exaggerated his achievements so greatly, that his regiments were authorized to inscribe on their flags as great victories, the names of Kinston, White Hall and Goldsboro.7 It wa said at the time that Foster's force was 17,000 or more. In the report

Continued on Page Twenty.

(5) Vol. XVIII, series 1, War of Rebellion Records.
(6) See page 649, same records.
(7) See his order in same volume.

# Sidelights on Foster's Raid

## STORY OF MRS. S.

The St. Charles Hotel stood on the corner of Gordon and Heritage streets. It was kept by my father, George McRae. He entertained a large number of refugees who had drifted to Kinston and as he had a family of girls the Confederate soldiers at Kinston were often attracted to the hotel where they were sure of a kind welcome.

When the battle of Kinston took place at the bridge the hotel team was used to convey the wounded Confederate soldiers to the hospital, which was a white house sitting back from the road on the place now occupied by Mr. Paten Hooker.

The citizens of Kinston had been notified that the town would be shelled and most of them had taken refuge in the country near by. Capt. Edlin, a courier of Gen. Evans', advised my mother to leave home at once, but she had no means of moving me, and I was not physically able to walk. In fact she thought that the risk of taking me away would be as great as from the shells. Gen. Evans sent a small spring wagon, his own team, to convey me and Mrs. Betsy Green, the aged grandmother of Dr. Charles Woodley, to a place of safety. It was thought that Washington Hill, now Vernon, was a safe place and we stopped there, but our conveyance was barely out of sight when a bomb came whizzing over the town and burst a few feet from where I sat. A number of women and children had gathered there before we arrived but that bomb caused such a panic that they all fled as rapidly as possible toward the improvised hospital, already mentioned, Mrs. Green and I creeping along in the rear. A courier overtook th ecrowd and ordered us to change our course as the 3rd New York cavalry intended to charge our troops who had retreated in that direction. Turning into the woods north of Kinston we wandered like lost sheep is in search of safety. We met some of our troops, South Carolina boys, who were also trying to get out of reach. In an old field well out of town, but now the site of the grammar school, we saw the 3rd New York cavalry coming. Everybody fled except Mrs. Green and I, who were both almost as helpless as infants and the Yankees must have seen at a glance that we would have given them the road if we could. It seemed to make no difference to them, however, for they came straight on, till their horses heads butted us in the face, then they halted and asked if we had seen any "rebels." We said "no" without any mental reservation for we did not acknowledge that we were rebels then, nor have we after fifty years been able to feel that we were rebels or traitors.

Most of the others who had left town came in with a flag of truce, but we asked an officer to give us a guard to take us home. Such a home! Everything had been taken from the hotel that was worth having. Mother had left just as dinner was served and had taken nothing with her except a bag of silver and gold that had been reserved for a possible emergency when Confederate money would have no value. This was all that she could call her own, and she was in terror because my father would express his opinion of the conduct of the Yankees in such forcible language that they resented it by threatening his life on the spot. One officer drew his sword and dared him to utter another word. Father was so furious because he had just put up meat to be used at the hotel and he had accumulated other necessary articles of food, all of which the Yankees either took away or destroyed before his eyes. Besides they had set fire to Coleman's drug store near the hotel and the flames were threatening the St. Charles.

The Yankee soldiers feasted and revelled at our house all night and next morning the back yard was strewn with the remains of dead animals. I remember seeing a hog with only one ham missing, but the poor beast had been dismembered not butchered, and the Yankees ate the ham before the animal had time to cool, if indeed it was dead. The feathers of geese and chickens were all around and parts of sheep with the wool unremoved. The sight was revolting and I cannot express what my soul endured.

I had left my trunk locked. It contained such things as expectant mothers will prepare for the reception of the little stranger soon to arrive. In the bottom of this trunk I had packed some loaf sugar, my jewelry and baby's outfit. Foster's soldiers took all. Even the little bands that I had stitched with such loving care, for neither the needs of motherhood, nor infancy checked their rapacity.

If I could stop here and exclaim "such is war!" how fortunate I should consider myself because it was not worse. My baby came before Foster reached New Bern. She lived 17 years and never sat alone nor spoke a word. The horror that entered my soul when I felt the horses' head touch my face and I believed that they intended to trample me and the old white haired woman by my side into the dust, the horror that even heathen Rome tried to spare her women brooded over me for many months.

No, I shall never forget Foster's Raid to Goldsboro."

M. S.

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## FLYING FROM THE YANKEES.

"We had put our silver in a safe place, buried it it I think," said Mrs. C., "leaving out only a few spoons to use. I forgot all about the spoons and when Mr. Walter Dunn was sent to tell us that we must leave town we left our dinner which had just been served and started with other excited women and children out of town. Mrs. S., a member of a prominent Kinston family, stopped on the road and declared she could go no further. Some one got a feather bed and improvised a litter by placing her on it and carrying it by the four corners. At the Williams place, now the school for the feeble minded, they place d the bed on the floor. At night when the people returned to Kinston they took this woman and a little baby that had been born while Foster's shells were bursting around the town. I did not see my spoons again.

A number of New Bern people took refuge in Kinston durimg the war. I remember that Mr. Wm. Bryan's family lived at the Bond place on the hill. My mother spent the night of the 14th with them. The Yankees had our home.

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## A CHILD'S RECOLLECTION OF DODGING CANNON BALLS.

I remember how frightened I was when they told us that we must get out of our house because

Foster was going to shell Kinston. My mother began locking up everything, but I protested against leaving my dolls and other treasures that I had packed in a little trunk, so I called Sylvia, my maid, and told her to help me to carry the trunk for I would not leave it for the Yankees. We all started to walk toward the Desmond place and Sylvia and I got along very well with my dearest possessions till a cannon ball exploded almost over our heads. We both screamed and dropping the trunk in the street,we took to our heels. I kept close to my mother after that and we hurried on with other frightened women and children and never stopped till we got to Mr. Desmond's. Late that afternoon we ventured to return home. Long rows of guns were stacked all along the streets and Yankees swarmed everywhere. We had just entered our front door when some officers came up and told us that we would have to get out,for some of Foster's officers intended to occupy the house,as it was one of the best houses in town. I can see mother now as she went from door to door turning each key, for she told them that she would give them no excuse for destroying her locks, and she would try to find some where to spend the night.

Our house stood on the corner now occupied by Dr. Faulkner, and I remember how it looked after Foster left for White Hall. It was filthy. They had cooked in every fire place. They drank a jug of peach brandy that was in the pantry and took everything to eat on the lot, and destroyed things wantonly.

My little trunk came back intact for I had dropped it in front of the door of a northern woman whose husband came to Kinston to work in the Dibble factory. She was not molested by the Yankees and she was kind enough to return my childish treasures to me the next day. Mrs. L. M.

## FOSTER IN NEW BERN.

Mrs. Polly Chadwick, an original character with a keen sense of humor, was an elderly widow who had to use her wit as well as her common sense to help herself over many a rough place. She could cajole Gen. Burnside and obtain her point. For instance, she would say, "Well, General, if you will guess my riddle it will show you what a time I have had chasing your thieves around." Then the riddle: "Through a rock, and through a reel, through an old spinning wheel, through a sheep's shank bone, such a riddle never was known." Burnside generallly gave it up and gave up anything else that Mrs. Polly requested.

One day Mrs. Polly saw Foster's soldiers drumming a man out of the army with great ceremony. A huge board showing the word "Thief," was strapped to the man's back. "Hoity toity!" said Mrs. Polly, "what has that poor fellow done?" "He has been stealing," replied a soldier, "he is a thief." "Why, man alive," exclaimed Mrs. Polly with admiration, "You have undertaken a mighty big task, for if you drum all the thieves out of your army you'll not be able to find trees enough in North Carloina to furnish the boards to their backs."

It was hard for New Bern citizens to appreciate the Yankee point of view about stealing, and it is repulsive to record what follows about a woman, but if only the pleasant things of history are recorded we shall have merely a half light upon the subject. Several witnesses have testified to the folowing: Perhaps if we could put ourselves in Mrs. Foster's place and see ourselves as dreadful "traitors" and "rebels" it would not seem to us so shocking. Mrs. Foster taking two orderlies with her, broke into the Masonic Temple at New Bern. The rich velvet carpet woven with Masonic emblems, was ripped from the floor and together with the jewels and other treasures was transferred to her possession. When Mr. F. C. Roberts was Master of the lodge, the coins taken from the corner stone were returned to him by a Mason in New Jersey. They were beautifully set in a case and are now in the Lodge's possession.

## RECOVERED FROM YANKEES

In my parlor in New Bern, N. C., there is a work of art that can add something of interest to the stories of Gen. Foster's Raid. This picture is of a Greek girl done in pastel. It is in perfect preservation. After more than half a century the colors have not faded. The execution would do credit to the best artist in the country.

When New Bern fell in 1862, Gen. Foster selected Judge Manley's house as his special spoils. The family had abandoned their house during the battlel eaving all their possessions behind them. This picture fell into the Foster's hands. His wife, realizing its value, took it to the Roman Catholic church, with a request that the priest would take charge of it till she was ready to ship it north, with other spoils. With other treasures this was hung on the walls of the church.

Mrs. Alexander Taylor was on the street administistering to the wants of our retreating soldiers and so lost the chance of escape on the last train. She was held a prisoner. Hearing of the treasures in the good priest's charge, she went to the church, thinking she might recognize some of them and induce the priest to release them. Fortunately the artist was a parishoner of his, and also a warm personal friend. Also he recognized the picture, having often seen it in the Judge's parlor. He allowed Mrs. Taylor to take it home with her. Here comes in the strange part of the story. Mrs. Talyor was ignorant of any personal interest attached to this picture. Miss Manly, whose work it was, a daughter of Judge Manly and granddaughter of Judge Gaston,was a very dear friend of Mrs. Taylor's sister. So close a friend that Miss Manly had promised to leave her this picture in her will. It seemed strange that the only article rescued from Gen. Foster's clutches should have been this particular picture. There were many others on the Judge's walls. When the war ended, I wrote Mrs. Hawks, Miss Manly had married Frank Hawks, that the "Greek girl" was safe. Her reply was: "Keep your legacy—the best part of me has died with my country." When the refugees returned to their homes, Judge Manly found his house as he had left it.He requested Gen. Foster, as a matter of simple justice, to turn it and its contents, over to him. The General condescendingly informed him that he could take *one piece* of cut glass as a souvenir. Col. John Whitford had accompanied the Judge. Seeing a chair belonging to him, and that had been his dead wife's favorite sewing chair, he asked if he might buy it back, telling his reasons for wanting it. The General promised to let him have it. That night a vessel came up the river and the contents of the house, including the chair, were sent north

MRS. F. C. ROBERTS.

Not to write our history places us beside the savage, not to know our history makes us weak in defending the record we have made.

# Great Men of North Carolina

## MAJOR GENERAL BRYAN GRIMES.

Bryan Grimes, a Major-General in the Confederate Army, was born on the 2nd day of November, 1828, at Grimesland, Pitt county, N. C. He was a son of Bryan Grimes, one of the largest planters in North Carolina, and numbered among his ancestors John Porter, Patrick Maule, John Bryan, Demsie Grimes and other men prominent in the colonial and revolutionary history of North Carolina.

Bryan Grimes, Jr., was educated at Bingham School and the University of North Carolina, graduating from the latter institution in 1848. Upon attaining his majority, his father gave him Grimesland Plantation where General Grimes afterwards lived. He traveled extensively in Europe and America in 1860. When the war commenced he went to Charleston and Pensacola to take part in defense from threatened attacks there. He returned to North Carolina to find that during his absence he had been nominated as a candidate for a seat in the "Secession Convention" to which he was elected without opposition. Upon the secession of North Carolina, May 20, 1861, Mr. Grimes immediately resigned his seat in the Convention to accept an appointment as Major of the 4th Regiment, North Carolina State Troops. This regiment, the "Bloody Fourth," soon became one of the most famous fighting organizations in the Confederate Army. Gen. D. H. Hill in an official report, writing of the Fourth Regiment said, "This gallant regiment has never been surpassed by any troops in the world for gallantry, subordination and propriety."

"At Seven Pines, Lieutenant-Colonel Grimes led his regiment into battle with twenty-five officers and five hundred and twenty non-commissioned officers and men; out of that; number four hundred and sixty-two men and every officer except himself were either killed or wounded. Such carnage is almost unparalleled in the annals of war and seems almost incredible. In attacking the enemy's fortificatlons his horse's head was blown off by a cannon ball; the horse fell so suddenly as to catch his foot and leg under it. The regiment, thinking him killed began to falter, when he waved his sword and shouted, "Forward! Forward!" Whereupon, some of his men coming to his assistance, pulled the horse off, and he sprang to his feet, seized the flag of the regiment, that was lying on the ground [the color-bearer and all color gaurd having been killed or wounded], and rushing forward, captured the fortifications.

He was appointed Colonel of the Fourth Regiment, June 19, 1862. After the battle of Mechanicsville, General Anderson complimented the Fourth Regiment, saying: "That, although small in numbers, Colonel Grimes and his regiment is the keystone of my brigade."

At Cold Harbor Colonel Grimes led the victorious charge of the Fourth Regiment, carrying the colors on horseback until his horse was killed under him. In this action the regiment, which was reduced to only 150 men, lost 8 killed and 50 wounded.

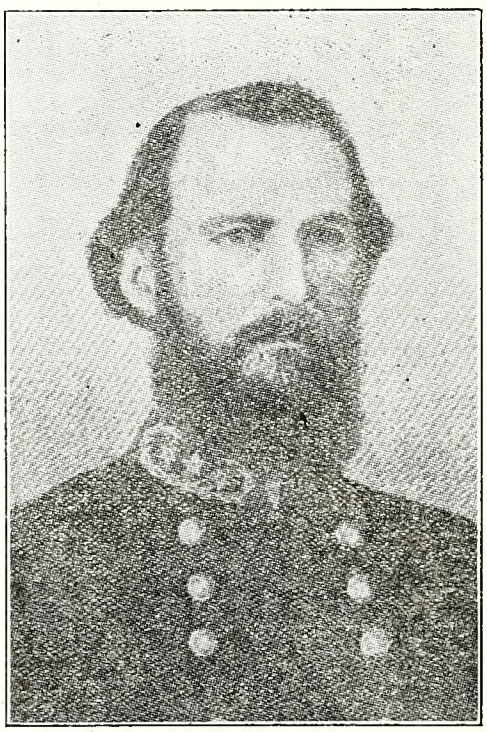
In November, 1862, he was assigned to the temporary command of Anderson's brigade, which he commanded at Fredericksburg and until Feb., 1863.

At the battle of Boonsboro Colonel Grimes had another horse killed under him; and just here it may be proper to mention, that altogether, during the war, he had seven horses killed under him in battle.

The first and second days at Chancellorsville, Colonel Grimes fought his regiment with desperate valor, and on the third day charged over troops who refused to go forward, and bayoneted the enemy from their works. This was one of the few times during the war when the opposing troops actually fought with bayonets, and when an inferior force, in broad daylight, without firing a gun, captured breast works held by a superior numbers at the point of the bayonet.

In this charge Colonel Grimes' sword was severed by a ball, his clothing perforated in many places—a ball imbedded in his sword belt and scabbard, and he recelved a severe contusion on the foot. The regiment here had forty-six killed and one hundred and fifty-seven wounded, out of three hundred and twenty-seven officers and men carried into action. Truly, may we claim that this charge was as gallant, daring and self sacrificing as the world renowned charge of "the immortal six hundred" at Balaklava.

On the advance into Pennsylvania Colonel Grimes with his regiment dispersed the Pennsylvania militia, and went on picket duty eight miles from Harrisburg, the farthest point reached by a Confederate regiment. At Gettsburg he and his regiment were the first to enter the town,and they drove the enemy through Gettysburg to the heights beyond, capturing more prisoners than there were men in his command. Had this temporary success been followed promptly by Lee's army, Gettysburg would not have sounded the death



BRYAN GRIMES
MAJOR GENERAL C.S.A.
*"Last at Appomattox"*

knell of the Southern Confederacy. In the retreat from Pennsylvania Colonel Grimes was placed in the rear guard and assisted efficiently in protecting the retreating army. It seems always to have been the fate of this officer to occupy the post of honor and danger —in the front in every advance and in the rear in every retreat, beginning with Yorktown in '62 and ending at Appomatox in '65.

This fact speaks louder than any words, the great confidence placed in him by his superior officers. He declined to represent the Second Congressional District of North Carolina in October, 1863, "preferring to remain in active service in the field until peace and independence was secured."

On May 12, 1864, the enemy captured the Confedfederate breastworks at the Horse Shoe at Spottsylvania Court House, also many guns and two thousand of General Edward Johnson's men.The gallant Ramseur being wounded in attempting to retake the breastworks, Colonel Grimes on his own responsibility, ordered a second charge, himself leading it, and recovered the entire works and all the guns, capturing many prisoners and killing more of the enemy than the brigade numbered men. General Lee himself rode down and thank them, telling them they deserved the thanks of the country—they had saved the army.

On May 12th, General Daniel, being mortally wounded, requested that Colonel Grimes be assigned to his command. On June 5th Colonel Grimes received his commission as Brigadier General, the commission bearing the date, May 19th, on which day he handled the brigade with such efficiency that the Division Commander, General Rhodes [between whom and Colonel Grimes there had been an estrangement], approached him soon after the battle and shaking hand, said, "You have saved Ewell's corps, and shall be promoted, and your commission shall bear date from this day." The Fourth Regiment made application to be transferred to the brigade of its old commander, in which Colonel Grimes most heartily joined, but their request was not granted.

In the summer of 1864, General Grimes was with Early's forces in the valley. Early's forces were generally victorious until September 19th; here Gen. Grimes had his horse killed under him and nearly every member of his staff severely wounded. Early was again defeated October 19th, at Cedar Creek, by overwhelming numbers. General Grimes made desperate efforts to stem the tide, exposing himself with an utter indifference to danger in his efforts to rally the panic stricken troops, and having two horses killed under him at this battle. Here the heroic Ramseur was mortally wounded and General Grimes placed in command of this Division, and retained that command until Lee's surrender, his commmission as Major-General being issued the following February.

On November 22, 1864, Grimes's attenuated Division by itself routed four thousand of Sheridan's formidable cavalry.

Grimes' Division at Petersburg held over three miles of the "trenches," and at Fort Stedman with other North Carolina troops captured the enemy's works, sending to the rear as prisoners a general and five hundred men. Pickett's Division failed to arrive as expected, and the enemy soon collected a force ten times as large as ours, and compelled our men to withdraw after a most stubborn fight of two hours. In this short engagement Grimes' Division lost four hundred and seventy-eight officers and men. In this fight General Grimes was the only Confederate on horseback, riding a captured horse, thus rendering himself a conspicuous target for the enemy's fire, but, not withstanding his great danger, he rode up and down the lines, urging on and encouraging his men, who, enthused with admiration of his dauntless courage, cheered him most lustily.

On April 2nd, before daylight, the enemy captured part of our lines, known as Rune's Salient, and held by Battle's Alabama Brigade. In a few moments General Grimes on foot rushed down the line, calling on his old brigade to follow him, and began rallying the troops who were retiring before the advancing enemy. Seizing a musket from a soldier, he himself opened fire on the enemy, and by his cool courage soon restored confidence to his men, and the enemy's further advance was checked. The fighting was desperate and bloody, and if all Lee's army could have held back the enemy that day as successfully as did Grimes' Division, Petersburg would not that night have been evacuated.

On April 7, on the retreat from Petersburg, the Division made a brilliant charge and recaptured the lines from which Mahone's Division had just been driven. General Lee was near and saw this charge, and at once sent for General Grimes, complimented his troops and personally thanked him for this service. Before daylight at Appomatox Court House on the morning of the 9th, the Federal army was found in Lee's front. Grimes Division which always occupied the post of greatest danger, was hurried from the rear, where it had been covering the retreat, and placed in advance. Here General Grimes,becoming impatient at a long discussion between Generals Fitzhugh Lee and Gordon as to which should attak, General Lee having ordered them to advance at daylight, said it was some one's duty to attack,and that at once, and he would undertake it; whereupon General Gordon told him to do so, and placed, in addition to his own division, the other two divisions of the corps, Evans' and Walker's; Bushrod Johnson's Divisions and Wise's Brigade, having been placed under his command a few days previously. General Grimes attached the enemy and drove them back nearly a mile, taking a great number of prisoners and several pieces of artillery. He then sent a message to General Gordon announcing his success, and that the road to Lynchburg was now open. This was the last effort of the expiring Confederacy.

In the confusion and retreat of Lee's dissolving army Grimes Division, under its undaunted commander, was held intact, and at the hour of capitulation was an aggressive, confident fighting force unconquered and unwilling to be surrendered.

Continued on Page Seventeen.

# Kinston, N. C.

Kinston, formerly the Kingston of colonial days, does not lack the prestige that age and legend give to some of the early settlements of America, but it is not our purpose in this sketch to revert to the past of Kinston, but to speak of it as a live issue of today. It was not built around railroads; it was here before roadways of any kind had gained any headway in this country. It seems that the town has always possessed energetic impulse and magnetism that draws things to it. Like a queen, Kinston seated herself beside the Neuse, and the roads came to her.

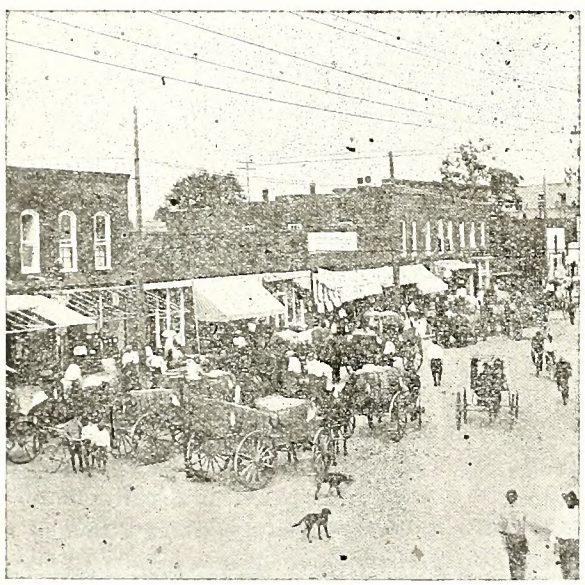
The "British" road on one side, the "Hull" road on another. Then a railroad, to which she dictated her own terms, then others till the original site was encircled by rails, and Kinston began to spread herself over the surrounding hills and valleys.

By co-operating with each other the enterprising men who live here have managed to rise unselfishly, and bring the town up with them. Co-operation has been the shibboleth of Kinston, and all who came here seem to know the magic test.

Things happen so fast at Kinston that the Merchants Association and Chamber of Commerce are constantly kept busy to keep the record straight.

The State school for the feeble minded children is rapidly getting into shape and now the town wants to take a hand in building up the splendid gift of the Kennedy's for an orphanage.

Already a franchise has been granted for the street railways, and everything hums to the music of progress.



COTTON EXCHANGE, KINSTON, N. C.

Kinston's Chamber of Commerce, with Mr. C. Felix Harvey as president, is a live wire. Below is a copy of a folder it is sending out.

"Situated on Beaufort Division of Norfolk Southern, at Southern terminus of Kinston-Weldon branch of Atlantic Coast Line, terminus of Kinston and Snow Hill and of Kinston and Carolina Railroads. Ample connections and train service on all roads, making intercourse with all parts of the country easy and quick. Western Union Telegraph and best local and long distance Telephone service. Mail delivery and point of origination of seven R. F. D. routes

Ranked by Federal Census as second city in population from Raleigh eastward to the sea. Site already selected and purchased for United States Government building.

RESIDENCE, KINSTON, N. C.

Census figures, 1890, 1,726; 1900, 4,106; 1910, 6,995. Beautiful, wide, level and well shaded streets, Healthfulness unsurpassed in North Carolina.

Excellent climate with mean annual temperature ranging around 60 degrees F. and annual rainfall usually from 38 to 53 inches.

Kinston has a great variety of industries and occupations: Home office of the North State Life Insurance Company, one of the strongest in the South; two cotton mills, one knitting mill, oil and ice plant, four buggy factories, iron and mantel works, several wood-working and repair shops, well equipped hospipital, graded schools, eight churches for whites, Second Regiment Band and Company B 2nd Infantry North Carolina, printing and publishing house with daily and semi-weekly newspaper, and several church papers, five wholesale groceries, three large general supply stores, variety of retail establishments, hotels, boarding housesx, and cafes, building and loan associations, four banks, marble works, liveries, sales stables and garages, bottling works, four large lumber mills, five tobacco warehouses and four big stemmeries.

Rich back country extending in every direction. Abundant supply of best artesian water, ranked by State Analysis with Lincolnton's. Excellent sewerage, drainage and water supply system. Vitrified brick and cement pavement. Ample electric light and power. Well organized city government with prize winning fire department, first-class police, street and sanitary departments, etc. Hospitable, live, energetic people awake to their advantages and working to develop their opportunities. This city is an important market for cotton, tobacco, truck and all kinds of agricultural products. The trade thus brought in together with the demands of a considerable industrial population insure a steady growth of the city in the future as in the past."

ORIN WEEKS, Pres. WM. HAYES, Sec'y-Treas.

**Eastern Carolina Land and Lumber Company**

*TIMBER LANDS*

LUMBER, PHONE POLES, R. R. TIES, ETC.

KINSTON, - NORTH CAROLINA

Henry C. Riley, Pres. W. T. Hines, Vice-Pres.
Lovit Hines, Sec'y-Treas.

**HINES BROS. LUMBER CO.**

MANUFACTURERS OF

***Rough and Kiln-Dried Lumber, Shingles, Laths Tobacco Sticks, etc.***

MILLS LOCATED AT JUNCTION OF N. S. AND A. C. L. RAILWAYS KINSTON, N. C.

INCORPORATED DECEMBER 15, 1896
CAPITAL STOCK PAID IN $200,000
Capacity of Mills 75,000 feet per day.

# TOBACCO

Now recommences the season,
Preceding each autumnal solstice,
When teams, such as wagons and dump carts,
Driven by ruddy-faced farmers,
Covered with comforts and bed-quilts,
Protecting their valuable contents,
Stream through our streets in processions
That seem never ending, unbroken.
All the day long, and at night time
Rumbling still over the bridges
Noisily passing our dwellings,
Waking the watch dogs and babies,
As they pass steadily onward,
Bearing the golden tobacco
Safe to the many warehouses
Now opened wide to receive them,
Here, in the bright morning sunlight,
Heaped in mounds, brown and golden,
Sorted and graded and labeled,
Tempting the eyes of the buyers,
Gathered around it like vultures,
Ready to seize and bear it
Off to the marts of the nations,
Here, you will find the BEST MARKET.

## INFLUENCE OF THE WEED.

The advent of the tobacco trade in Lenoir county was but little less than a mysterious dispensation of great favor from Providence. The destructive low price of cotton for years had almost bankrupted the good people of the county.

The far reaching impetus given by the cultivation of tobacco and ruling values of several seasons, soon arrested the downward course of the products of the farm. This new help putting in force a new life and unknown vigor, aroused brighter hopes among the alarmed and almost ruined farmers.

The American Tobacco Company deserve many thanks for this introduction of a new enterprise. The coming of the Imperial intensified results. Land that were selling at $5 or $8 per acre soared upward and today farming lands in Lenoir county sell from $10 to $75 per acre.

Great sales houses and brick buildings have been erected in Kinston, and first class accommodations are offered to farmers from a distance as to rooms and quarters.

Now the sweet fact faces us that many sorely pressing mortgages have been cancelled and neat farm houses are seen where a few years ago broom straw was the only occupant. Lands that were then neglected now, abundantly, yield the yellow weed.

The great tobacco companies and other forces have been active in bringing this needed and longed for result. The scream of the whistle, the hum of machinery tell to all, that country around Kinston has been commercially rovolutionized and the race is on for quick wealth. The great companies have not interfered with individual enterprise in Kinston, or at any rate there is no hint of such a condition to those who look on.

## CASWELL COTTON MILLS.

Few if any mills in the country come up to the standard of the Caswell Cotton mills at Kinston, N. C., and the men in charge are still working toward an ideal which so far has eluded them:

First, they would like to eliminate night work for women and children. They would like to compel all children under twelve years of age to go to school, and would like to have widows and children under age so well provided for that they would never pray to be allowed to work to keep the wolf from others in the family more helpless than themselves. These are

**TUCKAHOE LIVERY, FEED & EXCHANGE STABLES**
*Geo. T. Sullivan, Proprietor.*
**Good Horses, New Rigs, Reasonable Prices.**
Quick transfer to Snow Hill, Hookerton, Hugo, Pink Hill, Trenton, and all other points
Phone 248 Kinston, N. C.

RUTLEDGE & COMPANY
*LUMBER*
*Manufacturers and dealers in Rough and Dressed North Carolina Pine*
We dress up to 12 20 Kinston, N. C.

**JESSE G. BROWN**
HEAVY AND FANCY GROCERIES
Telephone No 55 Kinston, N. C.

Light running Hand-made Buggies, Surries and Phaetons by
**J. E. HUDSON**
Prices Right. Kinston, N. C.

HAVE that confidence in yourself, that comes from knowing that you are WELL DRESSED. We are authority for correct fashions. We know how to make a hat look good on you. We are up-to-date artists in our line of business. No one can criticise your Clothes if you buy them from the LADIES' STORE.
**WE SPECIALIZE IN**
**Tailor-made Clothes**
Ready-to-wear Lingire and beautiful goods. We are leading milliners. Look for
**MRS. J. M. STEPHENSON**
**102 Rueen Street, - Kinston, N. C.**

E. B. MARSTON DRUG COMPANY
*Wolesale and Retail*
*DRUGS AND STATIONER*
Old Brass Ware and Fine China
High Grade Cut Glass Phone 50

**KINSTON IRON AND MANTEL WORKS**
FOUNDERS, MACHINISTS
Mill and Machine Supplies, Plow Castings, Chilled Fire Dogs, Grates and Castinge of all kinds, Store and Office Fixtures, Columns, Balusters, Brackets and Mill Work of Every Description, Screen Doors and Windows.
**Automobile Repair Work a Specialty.**

**R. F. JOHNSON**
FORD AUTOMOBILES
**Kinston, N. C.**

**HENRY FRENCH**
GROCER
*Promptness is our motto.* Kinston, N. C.

some things that the management of the Caswell find in the way of their ideals

There are one hundred and twenty operators employed, 50 per cent. of whom are girls. Sixty per cent. of these people work by the piece. Opposition against eliminating night work comes from the employees as well as the mill owners, both being able to realize more pieces. As it is not humane to work women and children between the hours of 6.30 p. m. and 6.30 a. m., the management would like to persuade both the employees and the owners to change hours.

Some parents are unable to support large families without the aid of the older children. Sometimes a widow with several little ones all too young to work, is helped over a trying period, as a matter of course, the mill assuming responsibility of helping its own people when necessary, but outside help and state interference is looked upon with disfavor. Ninety per cent. of all the mill men in North Carolina would oppose State inspection of mills, because such a law would give birth to organized labor, demands and strikes that are now unheard of.

The Caswell runs eleven hours a day for five days. On Saturday the mill stops at 10:15 o'clock a. m. and the interval till 6:30 o'clock Monday a. m. is spent as the operator pleases. Cleanliness is the first law of the mill. The cottages are screened and flies are not tolerated. Good health has been the result of this forethought, and very few of the villagers have lost any time.

The manager will offer prizes for the cultivation of vegetables and flowers next year. Children under twelve years of age are not allowed to work at the Caswell. The little doffers who do work, are supposed to work forty minutes at a time. At a given signal they rush in to their tasks, removing and replacing spools, but they are so eager to play that they often finish the work in thirty or thirty-five minutes. The play-ground is an inspiration of the manager and is furnished with swings, a ball ground, and childish laughter that mingles with the whirr of the mill.

## WHAT HAPPENED IN VIRGINIA DURING FOSTER'S RAID IN NORTH CAROLINA.

*OFFICIAL RECORDS—Vol. XXI, Series 1, Page 874.*

WAR DEPARTMENT,
Washington, D. C., December 23, 1962.

Major-General Burnside,

General Foster's expedition was entirely successful. He defeated the enemy in four engagements destroyed, the bridge at Goldsboro and several miles of railroad.

He says the enemy has thrown a large force from Fredericksburg into North Carolina. If anything can be done before these forces can return it would be a great advantage.

H. W. HALLECK,
Ceneral in Chief.

## A CONTRAST.

*OFFICIAL RECORDS—Series 1, Vol. XXI, Page 721*

In the report of General D. E. Sickles of Burnside's Army, of the action of his Division in the battle of Fredericksburg, dated December 18, 1862, he states as follows: The sharpshooters and skirmishes of the enemy covered by the woods, kept up a constant fire from which the troops on the right suffered most. If I had undertaken to dislodge the enemy I would have drawn the fire of the enemy from several batteries of artillery from which our loss would have been severe.

Opportunely, the stretcher men from my ambulance corps, in going to the front for the wounded skirmishers, occasionally went unmolested to the verge of the enemy's lines to get the wounded of Gibbon's Division, who fell on Saturday[this was Sunday morning]. The stretcher men were told by the enemy

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Dealer in

MACHINERY of all kinds

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J. T. WHITFIELD
Successor to
C. T. RANDOLPH
Manufacturer of
CARRIAGES, BUGGIES AND LADIES PHAETONS
**A Full Stock Always on Hand.**
Those desiring to purchase will find it to their interest to call and examine before buying elsewhere.
**Satisfaction guaranteed in Workmanship and Prices.**
KINSTON, N. C.

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H. I. SUTTON & COMPANY

Dealers in

FINE FAMILY GROCERIES

and Country Produce

Telephone 26 Kinston, N. C.

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W. H. BIZZELL,

**Shoes and Tailoring. Latest Styles**

**Kinston, N. C.**

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THE BAILEY HOUSE

**Is noted for good fare. Per day $1.50**

**Kinston, N. C.**

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Visit the Store of
**B. W. CANADY & SON**
Dealers in
*HARDWARE OF EVERY KIND*
**Kinston, N. C.**

---

**REXALL REMEDIES** are sold by only one druggist—the lesding druggiat—in any one community. Look for and patronize
**TEMPLE DRUG CO., The Rexall Store**


that if our skirmishers would not fire anymore, our ambulance parties might come anywhere along or within their lines, and get all our wounded, hundreds of whom were appealing for succor. This was soon after said to be confirmed by Gen. Ewell, whose Division was in my front, when I directed all firing along my lines to cease, and by a tacit though informal understanding no more picket firing occurred along my lines. The ambulance men, frequently assisted by the enemy in pointing our wounded out and placing them on stretchers, brought off all our men who had been left on the field along our lines."

*OFFICIAL RECORDS—Vol. XXI., Series 1.*

Burnside's loss at the battle of Fredericksburg, December 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 1862, as reported by his various commanders: Killed and wounded, 9,600, 654 officers, 8,946 men. Captured 20 officers, 1,749 men. Total loss 12,653.

PAGE 97.

Burnside's report shows 10,208 killed and wounded and 2,145 missing, total 12,353.

PAGE 941—LETTER TO LINCOLN.

January 1, 1863, Burnside suggests that he should retire from the army. Says neither the Secretary of War nor General in Chief have the confidence of the officers and soldiers. That he has an army of nearly 200,000, 12,0000 in the immediate presence of the enemy. Resigns [Major-General January 5th, 1863, page 944

PAGE 1025.

On November 20, 1862, The field reports of General Lee's Army of Northern Virginia shows an aggregate present of 86,583 men. December 20, 88,000. Burnside then had nearly 200,000 men. See page 97. He had present for duty reported December 10th 245,000 men. He had 113,000 men in the battle Decmeber 12, 1862, page 1041. General Lee re-reports between 2,000 and 3,000 of his men as barefooted.

Lee's report says but 20,000 of his men was actually engaged at Fredericksburg, his loss was 4,201 killed and wounded of whom 458 were killed, the slightly wounded very large; many did not go to the hospital. There were thirty-two Regiments of North Carolina in the battle from which losses are reported, Ramseur's Division, 8 regiments of North Carolina loss 508, killed and wounded.

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## MAJOR-GENERAL BRYAN GRIMES

[Continued from page thirteen]

The last fight of this gallant Division gives North Carolina the proud privilege of writing the legend, "Last at Appomatox," which she has perpetuated in a monument on the battle ground on the north face of which is the following inscription:

**LAST AT APPOMATOX.**
At this place the North Carolina Brigade
of Brigadier-General W. R. Cox of Grimes' Division
Fired the last volley, 9 April, 1865.
Major-General Bryan Grimes of North Carolina
planned the last battle fought by the
Army of Northern Virginia and commanded the infantry
engaged therein, the greater part of whom
were North Carolinians.

---

This stone is erected by the authority of
The General Assembly
of
North Carolina
In grateful and perpetual memory of the
valor, endurance and patriotism
of her sons
who followed with unshaken fidelity the
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Few soldiers in the Confederate Army participated in more battles than did General Grimes. In recommending General Grimes for promotion in March, '63, General D. H. Hill said ,"He has been in many pitched battles and behaved most gallantly in them all. I think he has seen more service than any colonel from North Carolina."

As nearly as can be verified, General Grimes participated in engagements at the following places and in the valley" Campaign," occasionally twice at the same place:

Williamsburg, Yorktown, Seven Pines, Mechanicsville, Cold Harbor, Malvern Hill, Second Manassas, Seven Days' Fight Around Richmond, Boonsboro, Port Royal, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Brandy Station, Upperville, Berryville, Martinsburg, Front Royal, Snicker's Gap, Morton's Ford, Mine Run, Monocacy, Frederick City, Rockville, Centerville, Warrenton Junction, Catlett's Station, Germania Ford, Wilderness, Spottsylvania Court House, Near Winchester, Winchester, Charleston, Shepardstown, Stevenson's Depot,Bunker Hill,Strasburg, New Market, Port Republic, Fisher's Hill, Cedar Creek, Trenches at Petersburg, Hare's Hill, Rune's Salient, Sailor's Creek, Appomatox.

General Grimes neither sought nor desired public place or position. After the war, he returned to his farms in Pitt county and became one of the most successful planters in the State.

He was twice married—first to Miss Bettie Davis, a daughter of Dr. Thomas Davis of Franklin county and the second time to Miss Charlotte Emily Bryan, a daughter of Hon. John H. Bryan of Raleigh.

General Grimes was murdered August 14, 1880, by a concealed assassin hired by a set of bad men whom General Grimes was prosecuting in the courts and trying to free the neighborhood of.

In devotion to duty, in faithfulness to every trust, in sincerity of purpose, in dauntless courage, in unselfish patriotism—in everything that constitutes a noble, generous, true man—North Carolina has never honored a son superior to Bryan Grimes. Of him a distinguished North Carolinian wrote, "For honesty of purpose, for devotion to principle, for firmness of friendship, for honor in all things, for faithfulness to all promises and obligations, and for true courage, he stood, on the day of his death the peer of any living human being." H. A. LONDON.

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Wm. Whitfield, resident in Dobbs county, now Wayne county near Seven Springs, was a soldier in the Revolution, had twenty-seven sons. Forty of his descendants were in the battle of Shiloh.

## ON THE ROAD TO WHITE HALL.

Col. Whitfield owned two country homes near White Hall with landings on the river and the buildings on the public road along which Foster's army passed. One was called Oakland and the other the Burns Place. Below on the same road was the old Wooten place called "Caanan" by the family The owner of this home, Mr. Allen Wooten, sent two sons to the Confederacy who were killed at Cold Harbor. His own service owing to his age, was of a different character. He made soap and ink in large quantities, and supplied the Confederacy with these important articles without charge. Here Foster's soldiers left the plantation worse than a shambles. When the family returned after the army passed, they found the cattle, hogs and sheep lying dead everywhere. Hogs had been deprived of choice cuts of meat, a ham from one, and only slices from another while they were yet alive.

## ON THE ROAD TO KINSTON

Continued from page 7.

refused to tell anything and was was impatiently sent away, but was afterward paroled in Kinston Sunday night. A heavy cannonade was opened on the mill dam, the balls passing through the Williams roof. A daughter of Mrs. Williams was very sick with typhoid fever. The house was taken for a hospital and Mrs. Williams was ordered to move her daughter. The elderly southern dame demurred, as her physician had given orders to keep the patient quiet, for her life hung by a thread. Foster told Mrs. Williams that he was informed that she had sons and grandsons in the "rebel" army, and he intended to make rebellion obnoxious and painful and again he ordered her out, saying he should continue to shell the left. The aged mother looked him in the eyes and replied, "Gen. Foster I have four sons and two grandsons in the Southern army, my house is being looted, the oil paintings and portraits have been stabbed from my hall by the bayonets of your soldiers, thirteen feather beds have been ripped and emptied and my family Bible that I earnestly entreated them to leave me has been destroyed. "Well, Madam," replied Foster, "I told you that I would make it unbearable for rebels." "Yes, General," she said, " but you cannot scare me, nor can you make me ashamed of my country." The dying daughter was removed and on reaching a neighbor's house she died.

Gen. Foster pushed his flanking column against Evans' right near the exposed mill dam. Constant additions coming up the Confederates fell back, fighting from tree to tree. Foster's artillery continued to advance, but the steady fire of the slowly retreat-

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ing Confederates filled the hospital with wounded and dying. When the sun went down the Confederates were behind Harriet's Chapel Branch ready for the battle to come. Foster camped on Lilburn Hill and the Taylor plantation preparatory for the fight on Sunday. The Confederates under Evans, not over ,1,200, bivouacked around Harriet's Chapel.

Evans, though so badly overmatched, had fought his handful of men skillfully and made the Federals careful how they advanced. Gen. Foster continued shelling from his many batteries and the firmament was lurid with fire and smoke.

The Battle of Kinston next day, the many outrages upon the people, and the carnage that followed during the war, made Lenoir county the bloody battle ground of the State.

### BATTLES OF KINSTON, WHITE HALL AND GOLDSBORO

[Continued from page nine.]

of his losses he mentions them as being from twenty different regiments, besides artillery batteries,8

As Foster's success came right at the time of the great disaster to Burnside, it was made a big thing by Congress and the Lincoln government, for the purpose of relieving the depression of the north.

(8) See paage 60.

With the exception of "Holcomb's Legion," the soldiers who gave Gen. Foster so much to be proud of, were all natives of North Carolina, and the names Kinston, White Hall and Goldsboro on his battle flags are as much an evidence of the fighting qualities of the Tar Heels, as the victories that he claimed.

"This above all: to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."
—*Shakespeare.*

**In a Magistrate's Court.**—Colored magistrate to witness, "Aint you married?" Colored Lady—"I aint sayin' I is." Magistrate—"I doan wanter to know aint you is, I wanter know is you aint."

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# CAROLINA

—AND THE—

# SOUTHERN CROSS

*History Not Hatred, nor Sectional Strife.*

Dedicated to our busy people who always have time to make history but never time for research

"LO, how all things fade and perish!
From the memory of the old men
Pass away the great traditions,
The achievements of the warriors
The adventures of the hunters,
All the wisdom of the Medas,
All the craft of the Wabenos.
Great men die and are forgotten,
Wise men speak; their words of wisdom
Perish in the ears that hear them,
Do not reach the generations,
That, as yet unborn, are waiting,
In the great mysterious darkness
Of the speechless days that shall be.
On the grave posts of our fathers
Are no signs, no legends painted;
Who are in those graves we know not,
Only know they are our fathers."

MARCH NUMBER

10c COPY

# CAROLINA
—AND THE—
# SOUTHERN CROSS

Application for entry as second-class matter at the post office at Kinston, N. C., pending

L. V. ARCHBELL, EDITOR KINSTON, N. C., MARCH, 1913. VOLUME 1, NUMBER. 1

Beacuse the editor had a great many things to learn, this magazine had to appear after the date fixed for its issue. In fact it was nearly all printed, but as the edtior had to wait for certain articles that had been promised the publication was held up, so to speak, in the house of its friends.

It will be impossible to give correlated works perfect as it ought to be,if those who promise material to fit into a special issue decide that some other time will do. Biography ought to fit with the battles. This issue had to be recompiled about the time that it should have made its first appearance. The New Bern material was not all at hand,and no true daughter of New Bern could bear to have that historic town appear, at any time, at a disadvantage. A magazine cannot wait like the monuments we build until we get the money together, or until the sculpror has finished his work, but if the U. D. C. Division of North Carolina carry out their plan to circulate "Carolina and the Southern Cross" among the people of our State we shall have a populace that is familiar with its own history, that knows its own strength and weakness, and this would be a great power in the development of any people. We are too ignorant. and we are too busy to spend much time in following the threads of history to verify our claims.

"Carolina and the Southern Cross" will place the history of North Carolina into the hands of our plain busy people in short articles that they can read and digest at their own leisure. We shall not intersperse history with our personal opinions. North Carolinians have always been able to form their own opinions when they have had the facts from which to reason.

---

*The Keystone* and *The Veteran* cannot possibly be hurt in North Carolina by the circulation of this magazine. The work of "Carolina and the Southern Cross,"is entirely different. Its object is to preserve the history that is so rapidly becoming mere tradition, by publishing it now. and to use the publication by planting it in the minds of the people instead of laying it away in the archieves for the dim and distant future. Why must North Carolina be always behind for fear of stepping on somebody's toes. It is right for us to engage heartily in all co-operative work for the U. D. C. in all the States, but we should see that we have something in our own State to show for the energy and money that we are employing to glorify others directly and our own indirectly. It is a fact that the general public in North Carolina have no idea of the work that our State division is doing. Our Chapters do not keep the people informed as to our local owrk, and they lose sight of us.

---

"Carolina and the Southern Cross" was endorsed by the North Carolina Division U. D. C. as the official organ for the Auxiliary Chapters of the State. If our leaders will realize this the magazine can be made a medium for co-operative work as well as a means by which our childrens chapters can be taught Confedate State History. Also the children as well as the adult chapters can induce our busy people to take the magazine and thus help to accomplish the work of getting North Carolinians to read their history.

---

If our readers will notice the arrangement of the contents of this magazine,the relation of all the reading matter to the battles, and the correlatoin of the entire book, it will be evident that a contribution can easily upset the plans of the editor. By delaying to send an article that has been promised for a particular number. We have some valuable material that will be used later, and we would be glad to welcome anything of interest that you have. Send it now. You will learn to value the arrangement of Carolina and the Southern Cross. All who have promised biographical sketches and cuts will confer a favor by getting them ready at once. All North Carolinians are requested to send biographical sketches of our men and women. Let us put a record of their service where it will have a chance to live in the minds and hearts of our own poeple. Let us try to realize what our North Carolina men and women have done.

---

Until the surrender of the garrison at Fort Hatteras, the right accorded by all civilized nations to arrange terms of surrender as prisoners of war subject to parole or exchange, had been ignored by the Lincoln government. It was the policy of Mr. Lincoln to treat the Southern States as if they were unlawfullyengaged in mob violence, or insurrection. The prisoners that

TH CAROLINA STATE LIBRARY.

had been taken at sea were imprisoned in the penetentiary and jails. Some had been tried and condemned as pirates. President Davis wrote to President Lincoln protesting against such treatment, but as Lincoln took no notice of the letter Davis had some of Lincoln's officers who had been paroled reimprisoned as hostages for the condemned Southern sailors. Then the people of the North began to write to Lincoln protesting against the treatment of Southern prisoners because they had friends and relatives in Southern prisons, and they knew that if Lincoln executed the Southern prisoners, Davis would retaliate on their friends. There had been a sort of exchange made by officers on both sides but the Lincoln government would have nothing to do with it openlyand often prevented the execution of a cartel after the officers had arranged it. By the time that Hatteras surrendered, Lincoln, Seward and Stanton had decided that they could not ignore the fact that the Southern States were at war and not in insurrection and they had given orders to their officers to arrange to put all prisoners on the same footing as prisoners of war.

A paper was drawn up and signed at Hatteras by Stringham and Butler of the U. S. navy and army, and Barron, Martin and Andrews of the C. S. navy and army. This really was an acknowledgement on the part of the Lincoln government of our belligerent rights.

Thomas H. Allen of New Bern was one of the first prisoners offered for exchange. He was a civil engineer employed in fortifying Hatteras. He was ranked as a first lieutenant of artillery. Although General Meigs had given orders that all private property of prisoners sould be respected the Yankees took Lieut. Allens' instruments, used in his profession, and never gave them back although they were not contraband of war. He was exchanged for Lieut. Frank. The cartel was not promptly arranged. For sometime it was delayed.

## WHO GETS THE BENEFIT ?

Some people who are asked to subscribe to "Carolina and the Southern Cross," ask. "Who is the beneficiary of this magazine?" Read the magazine and ask yourself the question. If you have learned something about your own State history that you did not know, *you* are the beneficiary. If your neighbor reads it and learns something of North Carolina that he did not know, *he* is the beneficiary. If the history that is otherwise lost is being preserved through the efforts of the U. D. C. and given to the people of the State who are now able to refute or endorse it. then the *whole State* is the beneficiary, and the State of North Carolina is no mendicant, although she has been allowing other States to sell her her school books and teach her people in such a way as to obscure her own claims on history, or to make her shine in a reflected light. But that is not the answer that the inquirers expected. Who gets the money and who spends it? The question of money was discussed publicly on the floor of the convention, at Salisbury, and it was decided that the yearly subscription price should be one dollar, and the subscription should go to the editor to be used by her for the support of the magazine.

The editor needs these subscriptions now to carry on the work. North Carolina is able to support a work of this kind and the "Daughters" can induce the people, not only to pay the dollar, but to *read the paper*. A busy man can read an interesting story of North Carolina history while he waits for his dinner to be served , a truth with many correlative side lights that have taken weeks and months of research and labor,and because he is ignorant of what it costs,he asks, "Who is the beneficiary?" Send us your dollar and at the end of the year you will be ashamed to ask such a question. You get the worth of your dollar in one issue of the paper because you can not get it elsewhere in the same helpful form. You will get twelve magazines for your dollar.

Now a word to the U. D. C Chapters. There are Veterans who are able to contribute gems of history to this magazine, but they are not able to give their time and money to the work. They have given the best part of their lives to the making of our history. Let us try to get a circulation that will justify us in paying them for the articles that we need for this magazine. The work cannot be carried on without money. No one can get the circulation so well as the "Daughters." Do you want the magazine published? Then work for subscribers in your neighborhood, and talk about the book.

## WHAT MUST WE DO ?

It was understood at Salisbury that the different Chapters were to work for subscribers. A "Daughter" may be learned enought to be independentof the magazine. She may be too busy to read literature that she is already conversant with or she may have invested all of her money in other magazines, but all this does not bar her from working for the circulation of her own history in her own environment. She can induce her neighbors to subscribe for "Carolina and the Southern Cross," just as she induces them to asssist any other Confederacy work. It is not intended that the Chapters should burden themselves with the financial support of the magazine, it is optional with them, but they can intereest their community in it. What areyoudoing for Carolina and the SouthernCross?

## THE CALL OF TO-DAY.

After delving into the mine of the past for the treasures of truth that have been withheld from many of us, we turn with more sympathy to the task, that the demand of today presses upon us. The sacred task of providing a home for the destitute and dependent women who are relics of those brave men who upheld

*Continued on last page*

# PHYLLIS

## CHAPTER II.

### A CHILD OF THE CONFEDERACY

When Burnside's army captured New Bern, Mrs. Albawood fled with other "refugees" taking her little children and the household servants with her. Her husband had not returned from Richmond where he had gone to bring home the remains of her brother, who had carried one of the battle flags for Stonewqll Jackson. There must have been great excitement and confusion. Burnside shelled the last train that left the town, and women and children were actually flying for their lives. Yet, in after years, little Phyllis Albawood never could recall one single incident of that dreadful day. Her mother stopped in Kinston long enough to hear whether or not her boys had been killed in the battle of New Bern, then stopping to see that all was well with her young daughter, whom she had sent to Mrs. Patrick's select school for girls at at Lenoir Institute, Mrs. Albawood took upon herself the responsibility of negotiating with a farmer for a lease of the "Cabin Home" and the purshase of a crop in germination that he had planted before he saw how important it was for him to join the army.

The mother did not think it wise to occupy any plantation belonging in the family because of their nearness to the Yankee lines; and her anxiety for the welfare of Mr. Albawwod prevented her from yielding to the impulse to linger at Institute near the precious daughter whom she intended to keep constantly at school, and as secluded as possible.

Phyllis could not have slept through all the days that witnessed the occupation of New Bern and its vicinity by the Yankee army; but if the brain of the little girl made any record of events that followed so rapidly on each other during these troublesome times it has always failed to give up whatever impresssion it received at the time. Ah! here is a question for you to answer, O wise ones, who think you are competent to teach mothers how to control the thoughts and acts of child-hood by opening the gate of knowledge to little children before they have the wisdom to use that knowledge! How dare you put thought in motion that you can no more control than the scientist can the lightning flash, that may stamp a perfect pictutre on a window pane, but oftener carries deadly destruction in its momentary glare.

There had been unnoted ages to her,since the child stood beside her mother at the soldiers dinner. Suddenly a horrible oath rent the soft air of springtime,and Phyllis sat up with a jolt. Where was she! How did she get there in a buggy driving along the quiet country roads? She sat between two big boy's, and the one who was driving had uttered the oath.

"Remember," said Phyllis' brother Morton," that you are in the presence of a lady."

"What, that baby," said the driver with a voice of contempt.

"That baby is my sister and therefore a lady. Please remember if you are tempted to curse again."

"Oh, alright," said the driver good naturedly,"I didn't know you were so particular." Phyllis looked up into the face of her brother with a sense of security and pride that made her heart sing for joy. She did not know where she was nor how far she was going, but this brother who spoke of her as "a lady" would certainly see that no harm could possibly befall her, and she snuggled down to his side with perfect confidence. A glance into his face when he had spoken so positively to the driver brought to her consciousness two bright red spots on the high cheek bones, that awakened thoughts that had lain dormant, how long, Phyllis did not know. She had seen those spots in her brother's face on one occasion before when he was called to a serious interview. Phyllis had not been sent from the room because she was so little that her presence at a very private interview did not count. She was lying face down on the rug looking at a picture in the "Mother Goose book," intent on finding the "eyes" that the bramble bush had scratched out of the "Man from our town." In a moment her interest was detached from the nursery rhymes and centered on the conversation between her mother and her brother.

It must be confessed that this brother had a reputation for fighting which his mother did not approve, and it grieved her very much when people sent her complaints of his misdeeds. On this occasion Phyllis heard "the straight of it," as her brother told it, and horrible to relate, all her sympathies were with her brother Morton, in spite of the moral lecture administered by the mother. Indeed Phyllis did not *listen to the lecture*, she was too busy thinking of the glorious victory that her brother had gained for the poor little boy. "The straight of it" ran this way: a little boy of the academy had been whipped by a big boy, who had a private tutor from the North. The little boy entreated Morton to whip the big boy for him. Morton had been chosen as the champion of small boys because he did not hesitate to redress their real or fancied wrongs, when they asked him. Before going to school on the next morning he had gone to the home of the big boy who had already been warned that he was to be punished, and sent for him to come out. The boy came; and the battle was short, fierce, and decisive. The enemy was routed with great slaughter, and the Yankee tutor thought it time to interfere. Now Morton had been given the nickname,"Tartar," at school, and on this occasion he lived up to his reputation, for the tutor soon found that he had "caught a tartar;" and he also fled ignominiously before the foe.

There was nothing to do but send the champion's

mother a message about his "outrageous conduct," but after the State had seceded, and the Yankee tutor had disappeared leaving evidence in New Bern that he had been sent by the abolitionists to corrupt the negroes, the champion received congratulations from some who had judged him harshly at the time.

Who can explain why Phyllis remembered the the battle of the champion, as it was recounted in the private interview in her mother's chamber, but had no recollection whatever of the battle of New Bern with all it's roar of cannons and excitement of retreat! Has any one really sounded the depths of the mind of a child? Even so, is that a reflection of the thought of all children?

Oh you, who would cultivate the mind of childhood by teaching the deep mysteries of life, beware how you sow, for you have no assurance that the thought you awakened may not prove a Frankenstein monster to demand of you immpossible things; you may put a thought in motion but you cannot control it in it's flight.

Phyllis did not remember anything about her arrival at the "Cabin Home." She found herself there one morning clasped tight in her mother's arms, and on the bed lay a little white still form. The mother's sorrow impressed her as being all for her. Her loneliness, her loss of her little sister and playmate. There was much talk of heaven and the hope of seeing her little sister again. One truth above all else that made a lasting impression on the child, was that God could make no mistake;and that we must trust him because he loved us, and knew better what to do for us than we knew for ousrelves. A priceless possession of this Confederate woman was faith in God. Faith in which bitterness and hatred had no part. Phyllis was a fortunate little girl to have such a mother, and there were many such mothers in the South. This accounts for the character of the soldiers who were ready to die for a principle.

Soon after the funeral, Mrs. Albawood sent one of the maids upstairs to bring down a great bolt of white cloth that had been shipped to the country with other merchandise, sometime before the Yankees came to New Bern. A pattern was placed on the cloth and a big doll stuffed with cotton was the result. The eldest brother, who was something of an artist, drew a face on the white disk that formed the head.

The child's imagination clothed this image of babyhood with all human attributes. The brother who had the air of taking Phyllis seriously, and thus had gained her unbounded devotion assisted at the christening, and the crude plaything of the little Confederate girl bore the high sounding name of two of Sir Walter Scott's famous characters, because she could not choose between them. She had listened attentively while her brother told the story of Ivanhoe, more perhaps to divert his mother's thoughts, than for the entertainment of the little sister, who decided on the name, "Rowena," because she liked to think that her doll was in some way connected with a great personage. On the other hand "Rebecca" was a creature of action, who dared to do things. She appealed to something in Phyllis to which her soul responded; and in spite of a score of other names that were suggested by the brother, who read many books, she at once chose to call her doll Rowena Rebecca. There may not be anything in a name, but is it a fact that the rag-doll became, herself, a heroine, and was the cause of the saving of several lives during the war.

The tall pines and thick undergrowth around the Cabin Home must have been known to be perfectly safe, for little Phyllis was allowed to roam about at will, with no other companion than "Lady Rowena Rebecca" known to the servants, except "Cline", as the big rag doll. It was understood that she must always return home when she heard the dinner horn blow. The dinner horn was a huge conch shell and some of the negroes were expert performers on it; but one day it failed to announce the dinner hour, for Mrs. Albawood arranged to cook the dinner herself, and sent all the negroes to the field to cultivate the crops. When the noon hour had passed well into afternoon the nurse and baby brother were sent to the house to find out why the dinner horn remained silent. They found that Mrs. Albawood had burned her hand so badly that she could not use it for many days and the dinner horn wouldn't blow. The effort of trying to produce the prolonged wail, that seemed so easy to "Anthony," resulted in a severe headache for his mistresss, and the primitive style of announcing thy meal hour was after that discarded altogether. A huge dinner bell replaced the dinner horn, and it went abroad that the Albawoods had introduced a new custom. One day Phyllis met a great awkward girl in the foot path that led to a hill where she was accustomed to play.

"Haint youall quality folks?" questioned the girl.

"I don't know," answered Phyllis.

"Well, I heered say yo ma couldn't even blow a dinner horn," drawled the girl, "and I rekined ye must belong to the quality."

Phyllis always resented any reflection on her dear mother; but what could she say to this great pale faced girl, who demanded to know if she belonged to "quality," and then brought evidence to prove that she did. Evidence that was unanswerable, for it was true that her mother could not blow a dinner horn.

The dinner horn that Mrs. Albawood couldn't blow had become a joke and now here was this girl with her awful question. Oh, if her mother just had not have tried to take all the responsibility of cooking that dinner! Phyllis worried and worried over the question, but she kept it secret, Never, would she be the one to repeat it, or even let anyone know that she had ever heard such a word as "quality." She was sure it was a bad word, by the manner in which the girl said it, and

to think it had been said about her own dear mother. Phyllis had such a sensative fear of ridicule, or of having some one amused at her expense, that she would not ask the meaning of words that puzzled her. Soon after that she had another queer experience with words, and it came near to breaking a friendship.

There was a cart road at the back of the great oak grove that grew within the serpentine fence around the Cabin Home. The road terminated at the fence and one morning Phyllis determined to explore it. With the big doll hugged close in her arms she had an eye for all the beauty that nature spread around her. Flowers were hanging gay banners all through the woods and the honey bees were busy everywhere. Birds poured liquid music through the great aisles formed by trees that were hundreds of years old. It was a bright, happy morning in nature. Phyllis was so absorbed in looking about her that she had approached a small enclosure around a very little new house without, being aware of it, and she was a little startled to hear a human voice in the midst of wild nature saying: "Oh, what a nice baby; do let me hold it a minute! What is her name?" A pair of friendly blue eyes looked down from the other side of three rude bars in a rail fence.

Phyllis was flattered at the attention showered upon her baby, and at once handed it to the girl, answering at the same time, that her baby was the Lady Rowena Rebecca.

"Oh, my," said the girl, "that sounds very grand! Who named her?"

"My brother Peter," said Phyllis, "He wished me to name her "Dulcinea" and I almost liked that name well enough tho christen my doll with it, but I just did find out in time to stop."

"What did you find out?""

"I found out that 'Dulcinea' was a fish."

"A fish! dear me! how did you find out?"

"Mother just happened to ask Peter who Dulcinea was and he said: she was a herring in a brook."

The blue eyes looked away quick and the young woman held the rag doll up as if she were inspecting her closely.

"I am sure Rowena Rebecca is a much nicer name but maybe after all Dulcinia was not a fish." Maybe your brother said she was a heroine in a book."

"Oh!" said Phyllis turning very red, "What's the the difference.?"

"One," said the girl gravely, "is a fish, and the other is a great lady."

"Well," said Phyllis, "Adam ought to have made more words while he was at it and not have a langrige with words that sound just zackly alike, meaning something different." "I thought Dulcinea was one of those fish women that sung and sung to destroy those sailors that had their ears stopped so they could not hear."

"Oh! you interesting child," said the girl, "do come in and tell me how you learned so much about books?" Now this was balm to the mind of Phyllis. To be told that she knew things after such a dreadful mistake was joy indeed. The temptation was great; but she frankly told the girl, that her mother would not allow her to visit people that she did not know.

"Well," said the girl, "your mother is right, but I am sure she will not care if your baby comes to see my baby." A real live baby! Phyllis fell before the temptation. She climbed through the bars and allowed the girl to "jump" her to the high door sill.

On the bare floor, upon a folded quilt, lay a beautiful baby, heels and fists in the air, clothed in a course blue apron.

"Is it your own baby," asked Phyllis, "you are very young," she said primly.

"Yes, he is my own baby. Be careful about his mole," said the young mother as Phyllis seated herself on a low box and leaned the rather stiff doll against the wall.

"There you go," said Phyllis severely. "All the mothers say the same thing. 'Take care of it's mole,' " mimicking,"I think it ought to be killed."

"What, kill my baby," said the horrified mother.

"No," said Phyllis, "kill the mole if you can."

"Why Josh caught a mole yesterday. It had made a great ridge on the ground and it had claws like a tabby cat. You know it hurts a baby to have claws digging all about in it's head. Look how the top of it's head beats! That mole is busy clawing right now, and it's a wonder the baby doesn't squall. If Rowena ever gets a mole in her head I'll"—but Phyllis never told what she would do, for the young woman had collapsed on the floor beside the baby, and peals of laughter rang upon the air. Phyllis' finger went to her mouth and she stared in thoughtful contemplation of the young woman who gave away to paroxisms so contagious that even the baby joined in, and spread his mouth in glee.

This was too much! Phyllis began to have misgivings about being there. She had been unusually free in speaking to this stranger, and now she was laughing at her. "Cline" always said that her tongue would be her ruin because she talked before she walked.

Well, if it was her fate, the child thought, she did not have to stay and listen as if she enjoyed it. Her spine grew more and more stiff with disapproval of this ill bred creature's wild laughter, and when she arose and turned to the door with silent dignity it was difficult to say whether she, or the Lady Rowena Rebecca had the straighter or more uncompromising back. But alas for her dignity! The unfinished door step would not permit her to continue her pose.

The step was only half section of a round block sawed from a tree. The bark was till on it, and a longer section lay on the ground in readiness for someone to form the upper step. A flying leap would have suited Phyllis for she was an athletic little girl, but

such an exit did not suit the occasion. Placing her doll against the open door she sat down and prepared to slide out as far as she could, and drop to the ground, but the young mother was a woman of quick perceptions and real tact. By the time Phyllis had seated herself, preparatory to her final and indignant departure, the soft, roly-poly baby was placed right in her lap and the mother was saying, "don't go Phyllis, you have done me so much good. The Lord must have sent you here to make me laugh. You see I haven't done a thing but cry and cry ever since the baby came."

"Don't you want the baby," asked Phyllis?

"Oh, yes! but I haven't heard from his papa since he came and there was going to be a big battle the last time I heard." I wish old Abe Lincoln was dead."

"Why?" said Phyllis.

"Because then the war would end and the baby's papa would come home and the people would not have to be killed just because Lincoln wants to be President."

"Oh," said Phyllis, "Why don't you ask God to kill Lincoln. ?"

"Why! I never thought about it! Look at that apron? So coarse it has scratched all the skin off baby's neck. The Yankees raided my mothers house where we were living and they took everything we had. They even took my baby's clothes. They made me get out of bed and ripped the mattress to pieces looking for something to steal. They said my baby's father was a rebel soldier, and they wanted to make all who belonged to rebels suffer because they were fighting against the flag."

"Huh!" said Phyllis, "My father said we could not help fighting the flag, with the Yankees. He says they did not have any right to take the flag and bring it to our state, flying over guns that they brought to kill us with. He said the flag and the constitution ought to mean the same thing in any land. Papa had a Yankee paper that said: 'The constitution is a covenant with death and a league with hell." Phyllis whispered the last word very low. Such words as "hell" and "devil" were considered vulgar in her family, only men uttered them aloud and to her it was simply another evidence of Yankee degradation, that they flaunted the word in their newspapers. She supposed the constitution was an animal. Covenants and cattle were always connected in Bible lore. Anyhow, the constitution belonged to Southern soldiers and her own people, and it must be protected even if the Yankees waved and waved the Stars and Stripes, which her father said they had no right to wave. She was about to bring on a discussion about the horns of the Constitution when she was reminded of her resolution not to talk too much.

The mother brushed her hand lightly over the baby's head and said "Phyllis that is not the kind of mole that Josh killed, that is the babies pulse beating in the top of the head."

"Pulse," said Phyllis, "Is the vegetable that the Hebrew children ate in the palace of the King of Babylon. I don't think I would like for Rowena to have one but I like it better than an animal with claws."

"But said," the mother, looking queer around the eyes and not even smiling, "I did not mean that kind of pulse. Let me tell you about it That spot we call the mole is the soft spot on the baby's head, over which the bones have not finished growing. A baby can be easily hurt or killed by a blow on the mole, and that is why people say. "take care of the mole."

"Oh!" excaimed Phyllis, "that was why you laughed! I don't blame you, but if Buddy Morton ever hears it he will call me "mole" to the end of my days, and she looked appealingly at the young woman who responded at once.

"But he will never hear of it. Let's promise not to tell. It's a secret, and we shall be good friends, because we have a secret. Sometime you will think about it and laugh and think of me."

It took many years for the serious little maid to develop a sence of humor sufficient to help her over a shudder at the mere thought of hearing a big teasing boy sing out "Pussy cat mole:" or to see him pantomine the act of looking for a hole in the best petticoat, if one happened to have it on.

The trials of childhood, however, trivial they seem, in after years are very burdensome at the time of endurance. Why do grown people forget this? School teachers could be so helpful to children, especially, troublesome children, if only they would remember the trials of their own childhood and bring sympathy, not force to the aid of discipline.

"Why," said prim little Phyllis, "Why didn't you stay at home so this baby's grandma could cure these skeeter bites, and make him some clothes?"

"I just had to get nearer Richmond, I could hear nothing, nothing; and the horrid Yankees treated my people mean because my husband was a soldier of the Confederacy. Besides they were always saying that I had to take the oath. Now I would not promise to help Lincoln rather than my own husband. How could I do so? You do not know, Phyllis, how many women have had to take the oath. I do not believe that God would make such an oath binding, but it is so degrading to have to take it. Some of their soldiers could not speak a word of our language. What would they know about the right or wrong of the war? They are just hiring themselves to fight for money like the Hessians who fought Washington."

"I know all about that," said Phyllis, "My mother's grandma told mother all about it. About the British and Craig's army, and the declaration at Charlotte, and Cornwallis, and Green."

"You old timy thing!" said the young mother, "You can talk about things that grown people in this neighborhood know nothing about." Phyllis was greatly flattered. This delightful woman had evidently forgot about that mole.

"Why," asked the little girl, "Don't you go the general and get your baby's clothes? He'd be ashamed for you to think he was fighting a baby."

"I did go." He said he certainly would get them for me if I'd tell him which man took them or even find out his name. Phyllis, *real gentlemen* in the Yankee army are not popular with the government, as Mr. Lincoln calls himself, Foster, Butler and such men as do not attempt to restrain their ruffians, get the most notice in Washington."

"Well, it is not worth while to tell the name of the Yankee that stole your things, but if you want to know, I can tell you, said Phyllis."

"You can," asked the woman in astonishment, "What was the name?"

"John Brown," said Phyllis with confidence. Mr. Gardner came to our house and he was talking to papa, and he said: "Yes-sir-ree, when the truth comes out, every single Yankee will answer to one name and that name is *John Brown*! "Now," said Phyllis, solemnly, "What would be the good of saying John Brown stole your things when every single Yankee soldier has the same name?"

The young woman rushed to the back door with a sudden and violent fit of coughing. Phyllis began to think of putting the baby on the floor and trying "Cline's " remedy, beating her on the back, but she finally wiped her eyes and came back, taking up the conversation where it had dropped.

"Phyllis, did any-one ever tell you who John Brown was?"

"Oh yes!" A young man that was sick at our house said that he was the brother to the woman in the Mother Goose book that had the big knife and said: "Ducky, ducky, ducky, come on and be killed.' Mr. Sam said that John Brown didn't call real ducks to be killed, he wanted people. He had been practicing on killing men out west, and he didn't get hung for it. Then some abolition men said they'd give him guns and pikes if he'd come to the south and kill all the white people and leave all the black people to govern the country just as they did in San Domingo."

"John Brown had the guns and pikes moved to Virginia, and he was most ready to kill all the white people, but he wanted some slaves to help him, and thought that would be easy. So one day he met a negro and said: 'Ducky, ducky, ducky, come do as I tell you,' but the black man wasn't even studying him," said Phyllis, just as Cline would have said it. Then John Brown shot the poor negro, because he din't want to kill his white folks, and there was a whole heap of shooting, and John Brown was tried for murder and sentenced to be hung. Then those abolitionist, who sent John Brown to kill white people and free the slaves said if Governor Wise didn't pardon John Brown that they would kill the governor, and the governor got three hundred letters about it, but *they* didn't do any good. Then women went to see the Governor, and *that* didn't do any good. Governor Wise told all of them that John Brown had had a fair trial and that there would have been others to hang, but the State of Virginia was not allowed to go after witnesses who had taken themselves to the North

"Well, they hung John Brown, and put him in a coffin and sent him back to his family, and the churches at the North were dressed all in black. The bells of churches, and of some towns, were tolled and tolled, as they were for Cock Robin, and the preachers prayed and prayed aginst the South, and one of them said that John Brown was better than *George Washington*, said the child who had been taught that the father of his country was a personage not comparable to a criminal.

"Mr. Sam," continued Phyllis, "said that John Brown made Abe Lincoln's fortune, and Abe had said that John Brown was crazy,but Abe didn't believe it, and neither did Abe's soldiers, because they marched to kill the Southern people singing, 'John Brown's body lies molding in the ground, but we go marching on, we'll hang Jeff Davis to a sour apple tree, and we'll keep marching on."

"I asked Mr. Sam what made the Yankees sing about John Brown, and he said they intended to carry out his plans, and some dark night a great big negro with red thick lips and white eyes would come with one of John Brown's pikes and *stick* it through me, and then get a whole lot of other children on the pike, and show them to Ben Butler, and he would get Father Abraham to give the negro a big plantation."

"I thought Mr. Sam was just saying that for fun, because he looked so smiley, but I kept thinking and thinking, and I said, 'Mother did you ever hear of John Brown?' and Mother said, 'Oh yes,, but he has gone to his reward.' 'How did he go?' I said, and mother said he was hung by the neck until he was dead. Then I knew that Mr. Sam was telling the truth, and I kept thinking, and after mother had told me about the Three Wise Men, and the Star, and heard me say my prayers, I cried for Cline to sit by me, and when Cline came, I said: 'Cline who was John Brown? and she said, 'He was nothin' but poor white trash.' and I hugged her around the neck and said: 'Cline, dear, would you let that big nigger stick me on a pike, and I began to scream and scream, and mother came to see what was the matter and I had a fever. They got me to sleep after a long time, but I woke in the night and it was dark, and I thought I saw pikes all around the bed and I just screamed, and mother made a light and I told her I was afraid. She said let me teach you a Bible verse that will help you not to be afraid, and she said it over and over, and I said it until I knew it.

"*What time I am afraid, I will trust in the Lord.*"

"She told me how great and powerful God is, and if we only love Him and trust Him we will do right because He wants us to do so, and need not fear anything She told me about the Shunamite's son, and the Widow's

Curse, Elija's Raven's and the Widow of Nain. God seemed to be right there with me, for she told me, 'The angels of the Lord encamp around those that dear Him.'

"I have not been afraid of John Brown's pikes since, but I did not tell about Mr. Sam. He had gone away somewhere, but when he came back he said: 'Heigho! Phillis, have you seen anything of John Brown's pikes yet? and mother just said, 'Oh, Sam!"

"I said, 'Mr. Sam, I am not afriad of anything now because, the angels of the Lord encamp about them that fear Him,' and every body was just as still."

Everything was still in the little hut too, for the baby had rolled over on Rowena and fallen asleep. Suddenly the woman took Phyllis in her arms and said: "Oh Phyllis, you dear little preacher, God surely sent you to me this day. I have been in so much trouble, not knowing which way to go. I have sent Jake through the Yankee lines to let my mother know that I shall go to Richmond to help in the hospitals if I can. Judy, Jake's wife, has gone to a neighbors to iron what few clothes we have. Baby has only one little dress, and everyhting depends on the faithfulness of old Jake. I have been so afraid! So alraid! Tell your mother Phyllis, how much her Bible lessons have helpeda desperate woman, who doesn't know whether she has anything on earth except a naked little baby, and one old negro."x

"I will," said Phyllis, "I'll come in the morning. And thank you for letting me hold your baby. I wish Rowena Rebecca would feel all squshy like he does."

After all Phyllis took a flying leap from the door without hurting her dignity in the least; but the ragdoll was strangely unresponsive to the child, after she had held the soft warm body of the baby in her little little arms.

She found her mother, bidding good-bye to a neighbor who had come to bring the news. Perhaps that news lent an added interest to Phyllis' account of her morning's visit, for it was news of a battle, and there was a need for many nurses in the hospitals in Richmond.

The next morning Phyllis found her mother seated on the floor in the attic beside a large cheese-box. She was laying out little fine white garments, such as all mothers delight to have for their young babies. The box was overflowing for there had been ten babies in the family. Some of them did not stay long, but each had a plentiful wardrobe. Mrs. Albawood had made all the dainty little things, and memories clung to them, that caused her to turn away, and wipe her eyes. "Oh mother," said Phyllis, "Don't give them away if it makes you cry!"

"My dear little daughter," replied her mother, "I never could find any pleasure in these precious relics, if I kept them, knowing how much that poor little mother neeeds them. We people in the Confederay acy must help each other. We must bear each others burdens, and so fullfil the law of Christ. Caroline must go with you and take the basket of clothes. Tell the baby if he needs the basket he may have that too. Perhaps I may go to see him tomorrow afternoon. Give my compliments to his mother and tell her I pray that she may have good news soon."

When Phyllis and Caroline arrived at the little house, a rockaway stood before the door and a rather tall black man was strapping to the back of it, and packing in front of it, all the earthly possessions of his mistress and his wife. Phyllis knew that it was Jake, and that Jake had been faithful. He looked important. and his teeth reminded Phyllis of the keys of a piano, "Mornin' Missey," said Jake, pulling his forelock "Youse jest did get here in time, kase we's j-jesterbout to git off fo' Richmon. I got the noose yistiddy and a mighty hard time I had er gitting it erway from the Yankees. Yessum, I gotsup'm else too, but the Lord knows taint no harm ter git nothin from dem thievin Yankees. Dese here hosses and dis here rockway was des er standin dar er sayin: "Here, I is, come and take me; an' I warnt long 'beying the heavenly wision neider. I crept up on the de seat, an I say rite sawf: 'Uh huh, dis is my ole stompin ground! Dey aint nothin' about hosses an rockaways dat *I* don' know. Den I jerk de reins gentle-like and dem hosses crept off so easy, couldn't nobody hear um, kaze a big waggon was a rattling by de General's house an I lowed dey was so occypied wid dey own devilment dat dey wasn't studin' nobody else. Atter I turned de cornder I jest lam er loose on dem hosses en I already done had my pass in my pocket, kaze I tole er Yankee dat I knowed where I c'd git 'im er bale er cotton, an I is spected back dare tonight, but bless Gawd I'll be on de way to Richmon' to hep nuss Mars Billy, an' I gwine to fech him some Yankee coffee, and some Yankee quinine, and some yuther Yankee things dat is mighty *hard* for our soldiers ter git."

Now, through all this account of his stewardship the thing that most impressed Phyllis was the faithfulness of Jake to his white folks. In her thoughts she kept repeating: "Jake is faithful, Jake is came bahk from the Yankees. Jake did not desert his young mistress in her hour of need."

Jake had indeed solved the problem of how his "Mistis" was going to travel to Richmond without friends who could help her, and without money to pay her way. He had been faithful according to his lisghs He had arrayed himself on the side of his Confederate master. He had captured a means of travel from his master's enemies, and he was jubilent over the prospect of taking his master's young wife and baby to caox him back from the jaws of death. Faithful, though plenty and freedom invited him on one side, while slavery and want was his portion on the other. His master lay in a Richmond hospital wounded unto death, and the family had been stripped of even the necessities of life.

They had been brought so low, that they had nothing to offer him except that servitude, that the rest of the world were supposed to believe so galling, and degrading to him; and yet he had entered their citadel, and snatched from the midst of his would be emancipators, the most effectual aid that could be obtained for the master and mistress whose chattel he was. He had suddenly become a man of action, cunning, and forethought and he was using all his talents for the benefit of his owners.

The slaves of the South were greatly underrated, in the most essential things, by those who took it upon themselves to interfere in their lives. Many of them had reached that high plane that is reached only through service that is given for love's sake freely, seeking nothing for self.

Ah, Jake! they claimed that you were cruelly oppressed, and their mistaken rashness has swept your type off of the face of the earth, for nowhere has it been found except in the old South, at the feet of the master. You took a delight in your Master's possessions and gentility, and you were content to shine in his reflected glory. Most positive by you belonged to a respectable working class, and so would your children have belonged and your children's children. But where are they, your descendents, for whom the agitators of a cruel war promised, that freedom would do so much! Where are they? Go ask the prisons, the chain gangs, the vagrant, the improvident, shiftless, cumberers of the ground, who will not make room for the workers,and will not work themselves. Ask the lawbreakers, the grossly immoral, the wilfully ignorant. There is no worse slave in the wide world. than the lawful wife of the average colored man, and yet one set of laws protects both races.

The negro race in the South now belongs to the criminal class. The old slave whose good manners and kind nature formed one of the features of Southern life, is an object of scorn and derision among them. He is the "white folk's nigger." He is often neglected and abandoned by his own family. The young stock do not stop to heed the lessons in courtesy and modest deportment that he is always ready to teach, and that they would do well to learn for nothing good can come of the present attitude of vulgar swagger assumed by the rising generation of blacks. Exceptions, you say? Yes, there are many exceptions, in thrift, prosperity, and deportment, but these are more the result of training and precept, learned when the white man carried the burden and responsibility of the master, than they are the result of freedom. The point I would make is, that if the war was waged for the purpose of elevating the slave by giving him the blessed boon of freedom, as most of our school *histories* claim,then I say the war failed in its purpose.

When we read the eloquent speeches of Garrison, Phillips, and the preachers who swayed the public opinions of the north more than half century ago, it seems incredible that white men of our own race, a race that had breasted the billows of time and chance, and had risen to the topmost wave of civilization, were willing to break any law, that would enable them to sweep us from the place that we had attained in our country, and place in our stead those blacks, whom fate and circumstances had linked to our domestic life. Has the result justified all the bloodshed, terror, and other evils of those dark days? Will they ever be justified? * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Phyllis left Caroline to hear Jake finish telling how he had outwitted the Yankees, and entering the house she delivered her mother's message and the basket containing the outfit for the baby.

The young mother, assisted by Judy, was giving the baby a bath and preparing him for his long drive to Richmond.

"Oh!" said Phyllis, "I had been thinking how sweet he would look in one of my own little dresses, and now I shall not see him wear them."

"Oh yes, you shall," said the baby's mother, and she proceeded to unpack the dainty finery, and make a selection to replace his one suit.

There were exclamations of delight from the woman when she saw the beautiful things that her heart had craved for her little one, and all fell to admiring and kissing him when she had been bedecked him from head to toe. Then she held out the little kid encased foot, and saucily told Phyllis to "Kiss", which she promptly did with preat pleasure.

Judy took the baby out to show Caroline how fine he was, and baby's mother took Phyllis in her arms saying:

"Dear little girl, I believe God has sent you to me! I believe God sent you, and if you ever come to this little house when I am gone I want you to stop a minute and pray to the heavenly Father to help me and not let my husband get killed. He is wounded now, but when he gets well he will have to fight again. Wont you pray for us Phyllis? Sometime I think God listens to children more readily than to grown people."

Phyllis promised very solemnly and stood by the rockaway, while her friend stowed things in place and put the baby's wraps ready for use. Then the young girl, for she was very young, thanked Caroline and proposed to drive Phyllis to her own gate, as she had todrice past the house of Mrs. Albawood. This delight ed Phyllis, who was on the verge of tears,and she climbed ed in to the carriage with alacrity. They had to drive some distance through a rough woods before they reached the highway, but everybody cheered up and Phllyis sany "Maryland My Maryland."

"Do you know who the 'Despot' is Phyllis?" asked her friend.

"No," said Phyllis. She had thought the despot of the song was somekind of beast, but that did not explain it's heel, and now this charming little mother

was going to tell her what the despot was and not make her expose her ignorance.

"Phyllis, Abraham Lincoln is a despot and that is what the song calls him. A president of the United States is only a citizen, elected to execute certain laws. It was never intended for a president to ursurp more power than the king of England ever had, but that is what "Old Abe" has done. He actually had gentlemen and ladies arrested and imprisoned and had their private letters sent to Washington. He would not allow them to have a trial because he knows he is violating the Constitution. He is a despot and ought to be tried by the Constitution and I don't know what ought to be done to him. I know that my poor boy has done nothing to be killed for."

"Now listen at dat." said Judy to the baby, "your ma trying to make out that Mars Billy is done daid, and he is only jes wounded. I speck one er des days dis little fis will jes double up and knock ole Linkum right in de haid. This created a diversion and all laughed at the little fist that Judy held up for inspection.

"Look out uncle Jake," said his young mistress, as he emerged from the woods. "Some of the Yankees may be out looking for these fine horses of yours."

"Dey aint my hosses mistis, d-d-don't spress it dat er way k-k-kase dese hosses blong to Mars Billy, and when we g-g-gits to Richmon' I'm gwine to selum fer a big pile er money, and den we all gwinter be rich ergin."

"Oh, Jake, I am so glad you thought of that for I only have twenty dollars. and I know that would not pay our board at the hotel, and I have no friends there "

Jake put his hand into his bosom and took out a bundle wrapped in a red bandana From it he took a bag of gold coin and laid it on his mistress lap.

"Dat," said Jake, "is de money fer all dem niggers, and hosses and yuther things de Yankees tuck ofen our plantation. Dat Yankee man is specting me ter fetch him er bale er cotton fer dat money dis very night, but Jake done changed his mind. When Mars Billy went to de war he put bofe his hans on dese here shoulders, and he looked right in dese here eyes, and he said. 'Jake, I am leaving the best part of me in your care. Take care of my little wife, Jake,' and I promised Mars Billy fore de Lawd dat I would do it, and I didn't see no way cepting to go atter dem Yankees and git some of de money and hosses dat dey is stole from us. Doan you git skeered, Mistis, old Jake and Judy gwine ter take care er you ef day hes to break up the whole Yankee nation."

With that declaration old Jake pulled up his horses before the gate of the Cabin Home and the little girl bade a loving farewell to her friends. "Don't forget your promise, "Phyllis," said the young mother, as the horses rapidly whilred her away.

The next morning Phyllis went to the little house and found it desolate. The bars were down, the doors were wide open and there was nothing to show that the house had oately held so much of that sorrow and faithfulness that everywhere marked the home life in the Confederacy.

Phyllis had not mentioned her promise made to the young wife. She had always said her prayers at her mother's knee, but feeling that she must keep her promise she knelt where the baby had lain on the floor, and went through the form of saying them: "Now I lay me," but it occurred to Phyllis that the prayer did not suit the condition. She remembered what the desperate young wife had said about Abraham Lincoln and the bloody war, because he had undertaken to rule a s a king over the American people. She remembered the woman's wish that he was dead, so that baby's father could come home. She remembered that the young father had been shot almost to death and the cruelty of the war seemed to fill the whole horizon of her mind.

Suddenly the child was pouring eloquent pleadings before the One Great Ruler of all things, that this "Despot," this man of blood, who had men killed and was trying, to kill the Constitution, whatever it was, might be gotten out of the way. The Bible had many examples of God's exalted power to destroy the enemies of his people. Sennacherib and Pharoah had been destroyed to save the people of God and why not Lincoln. It was better for one man to die than for a whole nation to suffer, and Phyllis, laid her petition on the altar at the deserted little home, as trustfully as little Samuel answered: "Here am I," when he heard the voice. Poor little Phyllis! That prayer offered so fervently for the destruction of Lincoln and the salvation of the Confederacy, was destined to lie heavily upon her conscience before many years had passed.

*To be continued.*

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"My dear Mr. Smif," wrote a colored purchaser of an up-to-date typewriter, "I wish your agent would come around when I gits skillbaffled, and oblige, yours truly."

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The Custis sisters lived in a large house alone. They were witty and independent. They had a cow, which the Yankees took, Now the living of these ladies depended largely upon the cow, and seeing it in the yard of Judge Donnel's house, which had also been appropriated by the Yankees, they opended the gate and drove the cow home. Such women were not safe so a guard was placed over them and they were not allowed to leave the home. The guard had a hard time, however, for the young ladies required so mcuh waiting on that the poor man sent to watch them, soon became their servant, They kept him quite busy. Seeing a Yankee officer across the street, one of the sisters called to a friend who was passing, "O Miss A Fort Custis has surrendered, but it was not fully garrisoned. Miss Lineas was absent."

# The Fall of Fort Hatteras

[*By a Veteran.*]

When the Confederacy in 1861, undertook to fortify the large strip of sand which separates the sounds of North Carolina from the ocean, for a distance of 150 miles, there was no navy at the command of the Confederates, and without a navy the task was impossible. But North Carolina demanded it, and a sand battery or fort built of beach sand was constructed at Hatteras Inlet on the Southern end of the narrow strip of beach, on the northern side of the inlet,which is about thirty miles from Roanoke Island, and about eighty miles from New Bern. About three-quarters of a mile up the beach from Fort Hatteras, another sand battery was constructed, which was nameed Fort Clark, in honor of the Governor of North Carolina. Fort Hatteras was armed with several guns of large calibre but the heaviest were eight-inch guns. Fort Clark's armament was not so heavy.

After the blockade of the Southern ports was begun it was soon discovered, that the entrance to the sounds at Hatteras Inlet could not be effectually guarded by the Northern navy, on account of the dangerous reefs which extended far out to sea,and that the Confederate privateers could pass in and out with impunity. The government at Washington after, careful planning determined to get possession of the inlet. Great secrecy was enjoined on all officers concerned. In fact only the Commodore of the fleet and the General commanding the land forces were apprised of their destination.

A fleet consisting of some of the most formidable warships in the United States navy, and a detachment of 860 men from the army sailed from Hampton Roads and attacked the Forts on the 25th of August, 1861.

The warships were the "Minnesota" carrying 43 guns; "Wabash," 43 guns; "Susquehanna," 15 guns; "Cumberland," 24 guns; "Pawnee, 10 guns; 'Harriet Lane," 5 guns. Total including the transports, 143 cannon on the ships, the the most of them heavier than any mounted in the Forts and four times as many.

The northern fleet was commanded by Commodore Stringham, the land force by Maj.-Gen. B. F. Butler.

The Confederates had about 650 men to defend Forts Clark and Hatteras, 250 of whom came to the fort from Portsmouth, to reinforce it, about dark on the 28th after the attack. Capt. Cahoon had charge of Fort Hatteras and Col. Martin of Fort Clark. On the night of the 28th Commodore Barron and Major W. S. G. Andrews, Adjutant General of North Carolina, arrived and at the request of the other officers Commodore Barron of the Confederate Navy who landed from the privateer "Winslow," took command.

Col. Andrews says he carefully examined the condition of Fort Hatteras, and there were but three guns which could be brought to bear on the attacking warships, but by knocking down a traverse, or inside embankment, he got another gun to bear.

On the morning of the 28th of August, after landing the detachment of soldiers and marines about four miles north of the inlet on the bare shore of the ocean by means of surf boats, the Northern Navy ships began a bombardment of the forts and kept up the firing all day. The ships kept out of the reach of the guns in the forts but with their heavier cannon there was a steady rain of exploding shells upon the Confederate batteries. The Confederates finding that their guns could not reach the ships would fire on ly at long intervals simply as a matter of defiance and to show that they had not surrendered.

The Confederates finding it useless to remain in Fort Clark, abandoned it and went to Fort Hatteras. On the night of the 28th the ships drew off and ceased firing, leaving the land force on the beach, who took possession of the abandoned Fort Clark. On the 29th the ships again came in and opened a continuous fire on the Confederates in Fort Hatteras, from 8 a. m. until 11 a. m., when the Confederates signaled a surrrender. On this day, however, the Confederates had an opportunity to strike back for a short while.

"The Monticello" ventured nearer the Fort, and within range of its guns. The Confederates who had before been silent, promptly opened with their heaviest gun and before the ship sould get off she was struck five times.

The Confederates had no navy to aid them, and no boats to escape in, and no guns to reach their antagonists, and they were in a trap, and if there have had been 10,000 of them, they would have been compelled to surrender, or endure the enemy's fire until all were killed.

The surrender was made to Butler and Commodore Stringham, of the army and navy, but the army had little to do with it the battle, if such a one-sided encounter could be so called. However, the Lincoln government, for political purposes published the affair as a glorious victory, and congratulated the army and navy on their great triumph.

Six hundred and fifteen Confederates were made prisoners, and were sent to the Northern prisons. The Confederates had only four killed and fourteen disabled by wounds, but nearly every man in the fort was wounded to some extent. The severely wounded prisoners were the following.

Willoughby Davis, age 22, Jonesboro Gurads, N. C.; W. E. Clark, age 17, Tar River Boys, N. C.; Jas. A. Carey, age 23, Tar River Boys, N. C.; Wm. G. Andrews, age 20. Hamilton Guards, N. C.: Mathtias Sawyer, age 23, N. C. Defenders; Logan Metts, age 18, Lenoir Braves, N. C.; Henry Hines, age 25, Lenoir Braves, N. C.; Wm. J. Forbes, age 2 , Jonesboro

Guards, N. C.; Ashley Keel, age 25, Hamilton Guards, N. C.; John Mills, age 18, Tar River Braves, N. C.; McGilbert Rogerson, age 21, Roanoke Guards, N. C.; Francis Mooring, age 51, Lenoir Braves, N. C.; John Mooring, age 18, Tar River Boys, N. C.

Commodore Barron, Major Andrews and other Confederates in their reports mention particularly the kindness and consideration with which they were treated by the officers of the United States navy, while prisoners in their charge. It was eleven months before Commodore Barron was exchanged and released from prison. The Confederates asked for his exchange as well as that of other Hattersa prisoners and always some excuse was rendered to prevent the exchange.

It must be remembered that the trained soldiers and officers of North Carolina had been sent to Virginia and South Carolina at the disposal of the Confederate government. When our governor asked to have our soldiers sent home to defend their own State President Davis wrote to him saying that North Carolina would be able to defend herself if the men who were still in the State were as good soldiers as those that had been sent to the aid of the Confederacy. The patriotism of the State is shown in the fact that North Carolina not only allowed her own men to remain in Virginia, but she did what she could to defend herself against invasion. Admiral Porter, a Federal officer who wrote a "Naval History," said of the capture of Hatteras: "This was our first naval victory—indeed our first victory of any kind, and great was the rejoicing throughout the Union States." The Yankees made Hatteras the base from which they operated along the coast, and the people within their lines suffered a great deal because they were native to the South, but after all not many of them could be induced to join the Yankee army. although more money was offered them, as an inducement, than they had ever had in all their lives. It sounded convincing to strangers to read of the First North Carolina regiment U. S. A., but not many white people joined and the Yankee officers had orders to accept a small number if they could get them. This would seem to corroborate the proclamation that North Carolina was in a state of insurrection, and further to prove that her people were fighting against each other. Even the negroes refused to join the Yankee army till they were compelled to do so.

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# The Skirmish at Chicamacomico

The people in the eastern section of the State were in constant expectation of attack, after the capture of Hatteras, but nothing more occurred in 1861, except the encounter at Chicamacomico, a short distance from the Cape.

The 20th Indiana regiment occupied the place, and the Yankee steamer "Fanny" was sent from Fort Hatteras to take to this regiment a large supply of stores and ammunition. Col. A R. Wright of the 3rd Georgia regiment stationed at Roanoke Island and Capt. Lynch of the "mosquito fleet" united their efforts and captured the "Fanny." It was the first capture of an armed vessel during the war. Then Col. Shaw of the 8th North Carolina regiment and Col. Wright with his Georgians at Roanoke Island, loaded their men on Lynch's vessels and attacked Chicamacomico. Col. Wright landed his men and drove the Indiana regiment several miles down the beach, capturing 30 prisoners, but Shaw who tried to land farther down, so as to cut off the Yankees, failed to do so. He put his men off into the water, they could not ade ashore and as his vessels grounded, the attack had to be abandoned.

On board the "Fanny" there were 48 men and two officers taken and at Chicamacomico 30 were taken. About this time the prisoners taken by the Confederacy were getting to be a burden.

Private citizens imprisoned for political purposes were offered in exchange for Confederate soldiers. Flag Officer Goldsboro claimed that he took the responsibility without the knowledge of his government, but the war records show that there was very little going on in which the government did not take part,even in the exchange of the prisoners.

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I was a kid said W. T. Caho of Bayboro, when the Wise Fork battle was fought, but I was a Confederate soldier just the same. Of course being a boy, I could see fun in things that would not strike a serious man as anything to laugh at. We had become separated from our regiment during the day and we could not tell in which direction the Yankees were as firing had ceased for awhile. "Wonder if the Yankees are in that direction and if we would run into them," said one of our number. With the confidence of youth I advised him to climb a persimmon tree so that he could see the Yankees. "Climb it yourself young man he returned and the laugh was on me, but it didn't stay, for I pulled off my cap, hung my gun on my neck and climbed that persimmon tree. I was getting my gun in hand when z-z-zip! A limb was cut off right in front of my face and I fell to the ground. No doubt the sharp shooter thought he had killed me. I know my comrades thought so, but I raised up and began looking for my cap.

"Aint you even hurt?" said a soldier.

"N-o," I answered.

"Well, what did you see?"

"I didn't see anything, that Yankeee saw me and I got down without looking around.

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Nothing can be gained by bitterness, much by patient endeavor.

# The Battle of Roanoke Island

After the bombardment of the sand batteries at Hatteras Inlet, North Carolina, by the powerful fleet under Commodore Stringham, and the surrender of its defenders, to the Lincoln government elated with this easy victory, fitted out a more far formidable expedition under the command of Major-General Ambrose E. Burnside, commanding the army, and Commodore Goldsboro the navy, to attack the Confederate position on Roanoke Island, which was about thirty miles from Hatteras Inlet.

To understand the position of the Confederates on the island, a map would make it clear, that it is surrounded by wide navigable water, easily reached by war steamers from Hatteras, but there is no way to get on the island or to leave it except by vessels or boats,

The Confederate authorities considered it an important position, and attempted to fortify and hold it. The government at Richmond was importuned by Governor Clark of North Carolina, D. H. Hill and General Wise, to increase the force and armament. At this time the Confederacy was hard pressed not so much for men as for arms and ammunition. There was a large supply of out of date guns, which were were ingeniously being improved, but the record shows that the Confederacy was poorly prepared with the machinery of war and that their achievements with the appliances at command, in view of the revelations of the published records called "War of the Rebellion," have become one of the marvels of history.

In answer to the importunities of Governor Clark, of North Carolina, Gen. Gatlin, Gen. Wise and others, for the better fortification of the island, the Confederate government, apparently exerted itself to comply, but as a result of policy feared to let its meagre resources be made public, aud so failed to give the real cause of their non-compliance.

A reference to the report of D. W. Flagler, Burnside's ordinance officer in Vol. XI of the Records, will show how poorly the Confederate troops were armed at the battle on Roanoke Island. He reports, "The small arms captured were generally inforior, of those worth preserving there are 1,500. They are principally smooth bore muskets made in 1832 and have either flint locks or have been altered to percussion. Some of the enemy's troops were armed with fowling pieces, sporting rifles, and a motly collection of arms nearly useless for military purposes. The greater part of the ammunition found in the cartridge boxes of the prisoners was so much injured by exposure to the weather that I do not think it worth preserving."

Burnside wrote from Fort Monroe that for his expedition he had between 12,000 and 15,000 men, [Vol. 6, page 472, Navy record.] The fleet was prepared purposely for the waters of the sounds about Roanoke Island. Burnside's Report [page 358 War Records Vol. IX,] shows his command for the month of January, 1863, consisted of four brigades of 12,829 men. The fleet of the navy attacking the Roanoke Island, was 15 war vessels, carrying fifteen 9-inch guns, two 100-pound rifles, three 80-pound rifles, six 8-inch guns, eleven 32-pound rifled guns, four 30-pound rifle guns, six 12-pound rifles and two smooth bore 12-pounders. In all 52 heavy connan of the most improved type. Besides the above formidable armada, Burnside had a fleet of specially prepared armed vessels called the army fleet, amounting to nine vessels carrying 23 heavy guns, and four floating batteries carrying 16 guns or in both fleets a total of more than eighty-flve cannon.

On the day of the battle, February 8, 1862, the Confederate forces consisted of the 8th Regiment N. C. Troops, Col. H. M. Shaw, and the 31st N. C. Volunteers under Col. J. V. Jordan and the three companies of the 17th N. C. under Maj. G. H. Hill. From these were detachments to mann the forts which were very deficient as artillerymen. After manning the forts of the above troops there were only 1,024 men left and 200 were on the sick list. General Wise was sick in bed with pneumonia at Nags Head, which left Colonel H. M. Shaw of North Carolina in command.

On the morning of February the 7, General Wise sent as re-inforcements from Nags Head, Lieut. Col. Anderson with 450 men of the 56th and 59th Virginia Volunteers. These reached the short breastwork across the road by the time the firing began. Col. Jordan's Regiment, 31st, consisted of 456 men, the 8th N. C. 568. When the battle begun this was the the whole of Shaws force, 1,434, besides the detachments in the batteries.

The Confederates had three pieces of artillery to meet the land forces. There were one 18-pounder field gun, Mexican, one 24-pounder Horwitzer and one old Mexican brass 6-pounder. The only ammunition at hand for use in the 18-pounder, was 12-pounder ammunition, a misfit. Shaw had no drilled artillerists to handle these three guns, and the detachments of infantry for the purposes were almost totally uninstructed in their duties.

There were four sand batteries called "Forts," mounting in all 30 guns, all 32-pounders. None comparing with the Northern Navy 8 and 9-in. rifled ships guns. These were on the Croatan side.

On Roanoke Sound, there was a battery of two smooth bore 32-pounders. General Wise reported to General Huger, when he took command, January 8, 1862, that not one of the batteries was in the right place. The Park Point battery, called the Fort Bartow, about six miles north of the southern end of the island had one rifle, a 32-pound smooth bore,and two others, 32-pounders, and this was the only battery any of whose guns were brought to bear on Burnside's

fleet, and only four of these. The fleet by these, was held at bay, but the vessels changed position so that only three of the guns bore on the fleet after the first four rounds were fired.

Just to the south of Fort Bartow, about four miles is Ashby's Landing. Here Col. Jordan with his command and the old pieces of artillery was posted. and it was here that Burnside planned the landing of his troops under the cover of the Navy guns.

General Foster says in his report, that upon approaching Ashby's he, with a glass, discovered these troops and changed his landing place to a point above, that is, north of Ashby's, at Hammond's. This was between Col. Jordan and Fort Bartow, and endangered Jordan's rear.

Here Burnside landed 10,000 men on the evening of the 7th of February. During the whole day the fleet had been engaged in bombarding Fort Bartow. A wide marsh intervened between Col. Jordan's position, and the landing place of the attacking army, preventing the Confederates from approaching the enemy except by by a circuitous march of miles. Besides the marsh and swamp between Ashby's landing and Hammond's, prevented Jordan making any attack with his infantry, or reaching them with his artillery guns. So to prevent having the enemy in his rear he retreated, without having the opportunity of fighting, to a short line of breastworks about one mile and a half north and toward the middle of the island.

Upon reaching the breastworks he placed his three pieces of artillery and his men in position. Soon after, Col. Shaw came to the breastworks from Fort Bartow and took command. Believing that the enemy were about to attempt a flank movement on Fort Bartow Col. Jordan was directed by Col. Shaw to go there, which he did, about 12 o'clcok on the night of the 7. Then in obedience to orders Col. Jordan left at Suple's Hill, near Fort Bartow, as a reserve, commanded by Lieut. Col. Fowle, the companies of Capt. Betts, Capt. Manley, Capt. Picot, Capt. Jones, Capt. McKay and Capt. Whitty, and he returned to the breastworks, where there were two of his companies under Capt. Knight, and Capt. Liles. Here were also Capt. Wilson, of the 8th N. C., two companies of the 59th Virginia, Lieut. Murchison's company, 8th N. C.,and second Lieut. N. G. Munroe, who was killed early in the action.

Capt. Schermerhorn had charge of the 18-pounder and Liuet. Kinney of the 24-pounder, and Liuet. W. B. Seldon of the engineers, of the 6-pounder.

These troops not exceeding 500, bivouacked on the low wet ground adjacent to the breastwork in a cold rain on the night of the 7th. At seven o'clcok on the 8th, Saturday, the battle between the land forces began and continued for five hours, until 12·30. The enemy charged repeatedly on the front,but were invarably repulsed. But finally a brigade on the right, and one on the left waded after five hours struggle, up to their waist through a swamp and flanked the short Confederate line.

The attack of Burnside's troops upon the line of breastworks where the Confederates were posted, was Foster's whole brigade, according to his own account, immediately in front General Park's brigade on the left, General Reno's Brigade proceeded to turn the right flank of the Confederate line by wading through the swamp which extended for a mile from that end of the breastwork. The men in Reno's brigade were struggling through mud and water up to their waists, and through dense tangled undergrowth, for two hours before a passage across the swamp was accomplished. It was a difficult achievement, but it was not in face of an enemy, for there were no Confederates posted to guard the swamp, as it was supposed to be impassable Thus a whole brigade about 2,500 men were precipitated on the rear of the few hundred devoted men in the breastwork just as they were firing the last of the artillery ammunition into the ranks of the swarming thousands in their front and on their left. Seeing the enemy overlapping them on all sides they abandoned their artillery as the horses provided for drawing it had been killed and they retreated hastily toward the farther end of the island.

It is with something of curiosity that we note in the reports of Generals Reno, and Foster that at this time they each ordered a charge which their men brillaintly executed. Foster's and Park's brigades charged the battery of three guns in their front, and the breastwork. Reno's charged the breastwork in the rear, but it developed that the brilliant charge was made on unmanned works, and on cannon that had no men behind them. The brillaint charge was on abandoned fortifications, and silenced guns. It was certainly a useless charge, for the Confederates were first allowed to get away.

It is to be further noted that for *five hours* thismeagre array of Confederates were subjected to an incessant fire from six pieces of artillery, and the best quality of infantry small arms, by an overwhelming force in their front, but the whole attack in front was a failure. The retreat from the breastworks left the rear of Fort Bartow on the shore about two miles away, open and the defenders spiked their guns, and joined the retreat.

General Harry A. Wise, from his bed, issued orders for reinforcements to Col. Shaw, but they arrived too late for the fight. These were Lieut. Col. Wharton J. Green. second N. C. battalion, 450 men, and Major H W. Fry, 46th Virginia Regiment, four companies, 150 men. Col. Green landed at the north end of the island, and had marched about half a mile when he came suddenly upon the 21st Massachusetts regiment within 75 yards and had a skirmish in which he lost five killed and two wounded. Soon after this the whole force on the island surrendered. There was nothing else to be done. The whole force was hemmed in by the three brigades of the enemy, and no

way open, except by water, but there were no boats to escape in, and the enemy's fleet was rapidly advancing to close and cut off all escape by water.

Thus the Confederates lost 2,500 men taken prisoners half of whom had never been in a position to fire a gun. The Confederates lost in killed and wounded as follows: 23 killed, 58 wounded. This from a military view point seems to be a very small loss, but it must be recalled that only about five hundred of the Confederates force were place d where they could fight. Burnside's official reports shows 15 officers and 32 men killed, and 214 wounded, and 13 missing, a total loss of 264. The report of missing is somewhat remarkable. It is possible that they were killed in the mud and mire of the swamp were never discovered. Immediately after the battle Confederate soldiers who escaped reported having seen Yankees standing in the mud and water dead, but their bodies were so deep in the mud they did not fall. The privates in Burnside's army at the time of the fight believed that they lost a 1,000 men, and some of them confidently asserted that loss. We shall never know the truth.

Commodore Goldsboro who commanded the fleet expressed his admiration for the gallant and determined resistance of the Confederates [Vol. 6, page 550, Navy Record.]

Col. Chas. L. Russel, 10th Connecticut and Col. Vigeur DeMonteil of the 53rd New York Regiments were instantly killed.

On the Confederate side is to be noted that the son of Gen. Wise, Capt. O. Jennings Wise, Lieuts. Monro and Seldon were killed. Lieut. W. B. Seldon of the engineers department was killed while sighting the 6-pounder when about to fire his last load of ammunition just before the retreat.

Col. Shaw the Confederate commander had no military education . Burnside and his three brigadier generals were all West Point men

Commander Lynch, after exhausting his ammunition in doing what he could with his "mosquito" fleet of seven small vessels escaped to Elizabeth City where they finally fell into the hands of the enemey. He had orders to defend home waters and did not seize the opportunity to escape to Norfolk. H. C. W.

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# SIDELIGHTS

## ON THE BATTLES OF HATTERAS, CHICAMACOMICO AND ROANOKE ISLAND

[*By Mrs. F. C. Roberts*]

On the 1st of September, 1861, news rang through New Bern that Hatteras had fallen, and that the Federal troops were on their way to attack the town. I was alone with my two babies for the eldest was not three years old. The house in which I lived was in a lonely uninhabited part of the town, occupying one third of a square, the other two thirds of which was the Academy Green. In front were vacant lots, and on the other side were negro shanties. We had no protection and I was ill. My husband's regiment was stationed near, but his duties as Adjutant demanded his constant attention. On hearing the dreadful tidings and knowing the weakness of our defense he rode in and handed me a pistol and saying, "Don't fall into their hands, use this if they come tonight, on the children, and on yourself; tomorrow, if they do not come you must leave town," he rode back to camp. I stood all night at the window with the loaded pistol in my hand, and had they come I should have done as my husband wished. In the night the dead and wounded were brought and laid under the trees beneath my window. This was my first experience of what war meant. In the morning the Methodist church on New srreet, across the way, was turned into a hospital. After sending wine and nourishments for the wounded soldier I left on the cars with my babies and their nurses. There was a panic. Women and children fleeing for their lives, could barely find standing room on the train. I had no plans, my one aim being to find some place of safety beyond the reach of the enemy, an enemy that we knew to be warring against defenseless women and children.

Ten o'clock that night, a night of pitch darkness, we reached Hillsboro, having traveled over 100 miles. There was one omnibus which was soon filled. After attending to my baggage I looked for my children, but they had disappeared with their nurses. The dark night, the deep gullies and the dense crowd had swallowed them. My kind friends, Miss Gaston, and Miss Manly secured me a place in the omnibus, and undertook to find my children and bring them to me. The landlady of the hotel, Mrs. Strowd refused, under the circumstances, to accommodate me, but again my friends came to the rescue and induced a Mrs. Strayhouse to agree to board me, but she changed her mind and said that she could not let me stay even for the remainder of that night. I said, "Would you turn a dog into the streets on a night like this," and she relented.

On the 5th of October I returned to New Bern. The Yankees deferred their coming and I took up my work where I had left off September 1st. I remember just what that work was, Miss Manly and I were making a flag for Fort Macon. "The Old State Flag." The device was a rattle snake twined around a pine tree. The flag was so long we had to stretch it the whole length of the Masonic Lodge room in order to sew it. Miss Manly sat on the floor on one side and I on the

other and both being expert with our needles we appliqued the black serpent and the tree on the white cloth. It was a work of art. I wonder what became of it? Stowed away I suppose in some attic with other spoils!

The whole Masonic building was filled with women and children, all busy working for our soldiers, some practicing for concerts and to make money to help the "Cause."

In these days of peace and quite it is hard to realize the intense excitement of that time. Old and young, grey haired men and women, even toddling babies shared in the enthusiasm. A young Englishman, a Mr. Isaacs, wrote, "God save the South." It was sung to the air, "God save the Queen." This was sung for the the first time, with "Dixie."

In the "Tale of Two Cities," Dickens describes the effect of the Marseilles Hymn on a Paris mob. This description falls short of the wild enthusiasm that greeted these songs. All rose to their feet, men tossed their hats, women waved their handkerchiefs and the crowd gave what must have been the origin of the "Rebel [?] Yell". How we loved our dear Southland, and how steadily we worked till New Bern fell on March 14th, the following year.

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[*Rush Hawkins, page 63, Series II, Vol. II.*]

Fort Clark, Hatteras Inlet, N. C.
September 7, 18619.

*Major-General John E. Wool,*
*Commanding Department of Virginia,*
*Fort Monroe, Va.*

Sir: During the afternoon of the 30th a delegation on behalf of the citizens of this island waited upon me and placed in my hands a paper, a copy of which is herewith enclosed and marked. In answer to this communication I requested that as many of the citizens as could should meet me the next day for the purpose of arranging terms by which they might be permitted to remain here. Agreeably to my request about thirty came to see me, and the terms contained in an oath, a copy of which is herewith enclosed and marked B. were agreed upon. On my part I have agreed verbally to give them all the necessary protection against the vigilance committees which infest all parts of the State and are organized for the purpose of suppressing Union sentiments and pressing men into the service of the Confederate Army, and to afford them such other protection as may appear necessary. Two hundred and fifty have taken the oath and they are still coming in.

I am informed by some of these people that union meetings have been held in several of the counties bordering on the Pamlico Sound, and that they would openingly avow themselves true to the United States government if they were sure that they would be protected against the violence of the secessionists. It is also thought that a Union convention would be called at once, and that these counties would vote themselves back into the Union and take up arms to defend themselves if necessary.

In view of the foregoing facts I would suggest that a force of at least 1,000 men be scattered through one or two counties which are *supposed* to be union in their sentiment; that the people call their own convention and vote and that the U. S. forces at hand afford them such protection as may be necessary. Could this be done now I have no doubt that one-third of the State of North Carolina would be back in the Union within two weeks.

I am over-anxious that these suggestions should be acted upon at once and that I may be allowed to continue in the work which I have commenced. These people who look to me for protection I have already taken a very deep interest in; I sympathize with them in their misfortune and would do anything for them in my power. I fear that if I am superseded the promises I have made will not be carried out and that the measures I have commenced will fall to the ground.

I regret to be compelled to state to you that the conduct of the men and some of the officers of the Twentieth Regiment New York Volunteers has been that of vandals. They have plundered and destroyed. The first night they were on shore they visited one of the encampments which had been abandoned by the enemy. I am informed that this party was under the charge of three or four commissioned officers; that they first commenced breaking open trunks left behind by the officers and men who had abandoned the camp. After they had broken all the boxes and trunks open and partly destroyed what they did not want or could not carry away, they then set fire to the buildings and every thing except a few tents was consumed. After this they went to Fort Clark where they had a repetition of the above. By these two transactions the Uuited States has lost a large amount of valuable property, consisting of arms, cooking utensils, medical stores, etc.

The next day they commenced breaking open private houses and stores, and I saw party after party come in, some of them headed by commissioned officers, loaded down with the result of their plundering. This conduct continued until I was compelled to adopt the most severe and stringent measures.

Most faithfully, your obedient servant,

RUSH C. HAWKINS,
Colonel Ninth Regiment N. Y. Volunteers,
Commanding Fort Clark.

**[Sub-Enclosure A]**

*Commander Federal Forces at Hatteras Inlet,*

Dear Sir: We, the citizens of Cape Hatteras, do ask of your honor that you will allow us to return to our homes and property and protect us in the same as natural citizens, as we have never taken up arms against

your Government nor has it been our wish to do so. We did not help by our votes to get North Carolina out of the Union. Believing that your clemency will not allow you to treat us as rebels, who have always been loyal citizens, we do earnestly request for the sake of our women and children that you will comply with our wishes, as we seek protection from your honor.

Yours very respectfully,

CITIZENS OF HATTERAS.

P. S. Please let us know by the bearer that we can depend you on.

**[Sub-Inclosure B.]**

*State of North Carolina, Hyde County,*

We, the undersigned, do solemnly swear that we will true allegiance bear to the United States of North America; that we will not take up arms against said Government or hold any communication with its enemies in any way whatever, and that we will give to the commandant at Fort Clark any information we may obtain or receive of the appraoch of the enemy; and in case we are called upon we will assist the commandant of said Fort in his defense thereof against any and all the enemies of the said United States of North America, and we will always under any and all circumstances support the Constitution of the United States.

**[Sub-Enclosure C.]**

*Colonel Max Weber,*

Dear Colonel: I learn with great regret that your men and others under your command still continue to commit depredations against the property of the inhabtants of this island. It seems that they pass from the fort over which you have command to the land above in the boats. This must and shall stop. These people are worthy, loyal citizens, and have taken the oath to support the Constitution of the United States, and they ought to and shall be protected in their rights of property and person, and I shall in future use all the power under my control to see that they are protected. This passage by boats must cease from this date, and if it cannot be prevented by any other means I shall use my artillery against all the boats I may see pass. I have promised these people protection and intend to keep my promise.

Yours very truly,

RUSH HAWKINS.

Colonel, Commanding.

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## A BOLD PRIVATEER

When the Yankees attacked Hatteras the privateer steamer, "Gordon," a side wheeler carrying one gun fore and aft, had captured a prize, "The Henry Nutt," loaded with hard wood from South America. Captain Lockwood who commanded the "Gordon" had placed his second mate, afterward captain Dan. L. Roberts of New Bern, on board the "Henry Nutt' to take it to a place of safty. As it grounded on the swash the Confederates had to abandon her, and Captain Roberts escaped in a boat to Portsmouth, N. C., where he was very sick with fever. Captain Lockwood escaped by running his privateer past the Yankee fleet, and succeeded in reaching Charleston, S. C. Confederate sailors at that time were all branded as pirates, and were put in chains when they were caught. Captain Roberts experience as a blockade runner and prisoner of war will appear next month.

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## Correspondence from the U. S. President.

EXECUTIVE MANSION

Washington, D. C., Sep. 16, 1861.

Lieutenant-General Scott:

*My dear sir*: Since conversing with you, I have concluded to request you to frame an order for recruiting North Carolinians at Fort Hatteras. I suggest it be so framed as for us to to accept a smaller—even a company— if we can not get a regiment or more. What is necessary to now say about officers, you will judge. Governor Seward says he has a nephew [Clarence A. Seward, I believe] who would be willing to go and play Colonel and assist in raising the force. Still, it is to be considered whether the North Carolinians will not prefer officers of their own. I should expect they would.

Yours very truly,

A. LINCOLN.

[This was to induce North Carolinians to join Lincoln's army.]

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[Mr. Stanley's answer to this letter is too long to publish here. It contains a sarcastic reference to General Lee, while courtesy to Gov. Vance is strained to bursting. It is found in Vol. II, Series III, page 847, "Records of the Rebellion."

This correspondence shows Mr. Lincoln's inconsistency. He seeks terms with North Carolina as a *Sovereign State*, ignoring the Confederacy which North Carolina joined after Lincoln called on the State for troops to coerce other States. Notwithstanding the fact that in his special message to Congress July 4, 1861, he ridicules the idea of State sovereignty, denies that any State ever existed independent of the United States except Texas, which sovereignty she relinquished when she became a part of the Union.

The President of the then United States did not mind changing when he saw an advantage. North Carolina was sometime a sovereign to treat with, then an appendage to command, but oftener a Rebel to be punished as a traitor. The President claimed that the "Union was older than the States."

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## THE PEOPLE WHO TOOK THE OATH

Something should be said to explain the action of the people around Hatteras whom Hawkins tried to protect and to whom Lincoln sent to make up a company of North Carolina volunteers.

They lived on a strip of sand cut off from frequent intercourse with people on the mainland. They were

very ignorant, had few schools and lived mostly by fishing and wrecking, or rather rescuing from the waves such things as were lost in wrecks. They knew very little about the political questions that were agitating other people and for the sake of being let alone they would have joined either side. They did not gain much by their oath to the Yankees for they were plundered and shamefully treated, although many of these people took the oath, there were some good Confederate soldiers from near Hatteras.

## WHO WAS TO BLAME FOR DETENTION OF PRISONERS

Senator Schuyler Colfax to Abraham Lincoln: "I have sixty constituents of the 20th Indiana Regiment captured at Hatteras [at the retreat from Chicamacomico, and on the steamer "Fanny"] in prison at Columbia, S. C., from whom their families have not even been able to hear a word for over a month, much less to welcome them home.

As the detention of our captured soldiers caused so much feeling throughout the north for the recognition of the rebels as belligerents for formal exchange, I think, to hold 10,000 or 15,000 rebel prisoners now would help create further sentiment at the South in favor of ending the rebellion. But at any rate to release more of them till *all* of ours are released including Corcoran seems unwise."

## ADJUTANT-GENERAL THOMAS TO GENERAL HALLECK

* * * * * * * * *

"He, [the Secretary of War] directs that no prisoners will be discharged *except by order from the President* communicated through the secretary of War."—March 25, 1862.

During the six weeks before the capture of Hatteras the small vessels mounting one or two guns, commanded by Thomas M. Crossan, had seized one brig, seven barks, and eight schooners from the northern people as prizes for the Confederacy.—*Page* 588, *Vo. IV*,, *Rebellion Records.*

## WISE AT ROANOKE

General Wise who commanded at Roanoke Island was just recovering from an attack of pneumonia. This accounts for his having his headquarters at Nags Head, at the time of the battle. There was a difference of opinion between Wise and Lynch, the commodore of the mosquito fleet, about the wisdom of trying to make such small craft into a navy. There were other differences of opinion, for instance Lynch wrote the Confederate government: "My opinion is that North Carolina volunteers will not stand to their guns. Men so devoid of energy are incapable of determined and long continued resistance." Wise wrote: "My complaint of Capt. Lynch was that he was superserviceable and over zealous." He further says, "The North Carolinians did stick to their guns, and were better able to do so than Lynch was with his mosquito fleet of which he wastoo vainglorious."

Wise believed in Lynch's bravery, but there must have been some truth in his estimate of the Commodore because at Wilmington Lynch came near to blows with General Whiting and all over a question of precedence of the navy over the army. Here too, he had a fling at the North Carolinians.

A sketch of General Wise is given in this number, because of his connection with other stories, and mainly because he had nothing but praise for the North Carolina soldiers under his command.

## WITH THE GOVERNOR OF THE STATE

Headqauters
Department of North Carolina
Goldsboro, N. C., January 24, 1862.

*His Excellency H. T. Clark,*
*Governor of North Carolina.*

Governor: Your telegram of last night was so fully answered that I have nothing more to add than I have more than once asked for re-enforcements without eliciting a reply of any kind. Consequently, I infer that we are to be left to fight our own battles. Hence, we must raise as many troops as we can arm. I have 600 flint and steel muskets at New Bern, and expect 580 from Fayetteville today. All the troops in service have either percussion or flint and steel muskets, so those on hand are for new troops. No news from the coast. The storm has been so violent for more than forty-eight hours that it has prevented any of our scouts getting further information from Hatteras. Doubtless the enemy have suffered greatly, and are not likely to move for sometime after its abatement. Colonel Singletary, with the Albemarle, had not returned yesterday morning, probably detained by the storm. Will telegraph anything of importance.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
R. C. GATLIN,
Brigadier-General, Commanding.

## POLLARD'S HISTORY

The suffering of our army evoked, on the part of the Southern people, demonstrations of patriotic devotion and generosity such, perhaps as the world had never seen. The patriotism of our citizens at home was manifested in unremitting efforts to supply the wants and relieve the sufferings of the soldiers, sick and well. The supply of money, clothing and hospital stores, from this vicinity and generous source, is estimated in millions of dollars. It was the most cheering indication of the spirit of our people in the cause of independence. The women of the country with the tenderness and generosity of their sex, not only loaded railroad cars with all those appliances for

the comfort of the sick, which their patriotic ingenuity could devise, but also came to the rescue in clothing those who were well and bearing arms in the field. They made large pecuniary contributions, took charge of the hospitals established by the States, and,as matrons of those institutions, carried cleanliness and comfort to the gallant soldier, far from home and kindred. A committee of the Provisional Congress put on record the thanks of the country to the women of the South, for their works of patriotism and public charity, and declared that the government owed them "a public acknowledgement of their faithfulness in the glorious work of effecting our independence."

The following contributions [estimated in money] were listed at the Passport Office, in Richmond, Va. during the last three months of the year 1861. The list comprises almost exclusively the donations made to the Army of the Potomac. Of the voluntary supplies sent to the army in Missouri, Arknasas and Kentucky, there is no account whatever; but, as the same patriotic devotion animated our people everywhere, there is no reason to doubt that an equal amount of clothing, stores, etc., had been sent to those troops. With this calculation, the whole amount of contributions for the last quarter of the year 1861, could not have fallen short of three millions of dollars:

| | |
|---|---|
| North Carolina | $325,417.00 |
| Alabama | 317,600.00 |
| Mississippi | 273,670.00 |
| Georgia | 244,885.00 |
| South Carolina | 137,206.00 |
| Texas | 87,800.00 |
| Louisiana | 61,950.00 |
| Virginia | 48,070.00 |
| Tennessee | 17,000.00 |
| Florida | 12,350.00 |
| Arknasas | 95.00 |

# Men in the Limelight

## BRIGADIER-GENERAL H. A. WISE

Brigadier-General Henry Alexander Wise was born at Drummondtown, Accomac county, December 3, 1806, a descendent of John Wise, who came to Virginia from England about 1650, and was a man of influence in the colony. Maj. John Wise, father of General Wise, clerk of Accomac county, and twice speaker of the Senate, died in 1812, and his wife, Sarah Corbin, in 1813. Young Wise was cared for by his kinsmen, and educated at Washington College, Pa. After his graduation in 1825, he studied law three years with Henry St. George Tucker, and in 1828, removed to Nashville, Tenn., for the practice of his profession. Returning to Accomac in 1831, he soon became prominent politically, and in 1833, as a supporter of Jackson, was elected to Congress, the contest at the polls being followed by a duel in which his opponent for Congress was wounded, He was re-elected in 1835, and again 1837, and was a zealous advocate of the admission of Texas. In 1837 he acted as second in a duel between William J. Graves of Kentucky and Jonathan Cilley of Maine, both Congressman, in which Cilley was killed, and Wise was made to suffer much of the opprobrium of the unfortunate affair. He was very influential in causing the nomination of John Tyler for Vice-President and exerted considerable power under his administration. Tyler appointed him minister to France, but the Senate objecting, he was appointed to Brazil in 1844, and remained there until 1847. He was a democratic elector in 1848 and 1850, and a member of the Constitutional convention of 1850. In 1855 he made a brillaint campaign for governorship against the Know-Nothing party and was lected. In 1859 he published a treatise on territorial government, upholding the doctrine of Congressional protection of slavery in the new territories. The execution of the servile insurrectionist, John Brown, December 2, 1859, was one of the last events of his administration. In 1863 he sat in the Virginia convention, and as a member of the committee on Federal relations, presented one of the three reports upon the position Virginia should take in the crisis. He entered heartily into the military defense of the State, and obtained permission to raise an independent partisan command.

In May he was advised by President Davis to take a commission as brigadier-general of provisional forces with command in the Kanawha valley. Reaching Charleston from a sick-bed, in June ,he completed the organization of Wise's Legion, in command of which, with the Kanawha Volunteers, he endeavored patriotically to withstand the superior forces sent against him. He fought with intelligence and skill in the vicinity of Charleston, and selected the position at Sewell mountain where Lee took command, confronting Rosecrans until after that officer retreated. In the fall of 1861, he was assigned to command at Roanoke Island, N. C., where in his absence, many of his legion were captured, and his son, Capt. O. Jennings Wise, of the Richmond Light Infantry Blues was mortally wounded. His feeble health now kept him from his field for sometime but in 1863 he was given command of the district between the Mattapony and the James, with his Brigade, the Twenty-fourth and Forty-sizth infantry,a battalion of artillery and a squadron of cavalry. While at Chaffin's farm, he conducted some gallant attacks upon the enemy, and recovered Williamsburg from General

Dix. He subsequently served under Beaureguard at Charleston, with his command drove the enemy from John's Island, and took part in two battles in Florida. Returning to Virginia in May, 1864, on June 1st he was assigned to command the First military district, including Petersburg. He participated in the defeat of Butler at Drewry's Bluff, and on June 15th, his brigade alone held at bay the army corps of A. J. Smith, until Lee could cross the James. Faithful to the last, he commanded his brigade in Anderson's corps during the seige of Petersburg, and gallantly fought in the front line of Battle March 29 and 31, 1865, and during the retreat on April 6th, made a gallant and successful charge against the enemy. In Gen. Fitzhugh Lee's report of the final operations, he wrote most fitly: "The past services of Gen. Henry A Wise, his antecedents in civil life, and his age, caused his bearing upon this most trying retreat to shine conspicuously forth. His unconquerable spirit was filled with as much earnestness and zeal in April, 1865, as when he first took up arms four years ago, and the freedom with which he exposed a long life laden with honors proved he was willing to sacrifice it if that would conduce toward attaining the liberty of his country." After the war he engaged in the practice of law in Richmond. His death occurred September 14th, 1873.—*Confedate Military History.*

## BRIGADIER-GENERAL R. C. GATLIN

Brigadier-General Richard C. Gatlin was a native of North Carolina, and was appointed from that State to the United States Military Academy, where he was graduated in 1832,in the same class with Generals Ewell, Archer and Humphrey. He received a lieutenancy in the Seventh Infantry, and served on frontier duty in Indian Territory, in the Florida War, 1839-42, and was subsequently stationed in Louisana until 1845, when he joinedthe army of occupation inTexas,and was promoted to captain. He participated in the war with Mexico. being engaged in the defense of Fort Brown in May, 1846 was wounded in storming the enemies works at Monterey, and received the brevet of major.

In 1847 he was tendered the commission of colonel First North Carolina volunteers,but declined it. Subsequently he served in Missouri and Louisana, took part in the Seminole war of 1849-50, and was on frontier duty in Kanssas, Indian Territory, Arkansas and Dekota until he marched with Johnson to Utah. In 1860 he shared the march to New Mexico; was stationed at Fort Craig, and was promoted major of Fifth Infantry in February, 1861.

While on a visit to Fort Smith, Ark., on April 23rd, 1861, he was captured by the forces of the State, and released on parole, after which he resigned his commission and tendered his services to his native State. He was appointed adjutent-general of the State, with the rank of major-general of militia, and received the commission of colonel of infantry, in the regular army of the Confederate States. Subsequently he was given command of the Southern department, coast defense, with headquarters at Wilmington, and being promoted brigadier-general in August, 1861, was assigned to command of the department of North Carolina and the coast defense of the State. Very soon afterward Fort Hattteras was taken by the Federals, and he made energetic preparations for the defense of New Bern. He located his headquarters at Goldsboro in September, Gen. J. R. Anderson having charge under him of coast defenses, and organized troops and prepared for resisting invasion. Upon his suggestion an additional coast district was formed and Gen. D. H. Hill put in command. The exigencies of the services in other quarters prevented the sending of re-enforcements, which he repeatedly called for and in March, 1862, New Bern fell into the hands of the enemy. He was at this time suffering from a severe illness, and on this account on March 19, 1862, was relieved from duty. In his final report he stated that "we failed to make timely efforts to maintain the ascendency on Pamlico sound, and thus admitted Burnside's fleet without a contest; we failed to put a proper force on Roanoke Island, and thus lost the key to our interior coast, and we failed to aid Gen. Branch with a reasonable force,and thus lost the the important town of New Bern. What I claim is that these failures do not rest with me." Being advanced in years, he resigned in September, 1862, but subsequently served as adjutant and inspector general of the State. After the close of hostilities he engaged in farming in Sebastian county, Ark., until 1881, and then made his residence at Fort Smith. He died at Mount Nebo, September 8, 1896, at the age of eighty-seven years and eight months.—*Confederate Military History.*

## A MUCH APPRECIATED GREETING

A prosperous New Year Mrs. Archbell, to you and Carolina and the Southern Cross. You have undertaken a work long needed in our State and that should be supported and upheld by every true Carolinian. To the Daughters of the Confederacy of the State and the Children's Chapters, it should be of special interest and then should be not one in every Chapter, but a copy in every home Through Carolina and the Southern Cross alone, will they be able to become acquainted with very much of the intimate personal history of the war between the States in North Carolina, that cannot be found elsewhere. So much am I impressed with the magazine and the great work that you are doing, that were it in my power, I would like personally to appeal to every Daughter of the Confederacy and to every child whose parents are not Daughters of the Confederacy, to at once subscribe for your paper.

May its list of subscribers multiply a hundredfold during the year and may every success be yours with Carolina and the Southern Cross.

Sincerely yours,

FANNIE RANSOME WILLIAMS.

# Distinguished Women

The kind greetings from two ex-presidents are very much appreciated. Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone was president-general of the Daughters of the Confederacy. It was through her influence that Mr. Roosevelt ordered Jefferson Davis' name replaced on Cabin John Bridge at Washington, D. C. The name had been cut out while Lincoln was president. Mrs. Stone expressed a great deal of interest in Carolina and the Southern Cross and wrote the sentiment signed by her name.

***

Mrs. Fannie Ransom Williams has just retired from the office of president of the State Division U. D. C. She served three terms and made a most excellent presiding officer. She is the daughter of General Robert Ransom, aned she is at work on a sketch of he father's service to the Confederacy, especially in North Carolina, for this magazine.

***

Mrs. Robert Jones is having a cut made of her distinguished father, Gen. L. B'O. Branch, for the next issue of Carolina and the Southern Cross.

***

Mrs. Marshall Williams of Faison,who is now president of our State U. D. C. Division, has just sent a circular letter to all Chapters commending the work of this magazine to their care.

***

Mrs. Creasy is still recorder of crosses. The time for bestowing these crosses is continued till January, 1914.

***

Mrs. I. W. Faison of Charlotte, is now third Vice-president general U. D. C.

***

At the convention at Richmond in 1911, there were presidents from six State Divisions, all of whom were born in North Carolina. Other States appreciate our women, as well as our men.

---

Before the battle of New Bern began, John Coart, one of our popular citizens, who was about to take part in the fight remarked:

Well, boys, some of us will bite the dust to-day."

"Yes, Mr. Coart, and it may be you," remarked one of the boys.

"Not so, Mr. Tompkins, it can't be did," replied Mr. Coart in the popular slang of that day.

In a short time Mr. Coart was heard to say,"Good-bye boys I'm going to leave you now." He was the first man killed

### FROM AN HONORED EX-PRESIDENT GENERAL

*Carolina and the Southern Cross*:

Plant in the heart and mind of the child the seed of historical truth and patriotism; as it will live there, and bear abundant fruit.

CORNELIA BRANCH STONE,
Ex-President General U. D. C.,
Galveston, Tex.

# Chapter Work

### WHAT THE WINNIE DAVIS AUXILIARY AT KINSTON DID IN 1912

At our regular monthly meeting December 3, 1912, a committee was appointed to report the work of the Winnie Davis Auxiliary of Kinston, during the past year, for publication in Carolina and the Southern Cross.

The Winnie Davis Chapter was called together after a year or more of inaction, as we had not a leader, for sometime.

We met at the home of Mrs. Archbell, our present leader, on November 3, 1911. Our treasury was empty, our members scattered, and we were losing interest in the Confederacy. We began our work by electing energetic officers who soon had the Chapter actively engaged in trying to retrieve those long months of idleness in which most of the boys out grew the Chapter and dropped out.

We revised our roll, after buying a record book and copying in it all the applications that had been accepted amounting in all to sixty-six members. During the year we have added twelve new members to our roll, but only about thirty of these enrolled are now active Those have worked faithfully to do what they could.

In the holidays of last year, we produced, at the opera house, a pantomime of an old song. "The Mistletoe Bough," and on Washington's birthdays we served tea. As a result of these entertainments we acquired costumes and other property for future use, besides buying Confederate flags and decorations to use on Memorial Day and other occasions.

On the 10th of May we assisted in the ceremonies at the Court House when the Governor delivered the oration. We rode in floats provided by the chapter, and placed flowers as we were instructed, besides rendering songs on that occasion. The decorations on the floats were provided by our own Chapter.

We helped the mother Chapter when they gave a

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benefit for the A. M. Waddell Chapter, and we sold copies of "Carolina and the Southern Cross," to assist in circulating the magazine.

Our leader has offered a prize for the most perfect recitation of The Confederate Catechism. The prizes will be awarded at our next meeting.

To make us more familiar with President of the Confederacy, we have twenty copies of the Life of Jefferson Davis, prepared by J. Ogden Murry, which we are reading, and lending to other children in our community.

We gave five dollars to Shiloh and Arlington monuments, but we have planned to do more and better work in 1913.

Respectfully submitted,
RUBY SPEAR,
MARIANA STANLEY,
Committee.

---

**THE REJUVINATION OF A U. D. C. CHAPTER**

It was on the occasion of the election of Chapter officers in the year 1912 that our Chapter began to to renew its youth. For sometime prior to that, it had become such a dead weight on the shoulders of the officersthat the few faithful workers began to feel alarmed. It may be well to say here that the writer was not one of the faithful, so that no one may accuse her of the "more holy than than" spirit. There was at the time a listlessness about the U. D. C. work of Kinston that caused every president to bring a sigh of relief when her year's work ended. Each felt that she had failed, and that some other woman might have succeeded better.

On this occasion there was none who sought or coveted the honor of becoming president of the Alfred Moore Waddell Chapter. The retiring president said that she felt that the fault was in herself. She had called many meetings in which she could not get a quorum, and often important business would drag from month to month because the members of the Chapter did not realize how necessary it was to have every member present. There was very little trouble about the dues or taxes. Kinston people usually meet their financial obligatilons, but each woman seemed to think that she was individually unimportant, and that the meeting would go on just as well without her. Many of the members belonged to other clubs, and when a choice was necessary the Chapter had to give way for the other.

We indulged our patriotism when it suited our convenience. On this particular election day a quorum was gotten together at last through the Phone and the untiring energy of the very capable retiring president. It seemed to the reporter that every woman in the room was nominated, and the protesting began. All fled from the responsibility as though it were the plague and with one accord they began to find excuses. The reporter thought that this disposition to shirk was

J. H. Ellis L. M. LaRoque

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**Fashions Prevail Here Kinston, N. C.**

peculiar to the Kinston Chapter, but to her surprise, months later, she found the same condition prevailing in two other chapters. Is it possible that other Chapters are existing at this "poor dying rate?"

"It is not the fault of the president," said a "Daughter" whose whole heart is in the work, "It is our own fault, and we ought to be ashamed of it." We discussed the situation. We retrospected, introspected and prospected.

Then we began to take vows upon ourselves. We prevailed upon one of our members to undertake the duties of the president only after each had confessed her past sins and promised to uphold the president in all her duties and to attend the meetings on the 19th of each month. Well it was a very successful year with Mrs. Alice Fields as president. She appointed her committees and assigned their work in such a pleasant expectant manner that no one thought of shirking any duty. She arranged a course of study beginning with the immediate causes that led to the war between the States. Some things that are familiar to our older members had never been heard heard of by some of our younger members. The schools had not taught them.

The president offered a prize in money for the best essay on Shiloh to be competed for by the high schools in the county, but the information about Shiloh was so meagre that the essay did not materialize. Such information is available for scholars, but it is not within the reach of the most teachers or pupils in our public schools. Shiloh day was observed, however. We had three excellent addresses by the speakers who are well known, Messrs. N. J. Rouse, Phato Collins and Solicitor H. E. Shaw. The birthdays of Lee, Jackson and Davis were observed, but the ambition of the Chapter had been so aroused that for the 10th of May, we reached the altitude of the Governor, and Governor Kitchin responded in a fine exposition of the causes of the war that fitted in with the Chapter work so well as to make the year very profitable in deed from an educational point.

The Kinston Chapter contributed to the general work outside of the State, Shiloh and Arlington monuments, to vamps and Chapters that appealed for help. Also Confederate women who are inmates of homes in other States because our own State had no Confederate Woman's Home. Note that, we have to support our North Carolina Women in *some other State*. Is not that like North Carolina? Why can't we have things ourselves, and build on our own soil.

The soldiers home at Raleigh and the veterans who are near to us are the objects that our Chapter never loses interest in, but as all these things have been reported elsewhere we will not dwell on them.

We started out to say that our Chapter had become young and vigorous under the management of Mrs. Fields, and now that Mrs. C. Felix Harvey is president we not only expect it to stay young,but as our

women have been made to see that it is our own fault if we do not prosper, we shall be ashamed to fall back or allow our president to grow discouraged. We are all going to do our duty, as our mothers did in the Confederacy.

SARAH SHAW, Secretary.

[This Chapter bestowed 42 crosses of honor during the year, 1912.]

## THE CALL OF TO-DAY

*Continued from page two.*

honor of our State in the sixties. Women who knew the heartache of it all. Who bore the hardship and toil of providing for their families, and faced such stern necessities as only cruel war imposes, with a heroism that could not be surpassed. Now alone, poor, old, they face the last stage of existence with a horror of being in somebody's way, with an abhorance of the alms house, that only those who have been actively independent can feel. Some of them are gentlewomen who were brought up in wealth, but some turn of fortune's wheel has brought them low. All are women, our women,widows, wives and sisters of men who did not seek the easy places for themselves, nor stop to ask what would be the fate of these whom God gave them. Those men fought for their State. More than forty thousand never returned from battle. Can the State refuse to provide a suitable home for the women whom they left? It will never be said of the old "North State," that she turned a deaf ear to the plea for a home for the women of the Confederacy.

The U. D. C. Division of our State has been active in helping many of these women. We could tell many pathetic stories that have drifted our way,but our service has not been that of the minstrel, who only sings the praise of his hero. We have tried to give more material aid but the task has grown too heavy for the hands of women. We appeal to our great State. Pass the bill to provide a home for the women who were left to our care by the Confederate soldier of North Carolina.

---

About 40 miles below New Bern on South river is the old home of the parents of Gen. Braxton Bragg of the Confederacy. It is supposed by some to be Gen. Bragg's birth place. Since the war of the sixties Gen. Bragg went to visit the old place. He stopped in New Bern to visit his kinsman Mr. John Bragg Wallace, whose daughter, now Mrs. S. W. Willis, still lives in in New Bern. General Bragg came very near capturing Grant and Sherman both at Shiloh, after Albert Sidney Johnston was killed. Beauregard was sick and did not see how hard Bragg was pushing the enemy when ordered him to stop fighting for the night. During the night theFederals were reinforced by fresh troops,the Confederates already worn out in battle, fought them next day, and withdrew in good order without pursuit. Shiloh is the place of the Bloody Pool where the U. D. C. expect to place a monument.

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**C. BAILEY**
THE RELIABLE JEWELER
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**DR. DAN PARROTT, Dentist.**
**Kinston, N. C.**

State Library

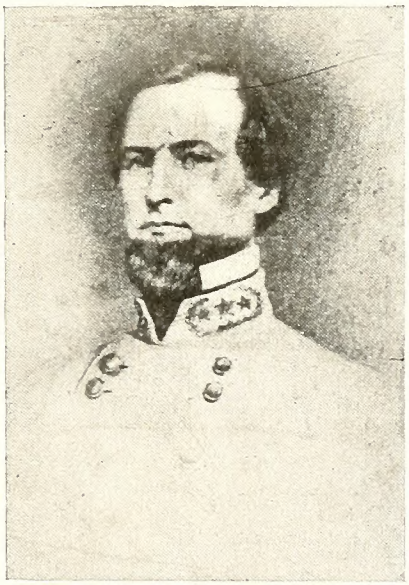
# CAROLINA

—AND THE—

# SOUTHERN CROSS

*History Not Hatred, nor Sectional Strife.*

Dedicated to our busy people who always have time to make history but never time for research



GEN. LAWRENCE O'BRYAN BRANCH

APRIL NUMBER

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# CAROLINA
—AND THE—
# SOUTHERN CROSS

VOLUME 1 KINSTON, N. C., APRIL, 1913. NUMBER 2


## THE JESSAMINE VINE

When e'er the dainty lace-like jessamine vine
Which wreathes the round white pillar of my porch
Shakes out the clusters of its starry bloom
To meet the sun or light the gray of dusk,
Come flitting through my mind the things
My mother told me long and long ago
About the tiny sister babe whose first
Awakening, and last long dreamless sleep,
[O piteous span of four bright summer moons!]
Came while the soldier-father far away
Was doing battle for his home, and them
Whose patient service was to wait and pray.

NORTH CAROLINA STATE LIBRARY.

She said, the little one, so wise and grave,—
Would lie content within her cradle, carved
From Carolina's spicy walnut wood,
A world-old sadness in the baby eyes.
And when my mother knitting fast her love
Into the soft gray yarn, would grieving pause
To lean and gaze into their slumberous depths,
Plain mirrored there she seemed to see
Last lingering farewells of soldier-boys,—
And waving of their battle flags mid gray
And thickening clouds of cruel dust
That hid their vanishing. Then one dark day
She saw a look of listening, as if
The babe might hear a martial music, or
The tramp of hurrying feet, and boom of guns,—
Then quietness, there was, and deadly fear,
As they two gazed into each other's eyes.
Ah me! the little blameless one bore weight
Of bitter sorrow e'er her eyes unclosed
Upon earth's sun-lit summer day.—
Her web of life was warped into the loom
With tear-wet, mildewed, strands of pain and dread
Which could not bear the weaving in
Of time's strong golden thread: so frayed and broke:
And softly then the mirroring eyes were closed
In dreamless sleep.

And in the cradle carved of walnut wood
She lay, and close around the baby form
And in the waxen hands, they placed these fair
And starry blossoms of the Jessamine vine,
Their spicy perfume floating up, and up,
And filling all the house as with a cloud
Of incense from the preciousness of this
A war-claimed sacrifice;—so wreathing in
Its soft caress, and touching to a holiness,
The empty mother-priestess hands.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

So now, when e'er I lean against the round white pillar
Just at dusk, the Jessamine vine creeps up,
And flutters near my cheek, and whispers low,—
It seems,—into my ear.

*—Hannah Allen Ives,*
*For Carolina and the Southern Cross.*

# PHYLLIS

## CHAPTER III

### A CHILD OF THE CONFEDERACY

One morning Mrs. Albawood sent Caroline to the fields to help the hands with the crop. Phyllis and the baby brother went with the nurse. It was a glad bright morning, the air was delightful, and the soft breeze swaying the branches of thousands of trees collected in one great boom in a grove of long leaf pines whose white faces gleamed through the forest, the only evidence, except the rough cart road, that the wood was not wholly given up to the wild in nature. These pine boxes spoke eloquently of a vanished hand. The turpentine had oozed and hardened and now stood neglected, waiting, waiting, waiting for the hand that might never return to the dipping, and scraping and shipping of the naval stores, for which North Carolina had long been famous. Life was everywhere. Insect life hurrying to and fro, running up and down, rolling its burdens, and carrying its loads. Animal life hunting its prey, seeking water and creeping back to its lair. bird life, active on every limb and singing, singing, singing, till the forest seemed filled with one grand anthem poured out from ten thousand throats. Phyllis' little heart joined in the song, and sorrow and war vanishedin the happiness that nature chose to display to her responsive soul. "Cline" had a hard time keeping the child in sight. Wild flowers tempted her all around, and when she reached the field, she was hot and tired with the specimens she carried for the inspection of her father, who still had sight enough to enlighten her on the botany of the many plants that she brought him every day.

The field was on the shore of a narrow stream. The white sand beach at once afforded amusement for the children, but there was a great discussion among the young negroes about a quantity of eggs that had just been uncovered by a plow or shovel. There seemed to be at least a peck of these little white eggs and some of the negro boys said they had been laid by a turtle, others said they were snake eggs. Mr. Albawood called Cline to be umpire and she declared that "a logger-head turtle" had laid her "latter" and she believed the turtle could be caught. The eggs were placed ready to be carried home and all fell to work till Phyllis discovered the turtle on a log in the water, then negro boys waded in and caught a big fellow for "Marster's" Sunday dinner. The morning had been quite exciting to Phyllis and the baby, and they begged Cline to let them leave her and return home. Cline was afraid to do so, but Mr. Albawood had great faith in Phyllis' ability to take care of herself, and so the children were placed on the road and made to promise not to step from it on either side. As it led straight to the fence in front of the Albawood's gate it was thought that there could be no possible danger.

Midway between the field and the house the road lay across a swamp. Here it had been raised above the mud by laying small round trees commonly called puncheons, across the driveway. It was in this place that Phyllis, like Una, met her lion but there was no red cross knight to come to her rescue, for the chivalry of the South had gathered to repel the march of the invader, and the cry of women and children found few answering voices. Afterward, the family spoke lightly of the children's experience, and laughed at the terror that had seized them, but it was not laughing matter to Phyllis. Oh! why do people delight to laugh at the troubles of children! They are as real as those of later years and quite as agonizing to the child.

Straight across the road lay the monster sparkling in the sun. He seemed to be covered with diamond shaped patches of color on a ground of gray. He. lay prone, stretched out, his head lifted, his tongue darting constantly from his fiery mouth. Both children saw him at once, and Phyllis drew her brother back, trembling with fear. The road was narrow and alder bushes grew in the water on either side. There was no possible chance to go on, and still it never entered the child's thought to go back to the field. The children looked into each other's faces and rushed into each other's arms, crying aloud in mortal fear and calling their mother in pitiful wails of anguish

"O, brother, "said Phyllis, "there is no one to hear us when we cry. Nobody can see us through these thick woods." No one? Phyllis paused. Yes there was. One whose eye was always upon her. Only the night before, her mother had taught her a verse from the Bible. She repeated it now, with great comfort and assurance to the little brother who clung to her in nervous fear and horror. *"I will gu'de thee with mine eye upon thee.* Phyllis had seen a great eye once when she was sent with the nurse to take something to the Masonic hall in New Bern. The warden had exhibited a little coffin with a split place in the cover and told her that the Masons had put her father in that box and he was so big that he split it open. She resented the insinuation that her father was fat. She objected to fat men, and she flew at the big man beating him with her little white bonnet, till he caught her in his arms and showed her a large single eye, and said it was the "All-seeing eye." Phyllis was awed into silence at the time and now she remembered that eye. *'I will guide thee with mine eye upon thee,"* repeated Phyllis. "We must kneel here in the road and pray to God," she said, and with their arms around each other they knelt and repeated, "Now I lay me," the prayer that both could say, but Phyliis added, "Please O, Lord, make the snake go away." They opened their eyes, and the monster was slowly moving his body from the roadway and finally slipped with a splash into the water.

Springing to her feet, Phyllis clasped her little

brother's hand and the children flew from the spot and relieved their overwrought feelings in a flood of tears with their heads on the lap of their mother. "Oh, mammy, said the baby," " A dreat big worrum dot in de street an his mouf was red like my cap."

Phyllis always thought of that road with a shudder and never went that way again, in spite of the joy that had filled her soul when she went with the nurse in the early morning.

When Phyllis with her rag doll started to climb the fence next morning Mrs. Albawood remarked that she must manage somehow to keep the child from growing up in ignorance and she went to the attic to unpack a barrel of books. She had no idea how to begin teaching nor what books to teach; but she found a few cast off school books, and she was determined that some how Phyllis should master them. After that, the morning hours were miserable periods of torture to poor little Phyllis whose duty it was to plod through discarded school books that had been irksome to a big boy of fifteen and were wholly unintelligible to a little child who had somehow got it into her head that it was vulgar to ask questions. Fortunately there were no readers in that barrel and Phyllis was obliged to get her reading lessons from a little book that no doubt influenced all her after life. "Mother's True Stories." Oh they were wonderful, though many of them had been told again and again, when the hour came at night for her evening prayer at her mother's knee. The reverence and faith, conveyed in the mother's attitude and voice, and beautiful dark eyes, was the most valuable part of the child's education at that time, and though Phyllis became a fluent reader in a very short while it was not due to the teaching of her mother, but rather in spite of it. Years after, when Phyllis recalled those hours of Spartan like training in books far beyond her comprehension, she was surprised to note that she had learned to read by a self taught method that was not used by teachers till nearly a quarter of a century after she had learned to read "Mother's True Stories." Instead of separating the words into letters and spelling them, she learned the word as a whole and recognized the word and its meaning long before she had learned to spell it.

Mrs. Albawood never understood how Phyllis did it, but she was glad to find that the child really did recognize words when she was put to the test. Spelling in the blue back book by Webster was easy enough to anyone who who had an ear for sound, and some words almost rhymed. "Shady, lady, pony, boney." Phyllis carried a photograph of each page in her mind, but the meaning of the words—ah! if people could only see the process by which a child arrives at a conclusion. Shady, and Boney were negro boys, both very black, one was called "Shade" for short, and the other was called "General." No other meaning ever occurred to the child when she spelled these two words and there were dozens of others equally ridiculous.

The book that Phyllis called the "Jography" was the bane of her existence and her mother would have been horrified if she had have known what a burden it was on the spirit of her little child, who hated the sight of it because it was a fountain sealed to her. One day she ventured to ask a question, "Mother where is North Carolina?"

"Why Phyllis," replied her mother in surprise, "we are *in* North Carolina."

"I know," said Phyllis, "but what is North Carolina in, besides a book?"

"Has it a fence around it, and is it pink or yellow?" Mrs. Albawood looked keenly at the child and asked, "are you feeling ill, little daughter?"

"O, mother," said the little girl, "I hope there will not be any jography in Heaven." Mrs. Albawood gathered the child into her arms, and with the little head on her breast they had a heart to heart talk on lessons and life. Phyllis was put to bed with a chill, and for sometime nothing was said about lessons. Some women, under the circumstances would have abandoned the drudgery of teaching, for this mother did not like the work and she was always busy; but the Southern lady came of a line of ancestors that did not shirk and the duty that presented itself to her was performed "heartily as to the Lord." She planned a simple method for training the child to read and spell and count, that took the form of play. When she was too busy for lessons the child became a teacher and Rowena Rebecca was the pupil. The rag doll became a medium through which the lessons were rehearsed until they became perfect.

While the Albawoods lived at the "Cabin Home" salt became very hard to get. The young son had been sent to Smithville near Wilmington to purchase this very necessary article of food, but it was so scarce and the price so extravagant that it was impossible to supply the needs of the family. One morning, as she started out with her doll, Phyllis saw the negroes digging the earth from the floor of the smoke house.

The smokehouse was a building that stood in the yard between the house and the kitchen. Among the joists and rafters, sticks were placed to hold the hams and bacon that were cured by smoke, on every Southern plantation. Mr. Albawood stood near the smoke house directing the negroes who carefully dug the dirt and placed it in great tubs that had been prepared to receive it. Other servants poured water into the tubs and stirred the contents till the briny dirt became a liquid. This liquid was poured into barrels that had been packed with pine straw for the purpose of filtering. The water was then boiled in great caldrons that were a part of every farmer's equipment, and after the process of excavation from shallow pans it became white salt, dry and fit for use in curing the meat for the family, who shared it with every soldier boy that passed that way, besides helping to make up the boxes that were sent to the army from the neighborhood. [*To be continued*]

# An Answered Prayer

[*By Mrs. F. C. Roberts*]

These were the darkest hours of the dark days of Reconstruction. Sherman's 20,000 negroe,s added to the thousands of liberated slaves in the counties of Craven and Jones, hung as a threatening cloud over our town of 5,000 souls.

They hungry and ragged, they were homeless, they were houseless. Their leaders taught them to hate the white people, and to prey upon them. The two races were not on speaking terms.

One Sunday morning, I obeyed an impulse to rise early, against my usual habit. Going into the garden I found the ground under the peach tree, litterally covered with luscious fruit. I gathered my apron full. While doing so I found that the church, a short distance off, had discharged its congregation of 1,000 negroes. As all had to pass my gate, I determined to look in their faces, and if I found one that I dared to address, to give her the fruit.

I leaned on my gate post and looked into 1,000 faces, all sullen, angry, vindictive, all black as night. The emotions either of anger, fear, or suffering, that produces pallor on white faces, causes a negro to become inky black.

In all these faces there was no more character to be found than there was in a flock of sheep or a herd of cattle. I could understand why the Yankee soldier said, that he did not see how negro men recognized their own wives. So much had these poor creatures already deterioated.

The last of the procession had passed me, and I was in the act of turning from the gate, when my attention was attracted by a solitary old creature, following with feeble steps.

As she approached she dropped a courtesy, with a "How-de -Mistis."

I said, "Aunty, would you like some fruit?"

"Lord Mistis, I'se been sick er bed a month, and I jes longed for fruit. I'se been so hungry. Dis morning I knelt down and prayed to my heavenly Father to put it into somebody's heart to give me some."

"Hold your apron, the same Heavenly Father put it into my heart to come and give it to you."

"Mistis, open the gate and let me hug you."

"No, you would spili your fruit, but never as long as you live pass my gate hungry. I will tell the servants not to turn you off.

So every morning she came. They were not days of of plenty, and as often as not, it was my own breakfast I took out to her. I sat on the door sill, and she on the lower step. Soon a close friendship grew up between us. We held long heart to heart talks.

She told of her happy home, and the kindness of her owners. Then of the destruction of her home, and the scattering of the white people, and having no place to go, how she had followed Sherman's army. Often she talked of Heaven.

"Mistis, if I gits there first, I'll save a place right by me fer you, and if you gits there first, save a place for me." I told her of the "many mansions," and tried to make spiritual things plain for her.

One day she brought a large bundle. On opening it, she displayed a very nice home-made rug. She said it was her share of a barrel sent from the north, would I accept it. I thanked her very much.

"Now, where will you put it?"

I led her to the parlor, and placing it in the bay window, I said, "It shall have the place of honor."

She seemed gratified. As winter approached, she came inside, and had her breakfast, near the hall stove. She, comfortably seated, and I standing by.

We became closer friends, but a peculiar feature of our friendship was, that neither thought to inquire the name of the other. We were simply, "Mistis" and "Aunty."

The last request she made of me was that she might be allowed to see me if I became sick.

"Jes to stand at the foot of your bed and look at you."

Later in the winter, I had a severe attack of pneumonia. As soon as I was conscious, I inquired for my old friend. There had been a fearful blizzard. Many of the negroes had died, she among them.

Until then she had not failed to come each day to inquire about me.

Poor old soul I woonder if she is still keeping a place for me, or if her "mansion" is higher and brighter than mine.

*"Blessed are the poor in spirit:for their's is the Kingdom of Heaven."*

# Great Men of North Carolina

## BRANCH

In the year of 1820, on November 28th, Lawrence O'Bryan Branch was born in the town of Enfield, Halifax county, North Carolina. His mother died before he reached the age of six. His father moved with his family to Tennessee, after the loss of his wife, but by the time the boy had arrived at his seventh year his father also died, leaving Lawrence to the guardianship of an uncle, Governor Branch, who placed him in the University of North Carolina at the early age of four-

teen. Perhaps the peculiar discipline that he received at this institution together with the discussions and comparisons of Northern and Southern ideas of right and wrong had an influence on his opinions in after years.

Governor John Branch, the guardian, became Secretary of the Navy in 1829, and young Lawrence being a member of the Secretary's family, spent much of his time in Washington where he studied under various preceptors, one of whom was Salmon P. Chase, Secretary of the Treasury while Lincoln was President.

In 1838, at the age of eighteen young Lawrence Branch graduated with first honors at Princeton College, N. J. Then, in Franklin Tennessee, he studied law with Judge Manny.

The presidential campaign of 1840 drew his attention to politics, and entering the political arena on the side of Van Buren, he published a spirited paper called "*The Reserve Corps*," by which he gained a considerable reputation, although he was not yet twenty years of age.

After the election he removed to the territory of Florida, locating at Tallahassee, and was admitted to the bar by a special act of the Legislature as he had not reached the age limit which was twenty-one years. Here he had an extensive and lucrative practice. Always a man of action, naturally he participated in the Seminole war in 1841, while in Florida.

In 1844 Mr. Branch married the daughter of Gen. William A. Blount of Beaufort County, North Carolina, and in 1849 he made his home in Raleigh. He became the recipient of many honors in this State and proved himself a man of energy and ability as well as one whose honor could not be questioned.

He became president of a railroad, the Raleigh and Gaston, and held aloof from politics while so engaged, but the political questions of our country began to hold a vital interest for all thoughtful men. He became elector on the Pierce ticket of the 4th Congressional District. He was nominated for Congress in 1855 and declined; but in spite of this he was elected to fill the position and finally consented to do so. He was re-elected in 1857, and was again engaged in a canvas in 1861, when Lincoln called on North Carolina for troops.

He was in favor of secession at once, having watched the tide on the floor of Congress, and wrote to his State advocating it before this call was made.

He served for a short while under Governor Ellis as quartermaster and paymaster general, but preferring an active field service, he volunteered in a Raleigh company. He became Colonel by appointment, of the 33 Regular State troops. While serving in this regiment he was commissioned a Brigadier-General, and assigned to the command of the defences of New Bern, North Carolina.

Possessing the confidence of men whom he had served faithfully in private life and public, he was sought by those in authority, to fill places that required men of integrity and honor. Ignoring his lack of military training he was placed in command of troops that had never met an enemy, but being quick to gain experience, whatever, he lost in his first battle served to make him alert to a like danger in those that followed and though his military career was brief, covering a period of little more than one year, it was very brilliant and full of activity and usefulness. He fell in his fifteenth pitched battle, the first occurring March 14, 1862, at New Bern, N. C., the last on September 17th at Sharpsburg, or as the enemy called it, Antietam.

Having been authorized to have inscribed on the battle flags of his regiments, the names of actions in which they had participated he took the opportunity in addressing his men to refer to some of these engagements as folows:

"At New Bern, besides a fleet of gun boats you fought 13,000 of the best troops in the Federal army having reserves of 7,000. You numbered less than 4,000, not ten of whom officers and men had ever been in battle before. After an uninterrupted fire of four hours which has not been exceeded in severity by any you have ever met except for one hour at Gaines' Mill], and after you had inflicted on the enemy a loss of not less than half your own numbers in killed and wounded, you made good your retreat out of a peninsula in which he had confidently boasted that he would capture you as he would chickens in a coop."

"At Slash Church you encountered the divisions of General Sedgwick, numbering at least 20,000 and including 5,000 United States regulars. You with two other regiments, temporarily acting with you, numbered about 4,000. You repulsed the enemy's attack, and boldly advancing attacked him with such vigor that after six hours combat you withdrew in perfect order to avoid being surrounded during the night, the enemy not daring to follow you beyond the field of battle.

"Your commander might have justified himself in retiring before such a superior forces both at New Bern and at Slash Church; but when on assuming command he resolved never to retreat before any hostile force without fighting it, he did not place too high an estimate on the valor and discipline of the brave men it is his pride to command.

"In the late brilliant operations below Richmond, you were the first brigade to cross the Chickahominy; you were the first to encounter the enemy, and you were the first to start him on that retreat in which the able combination of our General in Chief allowed him to take no rest until he had found shelter under the guns of his shipping. You captured from him a flag before any other troops had crossed the Chickahominy.

"At Mechanicsville you were under a heavy fire on Thursday evening, the 20th and Friday morning, which you had no opportunity to return.

"At Gaines' Mill you opened the fight and continued in it until the enemy had been driven from every part of the field.

"On Monday at Frazier's Farm, you again were in the heat of the engagement, from its opening to its close, driving the enemy before you for a great distance and capturing a battery.

"On Tuesday, at Malvern Hill, you were again under a terrific fire, which you had no opportunity to return.

"Though rarely able to turn out 3,000 men for duty you have, on six pitched battles and several skirmishes lost 1,250 in killed and wounded.

"Of five Colonels two have been killed in battle, two wounded, and one taken prisoner by an overwhelming force.

"Whilst making this bloody but brilliant record for your brigade, you have been as soldiers of freedom should always be: modest, uncomplaining, and regardful of what is due to others.

"Your ranks were thinned by the casualties of war, but be not discouraged. In a few days they will be filled by recruits and yours will be the proud task of teaching them to maintain the reputation you have achieved."

On the 9th of August, having struck camp a few days before, and on that day having marched from Orange Court House, a distance of ten or twelve miles, General Branch's brigade, being the vanguard of General A. P. Hill's division, at 3 o'clock p. m. formed in line of battle on the left, by an order from General Jackson, who informed General Branch that his whole left wing was broken and in full flight. This was soon evident, for as the brigade went in, led by their gallant General, the troops composing the command of General Winder, who had just fallen a noble sacrifice on the altar of his country, came out, not panic-stricken and in confusion, but over powered and driven back. General Branch immediately ordered a charge, which his boys responded to with a cheer, and the haughty army was met and repulsed and the battle restored. A second and final charge against cavalry was then made with greater success and slaughter, and General Branch had the proud satisfaction of bringing his troops, out of the fight after the fierce and bloody conflict, in line of battle, which had never once been broken. For this action he received the public thanks of General Jackson.

From this time uutil the 20th of August, the army of General Jackson was employed in holding in check the advance of General Pope, until the reinforcements under General Longstreet could come when began the arduous pursuit after Pope to the Rappahannock, in all of which General Jackson's column was in the advance.

On the 25th of August at Warrenton Springs, the most terrific artillery duel, in the history of the war, took place, in which General Branch's brigade protected the batteries engaged, suffering greatly thereby.

The next day began so far as the brigade of Gen. Branch was concerned, the arduous and brilliant campaign ending with the battle of Sharpsburg, and the fall of General Branch.

On the 26th, General Jackson crossed the Rappahannock, and in two days marched fifty miles and fought two battles at Warrenton junction and Manassas Junction. On the 28th and 29th was fought the second great battle of Manassas, and on the 30th the battle of Ox Hill, in all of which General Branch was actively engaged, and on the 28th he received the thanks of General Gregg, for saving from destruction, his [Gregg's] gallant brigade.

On the 1st of September came an order to prepare three days rations and get ready to cross the Potomac. General Branch, then in command of the entire division, informed General Jackson that the division had no rations, not having seen their commissary trains since they crossed the Rappahannock. General Jackson ordered them into a cornfield to prepare the rations of green corn and in half an hour General Branch informed him that the division was ready to move.

Rest was only had at Frederick, Maryland, for two days, when the line of march was resumed towards Harper's Ferry, by way of Williamsport and Martinsburg, and the distance of nearly seventy-five miles was accomplished in three days, and on the fourth day Gen. A. P. Hill had the proud satisfaction of receiving the sword of Gen. White, commanding the Federal's at that place. General Branch was immediately placed in command of Harper's Ferry, and with that energy and business capacity which were such marked features of his character, succeeded in paroling the entire garrison during that day and the early part of next morning.

Early the next morning, the 17th, General Branch was ordered by General Lee to the scene of conflict then opening in the vicinity of Sharpsburg, Maryland, which place he reached at the head of his brigade about 3 o'clcok p. m., crossing the Potomac at Boteler's Ford, near Shepherdstown, and became engaged on the extreme right of General Lee's lines about 3 o'clcok, just as the enemy was massing large columns at that point to force the passage of the ford and cut off reinforcements and supplies and ammunition.

Opposed to this heavy column, Gen. Hill threw the commands of Gens. Branch, Archer, and Gregg, with success. General Branch ordered forward Col. Ed. G. Haywood, at the head of the gallant 7th, but the enemy reappearing too strong, Lieut. Col. R. F. Hoke was ordered to his support with the veterans of the 33rd. The two regiments pressed closely and successfully through a deadly rain of artillery and infantry fire. Gen. Branch was immediately with them, giving them orders and encouraging his men. His command had now pushed the enemy into a corn field,

and it was impossible for him to see the force he was engaging. General Gregg, on his right, sent him word that from the position he held on the hill they could be plainly seen, Gen. Branch immediately repaired thither with part of his staff. He was much pleased with the severe punishment his two regiments were inflicting upon the enemy, and his ammunition being short, he sent Lieut. J. A. Bryan, of his staff, to order Col. Hoke to cease firing.

At this moment, Capt Lemmons of Gen. Archer's staff, called General Branch's attention to a body of troops moving on the left. This threw his right side in the line of battle and grouped several together. General Branch had just taken out his field glass and was adjusting it to his eye, when a rifle ball entered his his right cheek and passed out behind his left ear. Without a murmur, without a word, seemingly without a pain, the noble spirit of the gallant officer, in the heat of the battle amidst the victorious shouts of his beloved brigade, passed from earth to eternity.

# The Battle of New Bern

The battle of New Bern was fought on the 14th day of March-Friday, 1862, by the armies under the command of Gen. Ambrose E. Burnside of Rhode Island, commanding the Northern army assisted by a fleet of war vessels under the command of Captain Commander S.C.Rowan,afterwards Admiral, and the Confederate army under the command of Brigadier General Lawrence O'Bryan Branch of North Carolina. This battle occurred about four miles below New Bern in and near Neuse river.

The army of Burnside outnumbered the Confedates four to one and more, besides the northern armies were far better armed and equipped.

The troops under Burnside had been under fire and in battle at Roanoke Island, in which they had been victorious.

Although the Confederates were greatly inferior in numbers at Roanoke Island the losses of the Northern troops in killed and wounded amounted to 264.

The Southern troops under Branch at New Bern, had never before faced an enemy, and had never been under fire, besides the most of them were armed with inferior guns and a considerable portion, especially the militia, were almost totally ignorant of military drill, and discipline.

Burnside was a West Point graduate and a thoroughly trained soldier. His three Brigadier Generals Foster, Park and Reno,were also West Point men and trained in the art of war.

General Branch at the time of the battle of New Bern had no military training whatever, except such as he may have picked up after he was placed in command as General four months previously. He had no Generals under him, as his command consisted of only one brigade, while Burnside had three, but Branch had, under his command, several officers who afterwards, like himself became distinguished soldiers and the names of some became household words of fame.

In this battle the power of discipline was most strikingly illustrated and the ineffectiveness of an untrained militia demonstrated.

Burnside had for months prepared his army at Roanoke Island for an attack on New Bern, and the capture of Goldsboro. He wrote to McClellan on February 20th."The troops are emcamped by brigades,the commanders of which are perfecting them in brigade drill.'

The triumph of 12,000 well armed infantry combined with a large and well appointed navy over 2,000 Confederates at Roanoke Island was proclaimed at the North as a glorious victory, and Burnside was hailed as a great general.

He then proposed the capture of New Bern and Goldsboro. His plans were approved by Lincoln and McClellan.

The direct road to Richmond had been strewn with many disasters to the Northern armies, so the proposition to march between Richmond and the South was looked upon with great favor and expectations.

Making Roanoke Island his base, Burnside prepared for his descent on New Bern, and after an increase of his army he started with his entire force on the 12th of March, 1862, with the naval fleet under the command of Commodore Rowan. His vessels anchored that night off the mouth of Slocumb's creek about eighteen miles below New Bern. His troops began to land next morning the 13th at seven o'clock under the cover of the guns of the navy at Slocumb's creek. They marched twelve miles and bivouacked at o'clock p. m. The army consisted of three brigades, commanded by Generals Foster, Reno and Parke, consisting of fourteen regiments and one battalion of infantry, a detachment from the marines of the navy, and ten pieces of artillery, making about 12,000 infantry. Commodore Rowan, who was with the expedition, says eleven thousand five hundred landed.It was in fact as well as in name a Yankee army, for there were five regiments from Massachusetts, three from Connecticut, two from Rhode Island, one from New Jersey, one from New York, and one from Pennsylvania, only three outside of New England.

The Neuse river runs in a southeastward direction from New Bern, and the railroad and county road run in a generally parallel course with the river. Brice's creek has the same general course emptying into Trent river. About three miles above New Bern Trent river flows eastward and joins the Neuse at New Bern.The county road to Beaufort is about midway

between Neuse river and the railroad until it crosses the railroad about two miles from New Bern. There is another road between Brice's creek and the railroad to the west of the railroad, which is known as the Weathersby road. This forks with the Beaufort road about two miles and a half from New Bern, and leads to Polloksville and Trenton, crossing Brice's creek about five miles southward from New Bern.

The Confederates had built a breastwork at Otter creek extending across the railroad and Beaufort road, at Croatan about ten miles below New Bern. This was a strong work and could have been held by 2,000 men but the Neuse at Otter creek is nearly three miles wide, and that end of the work could not be fortified with the means at the command of the Confederates so as to prevent the navy from passing up the river, and thus flanking or getting above the Croatan breastworks.

On this account another breastwork was built about six miles above the first toward New Bern. This had a fort on the river end or flank called Fort Thompson. This fort had several heavy guns bearing on the river and three 32 pounders bearing on the land so as to cover and sweep the front of the breastworks. It was at the fort Thompson fortifications and breastworks that the battle occurred.

These breastworks consisted of a ditch with the bank on the lower side extending from the river across the county road and then to the railroad a distance of one mile and a fourth. This was constructed.before General Branch was placed in command. Observing that this work could be easily flanked or marched around at the railroad, Branch had caused the line of works to be continued toward Brice's creek for another mile but the new breastwork was not finished on the day of the battle. This extension did not begin at and connect with the old line at the railroad. At the end of the old line on the railroad was Wood's Brick Yard. The extension began about 200 yards to the rear of the old line at the railroad, and made an obtuse angle to the old line. This left a gap in the line of the breastwork nearly 200 yards wide by which an enemy could march around or flank the extending line from the river to the railroad. An enemy, in making this flank movement, would be almost out of musket shot from the new extension to the rear.

It is important that the situation above described should be carefully considered for it was this gap in the line that caused the defeat of the Confederates, it having been practically undefended on the day of battle. To defend this gap, General Branch had ordered two 24-pounders heavy cannon mounted at the railroad. The cannon and carriages were placed there the evening before the battle, but there was such poor discipline that the order to mount the guns was not carried out and no attempt to do so was made until the enemy, appeared in front on the next day. The sequel of events showed clearly that had these two cannon been in position the enemy would have been driven back from the only point in the Confederate line upon which his assaults were successful.

The reason given for the great military error of dropping so far to the rear to construct the extension was that by so doing a small stream called Bullens Branch which emptied into Brice's creek would then be in front of the new breastworks, and the gap in the line could be defended with artillery and men posted at the brick kiln which was loop-holed for infantry. General Branch says that he could not obtain sufficient implements to finish the works.

General Branch had under his command at New Bern at no time, as many as 4,000 men, and such force as he had was greatly depleted by the re-enlistment furloughs then practiced. To understand this it is necessary to recur to the history of gathering the first regiments of the Southern States.

The most of these had volunteered to serve twelve months, and when it became clear that the war was to be a prolonged struggle the Confederate Congress passed an act to insure rapid re-enlistments for the war.

This act provided that all who should re-enlist and volunteer for the period of the war would be entitled to a furlough or leave of absence for thirty days to visit their homes.

The men who composed the Confederate army were all men who had homes and were home lovers. Comparatively few of the rank and file had ever traveled far from their homes or were out of sight of them but for brief periods. At this time the most of them had been absent from home some for many months and others for a year or more. There was an intense longing for home, and the furloughs promised were eagerly sought. The regiments at New Bern had re-enlistedfor the war,and on the day of the battle about half were absent on the re-enlistment furloughs.

The regiments composing Branch's command at New Bern were the 7th N. C. Col. Reuben P. Campbell, Lieutenant Col Ed. Graham Haywood; the 26th N.C. Regiment, Col. Zebulon B. Vance, Lieutenant Col. Henry K. Burgwin, Jr., Major A. B. Carmichael; the 27th Regiment called Sloan's Regiment, commanded by Major John A. Gilmer, Jr., the 33rd N. C. Col. Clark M. Avery, Lieutenant Col. Robert F. Hoke, Major Wm. Garten Lewis; the 25th Regiment N. C. Col. James Sinclair, Lieutenant Col. Marshall D. Craten Major O. C. Petway; the 27th N. C. Regiment Col. Chas. C. Lee, Liuetenant Col. Wm. M. Barbour, a portion of Col. S. R. Spruill's Cavalry called the 19th Regiment [afterward reorganized as the 2nd N. C. cavalry], commanded by Col. Spruill, Lieut. W. G. Robinson and Major J. W. Woodfin.

[*To be continued*]

# New Bern Men in the Confederacy

**JACOB BROOKFIELD**
**Captain Company B. Fifth North Carolina Regiment.**

In the hearts and minds of a few surviving relatives, too scattered at present quickly to be communicated with, the war record of Jacob Brookfield lives. In the hands, however, of the generation that has succeeded since the war between the States are a few treasured relics which will be permitted to bear witness, brokenly, to his life of patriotism and sacrifice. Included among these are an address delivered on the occasion of the celebration of the eighty-second anniversary of the signing of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence; and an answer in Charlotte, May 20, 1859, to the toast, "The New Bern Light Infantry, they worthily represent the honor of Speight, of Stanly, and of Gaston," which show in a high degree the love for his State which culminated in the devotion of his life to her cause,

Preserved along with these compositions and indicative of the old chivalrous Southern spirit, are a number of verses to the daughters of the "Athens of North Carolina." They do not do justice to the source of their inspiration perhaps, but they exhibit the happy hearted occupation of our ante-bellum son of Dixie and, when contrasted with the writings which close this article, point the tragic changes wrought by war in human circumstances. Below are a few of the stanzas:

[Lines to.....]

*"A Painter with an honest pride*
*And pencil with a magic power*
*Climbed buoyant up a gay hillside*
*To paint from life a favorite flower.*

*He found a place where silent grew*
*Out from a plot of mossy green*
*A wild red rose whose beauties threw*
*A fragrance o'er the verdant green.*

*A zepher plays around the rose*
*The leaves are trembling on the stems*
*The rising sun with splendor glows*
*The flower is bright with pearly gems.*

*He copies with accustomed care*
*Each tint that in the flower is seen,*
*The ruby red, the shades more fair*
*The stem and leaves of vernal green.*

*But yet the picture is not true,*
*It breathes no sweetness on the air,*
*Though beauty dwells in every hue,*
*No perfume finds its fountain there.*

*No rays of sunlight in the morn,*
*In diamond drops of dew doth meet,*
*No halos of the breaking dawn*
*Reflect their glories on the sheet.*

*Just so it is when I would tell*
*The charms that live in———face*
*I may describe each feature well,*
*But something's there I cannot trace.*

*I may paint the roses in her cheeks,*
*And sing the brilliance of her eyes,*
*And show her spirit calm and meek,*
*Her mind a place where jewels lie.*

*Yet on her person sits a grace,*
*A spirit full of charming light*
*Which casts a beauty o'er her face,*
*That man can neither sing nor write."*

To another set of stanzas written in praise of a lock of hair, the note, "This is the only poem for which I ever was paid, for this I received the lock of hair." gives a personal element which is rather interesting.

Then follow verses full of rebellion against oppression, and, naturally, the next paper is his commission, dated May 30, 1861. In this he is informed" * * * that the Governor has nominated, and by and with the advice and consent of the Military Board, has appointed you a Captain of Infantry, Fifth Regiment, Company B, the State Troops of North Carolina, under the Act to raise ten thousand troops. Ratified May 8, 1861. * * *."

A worn and yellow clipping, presumably from the Raleigh *Daily Confederate*, next takes up the tale:

"Company B, Fifth Regiment, State Troops, Captain Brookfield, left here yesterday morning. This company has been ordered to join the Regiment—. It is now in charge of a gallant set of officers and we are confident that if ever called into service this Company will give a good account of itself. The officers are: Jacob Brookfield, Captain; W. G. Brinson, 1st Lieutenant; and R. R. Grant and Elijah Cuthbert, 2nd Lieutenants. They are all sterling young men and when they return home after battles shall have been fought and victories won, as return this entire community devoutly prays they may, their relations and friends will have more cause than ever to be honored of them. May our Heavenly Father protect them and all others engaged in protecting our rights and hearth stones."

"The leave taking at the train was most affecting. * * * *"

"The Beaureguard Rifles, the E. C. Riflemen, and the Athens Guards turned out to see Captain Brookfield's Company off."

In answer to the hope of their return expressed above, when Lee surrendered at Appomattox, of this Company there remained but two.

From the time of their departure from Raleigh the history of Company B is merged into that of the Fifth North Carolina Regiment. Reaching Manassas July 19th , it was in advance in driving the Federal Army into Washington, and, during the winter of 1861-2, was on Mason's Hill overlooking the Capitol and engaged in daily skirmishes with the enemy. In the spring, Early's Brigade, of which it formed a part, came first to the assistance of General Magruder on the Peninsula and remained constantly on duty in the defensive works near Yorktown until the evacuation of that position in May. At Williamsburg it played a most distinguished role, forcing from the enemy this tribute, "The Fifth North Carolina Regiment should have *immortality* inscribed on its banners." Seven Pines bore witness to its courage, also the series of battles around Richmond, Malvern Hill, South Mountain, called *Antietam* by the Federals.

At the last named battle Captain Brookfield was captured and his mother's house was made a home of mourning by the report that he had been killed. A few days later, however, the women of New Bern with faces alight were seen hastening to the place. There was a rumor that in a Northern paper there had been mention of Jacob Brookfield. The Federal General in command, hearing of the case, sent a newspaper and in the accounts of the slain and captured, the names of but two men were given. The paper stated that after the battle the Federal officers had been treated to a Damon and Pythias scene between Captain Brookfield, who had been exchanged, and Lieutenant Cuthbert, retained as prisoner. The Captain had forced on his comrade an overcoat, as they had but one between them. The description of this scene, a cause of merriment to the enemy, to the mother at home established the fact that her son was alive and released the tears she before had been unable to shed.

Perhaps in passing it may not be amiss to give another kindness performed for Mrs. Brookfield by the family of General Burnside. On hearing that a cow on which she depended in those days of scarcity had been stolen, his wife said that it should be restored and the culprit severely punished. A few hours later, two soldiers came leading home the missing animal. Mrs. Brookfield in an outburst of generosity hoped that the offender would not be too severely dealt with.

The men looked at each other meaningly and one of them ventured the remark: "No'm, I guess he won't hurt himself much, we got the cow out of the General's own stables."

After his exchange, without loss of time, Jacob Brookfield rejoined his Regiment and participated in the battle of Gettysburg on the fatal third day. After this he was present in the engagements on the Rapidan and Rappahanock. In October, the Fifth Regiment drove the enemy across the Rapidan and went into winter quarters at the river. By spring, 1864, its ranks had been refilled and the men were rested and inspired for that supreme effort, the Battle of Spottsylvania.

On this battle field was the "bloody angle" made memorable as being the place of the fiercest musketry fighting of the war between the States. It was here that a white oak tree was cut down by the minnie-balls. Not ten per cent of the Fifth Regiment survived and on May 12, 1864, Jacob Brookfield lost his life. His comrades saw him fall but so fierce was the conflict that no one could desist a moment to lend a helping hand. After the struggle was over the members of Company B returned to the battlefield and opened the trenches of the dead trying to find the body of their beloved Captain. But, by the heavy mud, the trampling, and the bitter fire, the bodies were so mutilated that they could not be distinguished one from another. Here where he fell, one of many thousand heroes, he sleeps. And what more fitting place for a soldier's grave.!

A promotion to the rank of major arrived after he had fallen.

Nearly forty years from the date of his death a letter was received in New Bern stating that a Miss Darrill of Chicago would like to return to the family of the writer a book found after her father's death among his valued possessions. It was a diary picked up after the battle of Spottsylvania, kept up to the date of May 11, 1864, by Jacob Brookfield. To his brothers and sisters it seemed as though a voice from the dead one had spoken directly to them. To others the diary may contain another interest. The items in it are jottings on the scenes of conflict and show the individual life of a soldier, unconscious of the terrible pathos of his situation, experiencing the actual hardships of war, and recording, as every day occurrences, events that bring from us hot tears.

A few of these entries made on the march and on the battle fields are given below without revision or alteration:

Sept. 9, 1863. Ewell's Corps reviewed by General Lee today.

Sept. 14. Left camp at sunrise marched to within two miles of the Rapidan, halted all night in the road. A sharp Artillery duel kept up all day and we used the enemy badly.

16th. A deserter was shot at 12 o'clock in the presence of the Division. The affair was conducted with great solemnity and was awfully impressive.

27th. I am in command of my regiment, have been busy throwing up breastworks and am still at it.

13th. Came to Raccoonford and found a fight in progress between F. H. Lee's Cavalry Division and three divisions of Yankees. We attacked the enemy and put them to flight. The battle was kept up all day, the enemy making a stand every mile or two. The

battle ended at Brandy Station, the enemy having been handsomely whipped. General F. H. Lee paid our Brigade very fine compliments. These were well deserved for no men ever held up better under the fatigue of pursuing cavalry.

14th. Subjected to severe shelling.

Nov. 9th. Ten o'clcock a. m. Rations just around and am engaged in cooking. Very few of the men have broken their fast since breakfast on the 7th.

May 4th, 1864. Left Taylorsville at noon, camped at Beaver Dam, distance fifteen miles. Left Beaver Dam and marched thirty-six miles on the 5th. Left camp at four a. m. May 6th, marched fifteen miles and took position on the eastern left of our line of battle at 10 a. m. Accomplished a distance of sixty-one miles in forty-six hours, including all rests, a hard march, but few fell out of ranks.

May 6th. Yesterday and today, the enemy repeatedly assaulted our position, were easily repulsed with great slaughter. The battle may be considered won and the Yankee General defeated. Our time to pay the enemy for Gettysburg may come tomorrow. We are prepared to settle the account.

May 7th. Yesterday afternoon our Brigade, in conjunction with General Goodwin's, attacked the enemy and drove them a considerable distance. Returned after dark. Last night threw up a slight breastwork. Early this morning changed our position and threw up another line. It is now 11 o'clcok and all is quiet. Our loss yesterday was surprisingly small, that of the enemy large. The dead are within our own line of battle.

May 9th. Left Spottsylvania Court House on the 8th. We have whipped the enemy everywhere without much trouble. Yet they fight more poorly than ever, our troops, better than ever.

May 10th Yesterday morning attacked the enemy with our Brigade and drove them handsome'y, covering the ground with their dead. Loss to Fifth Regiment, seven killed, twenty-three missing, forty-five wounded. A good many of the missing have since turned up. My brother Raynor was hit on the knee and in consequence of the enemy approaching on one flank and our cavalry support falling on the other, he fell into the hands of the enemy. Threw up works the balance of the day and camped in woods at rear of them. Our men behaved most gallantly.

May 11. The enemy charged and carried part of our works. Our Brigade pitched into them and drove them back with heavy loss, covering the ground inside and outside of our works with their dead and wounded, and captured a number of the rascals. Our flag staff was shot entirely in two.

Here the diary ends abruptly for when the hour struck for the next entry Jacob Brookfield had met a soldier's death.

JESSE BROWN.

**SKETCH OF MAJ. THOMAS WHITE MAYHEW**

Thomas White Mayhew, the eldest son of William and Mary E. Mayhew, was born in New Bern, N. C., December 14, 1838. Having received his Collegiate education at Trinity College N. C., in 1859, he went to Hyde county, where he settled and married. But in 1861, deciding to study law, he returned to Trinity College, and had nearly completed this course when the tocsin of war sounded throughout our beloved South, calling her sons to defend her rights. He at once laid down his cherished plans, hopes and ambitions and returned to Hyde county where he began preparations for the life of a soldier.

He soon raised a Company of which he was made Captain, and after a short time spent in learning military tactics, and drilling his men, they joined the 33rd Regiment in New Bern. The part borne by that Regiment in the battle of New Bern, is thus described in Judge Clark's "History of North Carolina Regiments" It d'd more hard fighting, and remained longer on the field of battle than any other command." In this battle, Captain Mayhew was taken prisoner and carried to Johnson's Island, where he remained for six months. At the expiration of that time, he was released and went at once to Graham, N. C., where his wife, with other relatives were living. Though broken down in health from long and close confinement, he would consent to remain with his loved ones only a short time but hurried to his Regiment, then with the Army of Northern Virginia. A few weeks after his return, he was promoted to the position of Major,his commission dating August 15, 1862.

The first engagement in which his regiment took part after his return was the battle of Fredericksburg in which his escape from death was almost miraculous. In a letter, written just after the battle he says, "My own and Company A have especial reasons for gratitude, as we were nearer the enemy and more exposed than any others of the Regiment. Before receiving orders to fall back, the enemy were actually within 10 feet of me, not one only but a whole line." Then we had to retreat twenty-five yards before reaching the woods, the enemy firing upon us constantly."

In another letter written at a time of especial hopefulness, he says after speaking of some privation and suffering he had just endured, "Whenever disposed to murmur at these things, I chide myself, and turn my thoughts to the great Future of our country. Just now, the silver lining of the cloud is gradually coming into view. May God avert from my sight the blackness of the counter side." Then later said, "Oh, that white winged peace, with our *independence established*, would once more brood over our fair land." On May 3rd, 1863, occurred the memorable battle of Chancellorsville in which the beloved Jackson was stricken down. Again quoting from Judge Clark's history, "Major Mayhew was mortally wounded in the third day's charge. His death which occurred a few days

afterwards was a heavy blow to his Regiment. He was a brave and skillful officer, and greatly beloved of his Regiment."

His Colonel, having been killed, he was leading his Regiment into action when he was shot down. His comrade in arms, and dearest friend says of him, "I knew Major Mayhew well, a gentler, nobler, more loyal heart never beat in the heart of man. God rest his soul." M. H.

### HUGH L. COLE

In the winter of '61, Mr. Cole, when a law student in Judge Pearson's school,returned to his home in New Bern, full of the enthusiasm of those times, he at once raised a company of volunteers, which he named the "Gaston Guards." The patriotic ladies of the town met at the home of Mrs. Haywood, on South Front Street, and made a beautiful flag. Miss Kate Gaston accompanied by Mr. Cole's two sisters, Mrs. Alexander Taylor and Mrs.F.C. Roberts, stood on the porch, while the company of gallant young men, were drawn up in front, Miss Gaston presented the flag and Capt. Cole received it. Their speeches were eloquent with words of devotion to their country, and zeal in the sacred cause. With sound of drum and fife and the waving of the flag, the bold soldier boys marched off. The following is a copy of a letter from Mr. Daniel Lane: "I will try to give you a statement of our company organization. We enlisted for the war, and were mustered in as Company F, Second N. C. Infantry. By uniting three sections of volunteers, one from New Bern [the Gaston Guards],one from Tuscarora and one from Core Creek, we numbered 87 men in all,

This Company organized in April, 1861, Capt. H. L. Cole was elected captain, N. M. Chadwick, first lieutenant; R. H. Withering, second lieutenant, and H. J. B. Clark, third lieutenant. We were mustered in on April 27th and in a few days sent to Goldsboro for drilling, staid there only a few weeks, then moved camp to Weldon, N. C. After a few weeks drill were sent to Northern Virginia. Capt. Cole commanded the company during these periods and until sometime in 1862." Early in 1862, he was desperate ill with typhoid fever at Fredericksburg at the home of Mrs. Pegram. He was nursed by Rev. Dr. Carmichael, his father being the attending physician. He was sent home on sick leave. When fighting around Richmond began, still far from well, he hurried back to his company. Finding Capt. Chadwick in command of Company F, he was given another company and served in all the battles. He was appointed Major in 1863.Subsequently he received the Confederate appointment as Assistant Adjutant-General of conscription. In the last campaign of the war he was assigned to duty on the staff of General Braxton Bragg, and was present at the last Cabinet meeting, which was held at Washington, Ga., on May 6th, 1865, which was he last act of the Confederacy. MRS. F. C. ROBERTS.

### GEORGE STANLEY DEWEY

George Stanley Dewey was born September 20, 1841, in New Bern, N. C. He received his education, from quite an early period, in the north and entered the Class of '63 at Yale and remained with it about two years. To quote from the memorial prepared by his friend Mr. Henry F. Dimock,"He was prominent in his class from the first. An honest, generous enthusiasm was, perhaps, his most distinguishing characteristic; a loyalty to truth that knew no faltering, and a devotion to his friends, were qualities that commended themselves to everyone who knew him." In May, '61 he left college and having reached his home entered in the early part of June as a private, the 1st Regiment, N. C. Cavalry. His regiment performed the most arduous duties of that branch of the service, and he was at all times and all places with it in the performance of his duty; not losing a day, during the whole service, from sickness, and absent only on two short furloughs. In July, 1863,he was made adjutant of his regiment, and retained this position a year when he was, at the same time elected 2nd lieutenant, first lieutenant and captain, the promotion having been asked for "on the ground of peculiar skill and valor displayed on the battle-field." At Chamberlain's Run, near Dinwiddie Court House, Va., March 31, 1865, while in advance of his men in a desperate charge on breast-works, he was struck in the left knee by a ball which severed the main artery. He suffered an amputation, but was so much prostrated by loss of blood and the general shock to the nervous system that he died about four o'clock that afternoon. He was buried in Virginia, and in January, 1866, his remains were brought to New Bern. We quote the following note which, with flowers, was received twenty-five years after his death:

"For the grave of that knightly son of old Craven, the true, warm-hearted, generous friend, the gallant, ardent, impetuous soldier; with the love of a comrade who knew him well from Camp Beauregard, 1861, to his last battle at Chamberlain's Run, 1865.

EMILINE DEWEY CLAYPOOLE.

# Sidelights on the Battle of New Bern

### LETTER FROM M'CLELLAN TO BURNSIDE

Washington, D. C., Jan. 7, 1862.

I would advise great caution in moving so far into the interior as upon Raleigh. * * * I would urge great caution as to proclamation. In no case would I go beyond a moderate joint proclamation with the naval commander, which should say as little as possible about politics or the negro. Merely state

that the true issue for which we are fighting is the preservation of the Union, and upholding the laws of the General Government. * * * *

GEORGE B. McCLELLAN,
Major-General Commanding in Chief.

---

New Bern, N. C., March 15, 1862.

Brigadier-General J. G. Foster is hereby appointed military governor of New Bern and its suburbs, and will be obeyed and respected accordingly.

Brigadier-General J. G. Foster, military governor of New Bern, will direct that the churches be opened at a suitable hour tomorrow in order that the chaplains of the different regiments may hold divine service in them. The bells will be rung as usual.

By command of

BRIG.-GEN. BURNSIDE,
Lewis Richmond,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

*Records War of Rebellion, Series I, No. ix.*

---

**Stanley's First Letter to Vance in Accordance With Lincoln's Instructions.**

New Berm, N. C., October 21, 1862.

Governor Z. B. Vance:-

*Sir*: The storng affection which I have inherited and cherish for the people of my native State has induced me to come here, by request of the President of the United States.

Nations, like individuals, sometime quarrel because they misunderstand each other. This I think is now the case between the Government of the United States and the State of North Carolina.

I confidently believe I am in a situation to confer blessings upon the people of North Carolina if the honorable gentlemen in high stations who now control her affairs will give me their blessings.

If it is not incompatable with your views of duty, I earnestly solicit the favor of an interview with you at such time and place hereafter to be designated as may be agreeable yo you.

If the interview with yourself personally for any reason be declined, then I ask that one or more good citizens, natives of or residing in North Carolina, to be authorized by you to confer with me.

My chief purpose is to see whether some measures cannot be adopted which may lead to an honorable peace.

If unfortunately, this consummation so "devoutly wished" cannot be obtained, we may at all events do much to alleviate the inevitable sufferings that attend a war.

Authority has been given me to negotiate for an exchange of political prisoners.

I desire to do nothing in secret, will not stand upon any question of ettequete, wishing only to be instrumental in doing goood to my country, and to that brave and noble hearted people who hitherto have conferred honor upon us both, whose glory and welfare I am as solicitous to protect as any other son of North Carolina can be.

I hope to have an answer as soon as your convenience will allow. I beg leave to tender you with the assurance of my best,wishes for your happiness and prosperity individually, and to express the best hope that millions of our countrymen will hereafter bless the day on which the people of North Carolina elevated you to your present high position.

I have the honor to be very respectfully. and etc.,

EDWARD STANLEY.

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**Letter From Edward Stanley to Secretary of War Stanton.**

Department of North Carolina
New Bern, N. C., Nov. 20, 1862.

Hon. Edwin M. Stanton,
Secretary of War.

*Sir*: At the suggestion of the President I endeavored to have an interview with Governor Vance.

The correspondence, copies of which I now enclose will show the result.

I still believe that if the people of North Carlina be allowsd free expression of their wishes and opinions they would decide to separate themelves from any association with the rebel States.

At an early day I hope to be able to give information of a more pleasing character.

After the President shall have read the correspondence I asked to be informed if he has any further wishes to communicate.

With high respect,

ED. STANLEY,
Military Governor of North Cqrlina.

---

**Answer to Lincoln's Overtures Through Stanley**

State of North Carolina,
Executive Department,
Raleigh, October 29, 1862.

Hon. Edward Stanley,
New Bern, N. C.

*Sir*: Your communication of the 21st instant has been received, to which I proceed to reply. It is imcompatible with my views of duty to grant you a personal interview for the purposes mentioned for the following reasons:

*First.* If the measures which you propose to discuss relate to general peace between the Confederate States and the United States, then it is needless to inform you that I have not the power to confer with authority. By the Constitution of the Confederate States, to which the State of North Carolina has unanimously acceded, the power to make war and conclude peace has been delegated to the President an Senate. To their hands I am content to leave it.

*Continued on page twenty-one.*

# Carolina and the Southern Cross

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

L. V. ARCHBELL, - - - Editor

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Mr. Lincoln's Military Governor of North Carolina Hon. Ed. Stanly, presents the spectacle of a Southern gentleman, trying to be true to the United States during the war. If you would see the humor of it, read the correspondence between Stanly and the authorities on both sides. He was not in real harmony with either side. He could not protect those whom he regarded as "loyal citizens" from the Yankees, provided these loyal citizens possessed anything whatever that the Yankees wanted. His idea of States' rights was set at naught by them all, from Lincoln down. On the other hand his complaints against Southern soldiers for taking captive the slaves of loyal citizens and his demand that the negroes should be returned to their masters brought upon him the ridicule of the Southern officers, and the inquiry if Lincoln intended to return the 100,000 slaves that his government had stolen from their lawful masters. Mr. Stanly was a Pickwick, and both sides regarded him in a Pickwickian sense. He stood between the devil and deep blue sea and he was a kind of oil that would not mix with the waters of either power. With every claim to the gentle breeding of the South he took a position that made him lose caste with both sides. The Yankees would not trust him and the Southerners could not.

His correspondence in the war records of "The Rebellion" force upon us the humor of the situation. See French's letter, page 506, Series I, Vol. xviii, "War of Rebellion."

***

While the Confederacy could not claim to have a navy, and even few vessels that could match any of those in the Northern navy, the remarkable things that were accomplished and the bravery that was displayed by the North Carolina sailors are well worth contemplating.

A conversation with one of these Tar Heel sailors puts one in touch with the whole Confederacy and reads like romance, but when the veteran sailor is a man of undisputed veracity and his story fits the chain of history already on record, it becomes a gem to us worth preservation. Send your story to Carolina and the Southern Cross, veterans, and sailors, no matter how simple it may seem to you it is a wonderful story in fact, and it will touch a responsive chord in the hearts of our readers. Also it may prove to be a jewel that is destined to shine in the literature of the South at some future time. Seek out some daughter of the Confederacy and let her write what you have to tell. It is a part of our work to see that the veteran's story is not forgotten. The only condition we make is that the story must be the truth without modern coloring.

***

As New Bern has so much interesting history connected with the invasion by the Northern Army in the sixties, and in order that the history of the battle of New Bern shall not be given in an article long enough to tire those who are easily exhausted, the account of the battle will be continued through two numbers of Carolina and the Southern Cross. Also the side lights and biography will be devoted to New Bern incidents and people in the May number. It is only fair that citizens of New Bern should do all in their power to make this magazine successful, by advertising in it, by subscribing to it and by contributing such data concerning the period as they may possess. Surely the history of the town is richer because of the product'n of such stories as are told under the headline of "New Bern Men in the Limelight." These men have enriched our State history by sacrifice and endeavor, and by their life and death. It is a fine thing to be able to claim a multitude of heroes, and North Carolina makes this claim justly; but it is a far greater service to the State, and for the principle for which she stood, to prove our claim, by showing up the deeds of these heroes in detail, in every part of the State where a U. D. C. Chapter exists. Some men stand out more prominently than others, because they have borne greater responsibilities, and have had broader opportunities. These will naturally be singled out by the historian, but what of the rest? It may be most pleasant for us to ignore out duty to the age that is coming after us, but our children and their descendants will condemn us for our selfishness and want of foresight if we leave the story unwritten. North Carolina has never occupied her proper place in the written history of the United States because she has allowed herself to be crowded out. She buys books that "Damn with faint praise," or pass her without notice, and still she buys their books. She will spend her money freely for papers that ridicule her claims to anythingexcept "Tar, pitch and turpentine," but she will plead poverty, and a lack of time in order to "slay a prophet" that rises up in her own borders.Like many ignorant people she believes that things from foreign parts are valuable because, to her, there is a mystery about their origin. She will pay lavishly for magazines printed in Boston and Chicago and exclaim loudly on the "Shame of having to place their hostile teaehing before her children," but still she buys them, and refuses to support a literary effort in her own State, because she suspects that it is a scheme to make money, and rather than have a native get her money in that way

she will take the foreign product, not only sending her money away from home, but circulating among her children literature that is untrue, and insulting to her intelligence.

It has been said that no literary work can live long in the State. O. Henry left home to obtain recognition and one of his sharpest arrows was aimed at magazines of the South. Did "Our Living and Our Dead," and "The Land We Love," die for the want of home support? It does seem that the whole burden of education is laid upon the shoulders of school teachers and when anything goes wrong with the general sentiment, the long suffering school teacher is promptly knocked, and the public conscience is eased.

Carolina and the Southern Cross has an educational value that ought to be recognized at once, and the acknowledgment should be voluntary. Don't wait for the Editor to send your bill. It is only one dollar. Send it to her. Don't act as if you are conferring a charity by subscribing to Carolina and the Southern Cross, the benefit is to you and your children, and the more you encourage the work the more the benefit will grow for your children.

***

## SHERIDAN'S RIDE

How easily people are deceived. The poem, "Sheridan's Ride," had no foundation in fact. It was written for the elocutionist Murdock for a recitation, that required action. Sheridan never took that ride from twenty miles away, and if the Confederates had not have found so much that was good to eat and bad to drink after they had captured Phil. Sheridan's camp, they would have been better prepared to hold the ground The glory in the whole action as far as Sheridan was concerned, was entirely in the imagination of the author of the poem. Like Lawrence's "Don't Give Up the Ship," it never existed, except on paper, but school children get a brilliant account of it in Hart's Essentials of United States History, and Montgomery's History. If people who know better do not contradict this now and eliminate it, it will always remain in school books as the truth. The poem, like Barbara Frietchie is founded on a name only and is not a true story.

***

## THE CALL OF TO-DAY

What are the Chapters doing to secure the history in their locality? Did you have men who distinguished themselves in the war? Send a sketch of your men to this magazine.

What incident of interest took place near you? Are you going to let it die? What have you recorded during the past year? How have you responded to Miss Rutherford's circular letter?

***

## ATTENTION CHILDREN!

What are the auxiliary chapters doing? Will not the Leaders send monthly reports to Carolina and the Southern Cross? A little friendly rivalry would be good for us. Let us know what you are doing. What are you studying? Do you know the Confederate Catechism? Have you given entertainments?

***

## THE CONFEDERATE WOMAN'S HOME

The North Carolina Daughters have accomplished a great work for the State in securing the passage of the bill providing a home for the destitute women of the sixties. It was accomplished too in such a decent, womanly way. North Carolina women do not have to use extraordinary demonstrations in order to get a hearing from our law makers. Our men always lend a patient sympathetic ear to measures proposed by women, and if possible, our women get all they ask for. There is no "hyking" and clamoring for the suffrage in our State,we do not need it. The chivalry that the Yankee invader often made a subject for ridicule, still exists among us, and because it exists is the reason why our U. D. C. women presented a contrast to other bodies of women and gave rise to the splendid testimony of the reporters at Washington concerning their modesty and breeding. We appreciate the graceful act of our Legislature and now we shall work to make our Woman's Home one of the most attractive institutions in our State.

***

## ARTICLES ASKED FOR

For the next issue of Carolina and the Southern Cross, the citizens of New Bern are asked to contribute the following.

A history of Major Dan Hurtt's company; sketches of Dr. Guion, commanding the Home Guards, Col. H. J. B. Clark, Col. J. D. Whitford and others. Experiences of New Bern men in Lee's army. Historic buildings, such as were used for prisoners and hospitals. Any reminiscence or incident will be interesting. Send it to the editor.

***

Carolina and the Southern Cross would appreciate cuts that can be used to embellish this magazine. There are cuts of New Bern scenery that would be very ornamental, and educational too, but we cannot afford them. Will someone lend these cuts?

***

Some articles and notes in Carolina and the Southern Cross do not appear over the author's signature in this number. We are preparing an index so that all writers may have credit for their work. All papers should be signed, but a *nom de plume* may be used if desired, only send the correct name to the editor. We must know the names of contributors.

***

The first organization of Confederate veterans in Onslow county was made in Jacksonville, the county seat, on April 7th. Several score of the followers of Lee and Jackson were enrolled, and as soon as possible the camp will be chartered and included in the main body of veterans.

# The Experience of a Blockade Runner

I was born at Portsmouth, N. C. This place was not so isolated as Hatteras, the people generally had more ambition to be like the rest of the world. Portsmouth was a summer resort in a way, for a number of people went there to spend the summer and improve their health. We had schools too, part of the year, and my father insisted on having us taught arithmetic. I was naturally good at figures and a few of our neighbors joined with us in an effort to improve ourselves. We read books together and found other means of exchanging with each other whatever knowledge we managed to pick up from summer visitors, or otherwise. My father had vessels and I took entire charge of one when I was a mere boy. We had a negro who was an excellent sailor man,and with his help I managed a wood boat remarkably well. I was ambitious to know all about seafaring. I learned the compass quickly and after awhile I got a quadrant and practiced using these instruments on our little sailing craft till I soon grew proficient, how proficient, I never knew till I became a blockade runner in the Southern Confederacy.

When I was about seventeen years old my uncle owned the schooner *Agile*. I was captain of the *Agile* and I happened to be at Charleston when Lincoln's fleet was sent, so they said, to provision Sumpter. I saw the surrender of the fort.

When North Carolina seceded Capt. Ben Lecraft raised a company at, and near Portsmouth. I volunteered in that company for twelve months. My mother would not consent for my brother Steve to join because he was so young, but when the Yankees came and asked him to join their army she consented for him to run away and join the Confederacy . He belonged to Adam's battery.

I was made second mate of the privateer *General Gordon* and had charge of the *Henry Nutt*, a prize that the *General Gordon* had captured, when the Yankee navy attacked Hatteras. The Confederates had to abandon the *Henry Nutt* on the swash. The *Gordon* slipped by the Yankee fleet and escaped to Charleston. I escaped on a boat and went to Portsmouth very sick with typhoid fever. My mother had left for Beaufort and I went there to be nursed through the fever. As Portsmouth was not garrisoned by the Yankees my mother moved back home and I was recovering from the fever, when Dr. Dudley , a strong Union man of Portsmouth went to New Bern and had a conference with Lincoln's military governor Edward Stanly, who ordered all the sick and wounded Confederates in the hospitals at New Bern transferred to the hospital at Portmouth.

Hearing of this move I slipped away from Portsmouth that night and managed to get to Bath. I did this none too soon as the Yankees went to Portsmouth that very night and loaded all the Confederate sick on transports and sent them to Northern prisons.

I made my way to Wilmington where I became Captain of the Blockade runner *Lizzie*, disabled at Nassau. I bought the *Convoy*, another blockade runner. Then I went on the *Gold-liner* a schooner loaded with salt. The Yankee gunboats set her afire and she was wrecked off Murrell's Inlet, S. C. I went back and recovered the salt from the wreck. It was wet and partly melted. Next I shipped on board the *Arabian* as second mate. She made eight miles an hour. She was not safe. I was offered a place as first mate by Capt. Joe Morse, who bought the schooner. I did not accept the place. He went to Halifax and was lost at sea.

I sailed on the *Duro* from Wilmington, with Capt. Jenkins. We were captured by the Yankees and taken to New York. I was in prison in Ludlow street jail. The jailor made me pay board. Fortunately when I was running the blockade to Nassua I was well paid and I had deposited my money in a Nassua bank. I had some friends in New York who let me have money and bought me food. This was after I had been removed from Ludlow jail to Fort Warren. When Lincoln ordered a retaliation, so called, on the prisoners I was chained to Col. Glassell, another prisoner and sent to Fort Lafayette in New York harbor. Here we were starved and ill-treated. The hardship that the Confederate soldier endured especially those who were in prison cannot be conveyed in words.

General Lee's son, W. H. F. Lee was in prison with me. His wife died while he was at Fort Lafayette. He was a fine man and we all sympathized with him. I was in prison twenty months, eight of which were spent at Fort Warren where we were allowed to buy something to eat, and twelve months at Lafayette, where we were as miserable as chains, starvation and degradation can make a free born race.

My old vessel, the *Agile* was sunk at Fort Point, three miles below New Bern to keep out Burnside's fleet. After the war it was bought by Messrs.Ben and Elijah Ellis,recovered from the water and I was again captain from 1866 to 1873. I went to Baltimore, New York, Georgetown, Wilmington and once to the West Indies.

Only about four or five joined the Yankees at Portsmouth, the rest were in the Confederate army. Lecrafts' company re-enlisted and was captured with its regiment at Fort Macon. D. L. ROBERTS.

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## STATE DIVIDED INTO DISTRICTS

There is not much time in which to comment on the merits of the plan of dividing our State into districts, but it seems to be an excellent plan to have several Chapters co-operating under one director and uniting forces, exchanging ideas, suggesrting ways and means for the purpose of doing the work of our order, so as to accomplish a great deal in a systematic business like way. This magazine would be glad to have these divisions report after their meetings in April.

Let us try to help our President carry out the plan of work for this year. She is a woman who can

do great things, if she has the heartysupport and co-operation of the Daughters. The harvest that we reap will depend on our combined effort and we ought never to lose sight of the fact that we are doing a consecrated work. Let us do it heartily as to the Lord. Why should we hang back and wait to see if a plan is going to succeeed, instead of putting our hand to the work and making it a success. Most of the Directors are subscribers to Carolina and the Southern Cross. It should be a great help in this district work. Talk to each other on our pages.

**The Districts and Directors of N. C. Division U. D. C**

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WINIFRED FAISON,
Cor. Sec'y N. C. Div. U. D. C

# A Boy's Recollection of the Battle of New Bern

When New Bern was taken by the Federal forces under Gen. Burnside, March 14, 1862, the 25th regiment of Massachusetts Infantry was detailed to guard the city, and Daniel G. Messenger, a fanatical abolitionist with a very *mean soul* and very exalted opinion of his own importance, was made Provost Marshall. The large plantations within the Federal lines were devastated. The farmers, within reach of foraging parties robbed of their cattle, horses and other stock, their negroes, compelled to leave home, flocked to the city in such numbers, that it became necessary to established a bureau to look after their welfare. One James, an abolitionist preacher, was therefore appointed to take them in charge, supply rations for their sustenance, and furnish some place for them to stay. Who, being unable to obtain quarters elsewhere, settled them in a collection of slab tents and shanties of the south side of Trent river at the place still known as "James City."

A few of the citizens, mostly those who had sailed under the old flag, had a feeling of love and respect for the union, but, under the harsh overbearing rule of Messenger, that feeling was soon eradicated, and as the news of the rapine and vandalism practiced by the invaders upon their friends and countrymen, reached their ears, enmity and hatred took its place in their hearts The only persons of prominence who still adhered to the union were Dr. John Tull and Edward Stanley. The doctor, ostracized by his former friends and associates, soon went north to a people more congenial to his tastes and sentiments.

Stanley was made provisional governor, came to New Bern and at his request Messrs. Zach Slade, W. H. Marshall, Elija Ellis and other acquaintances went to see him, but if any of these gentlemen ever paid a *second visit*, except on urgent business the writer never heard of it, and in less than a year he too abandoned the city to its fate and it is said, finally sought the sunny clime of California to sooth his wounded feelings of disappointed hopes, and restore the energy wasted in a vain attempt to make his fellow citizens turn traitor State. They remained true to the south, especially the ladies, who regarding a large number of their enemies as thieves and robbers deserving only scorn and contempt, generally treated them with cool civilty, although some of the younger

and more reckless did not hesitate to express their feelings, frequently with more warmth than politeness. Yet those Massachusetts guards stood the scorn and contempt shown by our inconsiderate girls with a toleration and respectful silence that deserves commendation. They knew how their comrades in arms were acting and seemed to feel that the Southern ladies were justified in the opinion formed of their troops, and excusable for expressing their sentiments.

It was a remarkable fact, at the time, that the rank and file of the Federal army, had more respect for those they termed rebels than they had for those who professed to be union men, and when a company of the latter enlisted in the Federal service, they called them buffaloes, in derision and lowed and bellowed around the camp until stopped by the officers.

General Burnside, in the meantime was busily engaged in fortifying the place. Fort Totten on the west near End street, Fort Star on the north, where the railroad passed out of the corporate limits of the town, Fort Round on the side of the fair grounds, Fort Anderson, on the north side of Neuse river, and Fort Reno, on the south side of Trent river were in course of construction. A large gang of negroes was employed on each, and all were nearly completed when Burnside was ordered to Virginia and Gen. Foster left in command.

Sometime in May after the city was captured, Mr. W. H. Marshall managed to communicate with Capt. Tolson of Whitford's regiment, and by the aid of a lady from Swift Creek and Capt. Solomon Broughton and J. H. Hunter carried on a secret correspondence with the Confederate officer at Kinston as long as he remained within the Federal lines. It was, however, dangerous business for which he was little qualified and he, would, undoubtedly, yave been caught and executed as a spy, had our people within the Yankee lines b en less loyal to the South, for he hadmuch confidence and no risks was too great for him to undertake to obtain information that he considere l advantageous to the Southern cause. He sent his son, a boy twelve years of age, to Havelock to learn how many of the Ninth New Jersey regiment were there. Then as a vender of cigars and lemonade, the boy visited the camp counted the tents of the 27th Mass., 10th Conn., 2nd Md., 3rd N. J. Cavalry, the New York artillery, and several regiments of Iowa, Wisconsin, Ohio and Michigan and reported the number of round rents, the number of wall tents, with the number of men usually assigned to each kind, from which data the whole number of troops was ascertained. He a'so counted the number of guns in the batteries of light artillery, the cannons of the fort and his steps, as he walked around the forts. The steps were carefully measured and reduced to feet by his father who, with the information thus obtained pieced maps of the city and notes of surveys formerly made around it drew a tolerably correct map of the fortifications which were sent to Confederate headquarters at Kinston. Supplies of various kinds were smuggled through the lines, coffee, cotton, cards and fire arms. Two navy revolvers and a sword at one time, were purchased from an English gunsmith by the name of Want. One of the pistols was sent to Lieut. J. H. Marshall, the other pistol and sword to Capt. J. Henry Tolson, officer in Whitford's regiment. The sword was taken to the boat after dark in the leg of Capt. Hunter's trousers.

This secret correspondence was carried on in constant dread for about 13 months, when it was suddenly ended by General Foster, who being surrounded at Washington narrowly escaped capture by running past the Confederate field batteries on the shores of Pamlico river in a fast steamer which was struck with twenty-two shot. Mortified and furious he arrived at New Bern and with savage brutality ordered forty families of women and children from their homes, and with *one weeks* rations weighed from their own provisions, had them put out of the Federal lines on the side of the railroad about a mile below Cove Creek, where they remained for several hours, some of the time in the rain, until a Southern wagon train could come and take them to Kinston. —*Henry A. Marshall.*

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## OLD LOVE LETTERS AMD MODERN DEMANDS

"What do you think," asked a U. D. C. woman of a Veteran, "of the 'Love Letters of a Confederate General?' "

"Well," answered the Veteran, "I cannot think that they are entirely genuine. They have been dished up and served with a kind of twentieth century sauce, to tickle the palate of a generation that has been educated to sympathize with the conqueror, and they smack too plainly of a disposition to give them a commercial value. It was not in the nature of a Confederate General, not even the mild and saintly Lee, so to comment on that Peace Conference that gave the Confederacy no alternative but to fight to the last ditch. In all the "War Records" you can find no sentiment of that kind expressed by a Confederate officer toward Abraham Lincoln. Not only that, but you can find many expressions adverse to him from his own people. It was the spirit of the times to criticise him North and South, and he ruled that spirit with a rod of iron. His own generals feared him, and they had cause to for he was the embodiment of that strength that stops short of nothing that bars success. Lincoln did "spring a wise superhuman surprise"on the Confederacy but not in the way that the love letter indicates. It must be remembered that the Confederate Government had agents in England and France trying to obtain their recognition of our independence. It had come to the knowledge of Lincoln that both countries were on the point of expressing themselves in our favor. France had placed a king on the throne in Mexico, contrary to the Monroe Doctrine. Mr. Lincoln had a conference with Frances P. Blair about this time and it appeared that the idea came to Blair to approach Mr. Davis on the subject of peace. He thought, or seemed to think that the Confederacy could be induced to stop fighting long enough to enforce the Monroe Doctrine in Mexico. Mr. Lincoln, it seems, consented for Blair to visit the South and make terms with any one who had it in his power to stop the war. This consent was given in such a way as to ignore Jefferson Davis altogether,but at the same time it was calculated to trap the Confederacy into a conference for peace and use that conference to prejudice France against recognizing the South's independence. As the North was at that time clamoring for peace, it suited Mr. Lincoln to have an informal meeting and Mr. Seward stipulated that there would be no report of it made by a secretary or in writing. Mr. Lincoln drew out the Southern commissioners to discuss the Monroe Doctrine as Blair had suggested it to the Confederacy, but he refused absolutely to make any terms with the South. Absolute surrender was all that he would hear to and with no guarantee or promise of any kind to the South. When the commissioners reported to Davis he saw through the ruse, and said, "I fear the Conference will be used by Mr. Lincoln to secure the enmity of

"LO, how all things fade and perish!
From the memory of the old men
Pass away the great traditions,
The achievements of the warriors
The adventures of the hunters,
All the wisdom of the Medas,
All the craft of the Wabenos.
Great men die and are forgotten,
Wise men speak; their words of wisdom
Perish in the ears that hear them,
Do not reach the generations,
That, as yet unborn, are waiting,
In the great mysterious darkness
Of the speechless days that shall be.
On the grave posts of our fathers
Are no signs, no legends painted;
Who are in those graves we know not,
Only know they are our fathers."

State Library

# CAROLINA
## AND THE
# SOUTHERN CROSS

HISTORY NOT HATRED, NOR SECTIONAL STRIFE

*Dedicated to our busy people who always have time to make history but never time for research*

MAY NUMBER

"Thy Troy is fallen; thy dear land
Is marred beneath the spoiler's heel;
I cannot trust my trembling hand
To write the things I feel.

"Ah, realm of tombs! but let her bear
This blazon to the end of time:
No nation rose so white and fair,
None fell so pure of crime."

*Official Auxiliary Organ of United Daughters of the Confederacy of North Carolina*

# Carolina and the Southern Cross

VOLUME 1 KINSTON, N. C., MAY, 1913 NUMBER 3

## A CONFEDERATE HEALTH

Oh! Here's to the plume of the Great White Knight,
And here's to the marshalled ones
Who carried the flag of the Southern Stars,
Her bugles, her drums, her guns!

The South called aloud to her sons one day
In cabin and cot and hall,
And quickly they came in their brave array,
Yea, bravely they answered, all.

Oh! Weary they marched in the wind and rain,
Oh! Weary they marched away,
And many who marched never came again
To them that they left that day.

'Twas one against five on the battle field,
'Twas starved against fed they fought,
But never a man in his heart did yield
The thing that he justly sought.

And never a man in the ranks that stode,
And never a man that died
But Duty—uncovered—beside him rode
With Loyalty, Love and Pride.

Though half a century's healed the scars
Of those who are with us yet,
We know that they still love the stars and bars,
We know that they can't forget!

And though half a century's snows and rain
Have hidden where many sleep,
The half of a century's suns again
Their bivouac of blossom keep.

Oh! Here's to the plume of the Great White Knight,
And here's to the marshalled ones
Who carried the flag of the Southern Stars
Her bugles, her drums, her guns!

And here's to the rights that they fought for then,
We all hold them right today!
The cause and the flag and the brave, brave men
Who wore the immortal Gray!

—*Mary Groome McNinch.*

October 8, 1912.

NORTH CAROLINA STATE LIBRARY

# PHYLLIS

*(Continued from April Number)*

There was quite a flutter of excitement at the Albawood farm. It seemed to Phyllis that everything was in a state of expectation that might reach a climax at any moment. She, herself, was in a perfect fever of anticipation. Joy and sorrow beat a riotous rythm with every pulsation of her little heart, which according to human measurement would doubtless be called the heart of a young child; but under the mysterious hand of Fate it had been shaped and trimmed and tuned to the key of war, and faith and sacrifice, in such chords as one would expect to hear in the caravan of the pilgrim, or the steady last tramp of martyrs; never where the gay shout of childhood thrills the air with a spirit of youth. Changes were to take place in the Albawood household, in a few days or weeks, that Phyllis would have thought charming but for one thing: She had seen her dear mother lying prone upon the floor of her chamber, grovelling, as it were, before the Mercy Seat, and she knew that whatever was going to happen had in it a heart break and a terror for her mother and that reflected shadow subdued the happiness that would bubble up and overflow when the child anticipated the pleasure of seeing her only sister who would be at home from school soon for a short vacation. This sister was the ideal of everything beautiful in girlhood to Phyllis who had thought of her virtues until she stood above all other girls in beauty, in intellect and manner. She was a gay bright girl of fourteen, merry as a lark, with a song or a jest always on her lips. She had a keen sense of humor that nothing could suppress. She was a welcome guest to all the cousins and aunts in the family, and Phyllis was very proud of her popularity.

The cause of all this expectation lay in the fact that Mrs. Albawood had at last given her consent for her second son, Morton, to join the Confederate army. It had been arranged by the several family connections in the neighborhood to have Morton drive a number of them to a cotton mill some distance away, and while they were engaged in the purchase of a supply of cotton yarn to be used in weaving and knitting, he was to employ the time in making arrangements to join the army, and to leave home during the remaining years of the war. Marie Albawood was coming home to see her brother, and in her train were coming a number of other delightful people whom Phyllis liked to be with.

Cline had been helping the cook all day. Company was coming to the Cabin Home, but the cooking was more for Morton's appetite than for the company. It would no doubt be a comfort to his mother to remember that he had had his share of the best in her larder while he remained at home. Mr. Albawood jokingly said that so many good things might change a boy's intentions, but Morton was too much in earnest to have his patriotism tried by the "flesh pots" as his father called these tempting viands and Morton's mother, after giving her boys to the Confederacy, would rather have seen them dead than to know that they had fallen below the standard of the true soldier. "It is not what people say about my boys," she often said, "It is what I know them to be, that matters most to me."

"There comes Cousin Bettie's carriage," called Phyllis from her perch in the old mulberry tree by the big gate. Phyllis and Rowena Rebecca had kept faithful watch for three days and at last she was rewarded. Her sharp eyes recognized Africa, the nurse, sitting by the driver, and she knew others must be inside. By the time that the carriage had reached the gate the whole family was there to meet them and Phyllis had swung herself almost to the very spot where she had met the Confederate soldiers and led them in song as they passed; but this time no accident happened to her dress for she wore the substantial homespun that had already become quite the fashion in the Confederacy. Phyllis liked it, but the ugly copperas color and coarse fabric made her look like a child of Romany, and she stood abashed and awkward in the presence of a beautiful young lady who had come with her sister Marie. "Cousin Bettie" was not going to stop, her mother's plantation was several miles below, and she wished to arrive as early as possible but Phyllis felt herself lifted into the carriage where a baby lay on "Cousin Bettie's" lap. Africa understood children, and Africa always thought of something that would give pleasure to Phyllis. The touch of the baby's hand swept away the awkwardness of the arrival, and soon she was kissing everybody. The carriage rolled away and Mrs. Albawood sent the girls to get ready for the evening meal. All summer the back veranda had served for a dining room for the family, and though the evenings were growing cool the table was set on the spacious open piazza, a black boy with a long white apron wielded a huge bunch of pea-fowl feathers to keep off insects. Out-doors another black boy attended a lightwood fire that made everything bright as day and the tallow candle in the brass candlestick that adorned the center of the table was quite sufficient.

"Cline" in neat white apron and head-kerchief served the supper, going often across the yard for biscuit hot from a Dutch oven in the kitchen.

Oh, that Confederate supper! It was a feast fit for a king! Not one article was served that had crossed "Mason and Dixon's line." In fact, nearly everything had been produced within a radius of ten miles. The biscuit and muffins were made of flour and meal

ground at a water mill near by, and so were the pop-overs and cakes. The ham grew in a pocosin, belonging to Mrs. Albawood's sister, on a famous razor-back hog which produces the sweetest meat in the world. The butter, cream and eggs were not a day old, and were produced on the farm; so was the fried chicken. The honey and honey-comb were strictly of the Confederacy, and the bees that made it proved their patriotism by vanquishing a company of Yankee soldiers who tried to rob their hives. The tea was the famous Yawpon that grew anywhere in the woods, but it was served in an old silver teapot, and the coffee? Well *now* you would call such coffee "Postum," and if you prefer it, you would extol its superior qualities over the dangerous coffee berry. The sugar? No, *that* did not come from the Yankees. It was brought from the West Indies years before and a barrel of it was kept for "hard times." Much of it had found its way to sick soldiers and it must be remembered too that the Albawoods did not sit down to a meal like this every day. They were feasting their soldier to-be, and in the midst of their feasting who should come in, but their real soldier, Peter. He just happened to be passing on a scouting expedition. Phyllis knew she was dreaming. She knew it was impossible for anyone really awake to be so happy. She did not say a word, and her heart was bursting with the pride she felt in her brothers and her beautiful sister. Susie Hinsdell, Marie's companion, was a real refugee. Her home was in a distant state. She had been placed in a boarding school in Virginia and when the Yankees occupied New Orleans she could not reach her home. She found some relatives in North Carolina and came to them. Not one word from her mother or her home had found its way to this young girl for months. Accustomed to everything that wealth and refinement could offer, she found herself suddenly deprived not only of these, but almost of the necessities of life, and especially the protecting care of a good mother, but she carried herself like a queen. She was a fair example of a real Southern lady and bore herself bravely on all occasions. She was so useful to others that she found a warm welcome wherever she went. She could do such rapid and beautiful work with her needle that mothers hailed her with delight, for the baby's wardrobe had a thorough overhauling when Susie made a visit. All the old attics gave up their treasures to be subjected to her art and many a sky-scraper bonnet grew into a thing of beauty under her deft fingers. Even Phyllis felt the touch of her magic hand during that visit, and she *could* wear something besides homespun when she chose to put on the finery that Susie and "Sissy" had provided for her after a day of overhauling Mrs. Albawood's ragbag.

After Peter joined the feast at the tea table the spirits of the company soared high. Wit, repartee, anecdotes, everything that add zest and sparkle to a gathering of gay young people, who had resources in their nature from which to draw, appeared at their bidding; and when Mrs. Albawood rose from the table and led the way into the hall where a bright fire burned on the spacious hearth the grand voice of Susie pealed forth in song after song. Phyllis heard "Lorena," and "Paul Vane" for the first time, then "God Save the South" brought tears to the mother's eyes; and the boys requested "The Bonny Blue Flag" and everybody sang "Dixie." Someone came into the big gate and Peter and Morton went for a walk, and a confidential conversation in the starlight.

The door opened and a queer looking little man entered. If Phyllis had known fear of any one she would have been afraid of that old man with his wrinkled white face shaded by a curious looking cap made of skins. He was the grandfather of the sallow faced girl who had met Phyllis in the woods and insisted that the Albawoods belonged to the quality. There was something weird and uncanny about him and the child pressed close to the side of her sister. Her intuition connected his visit with that of her brother Peter, and her spirit ruffled within her, as she had seen her pet kitten protest at the sight of a hostile dog.

"Ah! Come in Mr. Crow," said Mr. Albawood, "You see I have gay company tonight." "Heerd 'em," said Mr. Crow, "Heerd them a screechin' clean down thar to the cabin."

Mrs. Albawood put her finger to her lips and looked at Marie who was shaking with silent laughter. A chair was placed for Mr. Crow, whose keen eye had noted two, that had been recently occupied, but he stood leaning on the chair back as he explained that he had come to "Beg, borry, or steal a wallup." "A wallup," repeated Mr. Albawood, looking helplessly at his wife. "Yes," said Mr. Crow, "one of them thar things what these gals put their Billy doos in." "Now gals," he continued, "I seen ye laughin' an' ye might as well out with it, ye're laughin' at this skillet I got on my head, but she don't leak and she's gointer to be good and warm this winter when your heads will be a freezin' in them dern skyscrapers that my Mary's gone plum foolish about." Marie Albawood, no longer able to suppress her emotion, almost passed away. Susie, with her ready wit, insisted on seeing how Mr. Crow's head-gear was made and succeeded in convincing him that Marie was amused over his idea that all girls sent love letters. "Whom do you write to Mr. Crow?" asked Susie. "I think you must be a widower." Ah! she had found the weak spot, woman-like, and soon the smiling old man's attention was entirely withdrawn from the sputtering laughter of Marie, and he failed to see Peter at the door beckon his mother outside. For

some reason he desired to avoid the old man, and the whole family was quick to respect his wish. It is wonderful how sensitive the people of the Confederacy became to a sense of danger, how alert they were when it was necessary to avoid a possible foe. This illiterate old man belonged to the class from which the invader produced his "Buffalo." There was no evidence that he was one of the much despised crew, but it was well to be cautious. Peter was on a grave errand and no risk must be taken, and in this region one's enemies were often in one's own home, and it was a strange co-incidence that this old man needed an envelope just as guests were known to have entered the house.

Suddenly an unearthly scream startled the group around the fire. Marie went white and Susie started to her feet, but the old man quickly yelled to all present: "Jam the shovel in the fire!" As nobody obeyed he ran to the fireplace and seized the shovel, burying it without hesitation in the bright coals of the almost dying fire. All looked on in astonishment.

"Wall," said Mr. Crow, I reckin I made short work of that devil. He was right on ye roof too."

"Oh! What was it, what was it?" said Marie, whose color had not come back to her cheeks.

"Why, only a squinch owl, but its a good thing I was here," said Mr. Crow, "fer I seed you town folks don't know a thing, an' if I hadn't jammed that shovel in the fire, I 'spect thar'd a been a death in this fambly before day fer all I know. When a squinch owl begins to screech right on the top of your house ye may look out if ye don't know how to stop their spell."

When Mrs. Albawood returned a few minutes later she exclaimed; "Why who put my nice shovel in the fire? It is red hot." Mr. Crow explained the meaning of the shovel, and told so many horrible things that had followed the screech of an owl that the eyes of Phyllis grew big and black with fear, for she well knew that night birds of all descriptions flapped their wings above and around the Cabin Home.

Morton came in for his gun, and Mr. Crow, always interested, asked what occasion he had for a gun at that hour. "I think," said Morton, "that some animal is in the chicken coop." "If he is," said the old man, seizing the bait, "I'll ketch him for his hide an' tallow," and he followed Morton from the room.

The family sat silently waiting, and soon the sound of a gun rang out. Morton had killed a mink at the chicken house and the old man went home with the trophy, none the wiser for his visit.

Peter and Morton came back to the great hall, replenished the fire and placed knots of lightwood near by, for Mr. Albawood to keep the room alight, for these Confederate refugees had learned to dispense with the accustomed lamp or candle and use nature's own ready-made means of lighting the home, and no shadows lurked in the glow of a North Carolina lightwood knot.

The conversation turned on serious things, and finally the sweet voices blended in that hymn that seemed to be the favorite of the Confederacy:

"How firm a foundation
Ye saints of the Lord
Is fixed for your faith
In His excellent Word."

One more night together! How the heart of the mother beat to that thought, but God was over all and War called to her for her best and dearest. She thanked God for the mission that brought them all home once more.

# North Carolina at Cold Harbor

By George Turner

Having recently made a statement relative to the war between the states that has brought to me a request that I shall write it. In compliance with that request I will say, first: That in the winter of 1863, when the Confederate States' Government called for the boys under 18 years of age to replenish the thinned ranks of the Southern Army for the great conflict that every one knew would come, when the spring of 1864 opened, and realizing the fact that I would have to take a part; I volunteered and joined C. E, 61st Regiment, N. C. State Troops. On Jan. 27, 1864, then stationed at Broad Water Ferry on Black Water River near Ivor Station, Va., our Regiment, together with the 8th, 31st and 51st N. C. Troops composed Clingman's Brigade. Clingman's Brigade of North Carolinians, Hagood's Brigade of South Carolinians, Colquette's Brigade of Georgians, and Wise's Brigade of Virginians composed General Hoke's division. About the middle of May, we were ordered from Hicksford or Belfield, to Petersburg; thence across the Appomattox River, in front of General Butler, who was trying to force his way up to cut off communication between Petersburg and Richmond. Late in the afternoon of the 30th of May, we were quietly withdrawn from the breast works in front of Butler, and commenced a march north for the James River.

We struck the river about five miles below Richmond, and our division was thrown across the river on a pontoon bridge, and resumed our march north-

eastward, and when within about one mile of Gaine's Mill, we began to meet an occasional cavalryman, and these informed us that General Grant's army was not far off. After crossing the mill stream about one-half mile beyond, we came into a good-sized farm. We had not gone more than three or four hundred yards in the open field when we saw the advancing column of the Federal Army in the other edge of the farm. Both armies halted, and were drawn up in line of battle, facing each other, perhaps one-half mile apart. This was the evening of the 31st day of May, '64, and by the time the two lines were deployed, and up in battle array, it was near sunset.

For some cause (perhaps for the want of better support) neither side attempted to advance that night; but as soon as night came on, picket lines were thrown out in front, and I am sure not a man in Hoke's division slept a moment that night, but all worked like beavers building breast works. Tools were very scarce with us, and some of the men used their bayonets to loosen up the clay, while others actually used frying pans with which to throw up the dirt on the works. By daylight we had a very good line of breastworks. This was the morning of the first day of June, 1864. About open daylight the word was passed down our line, to be in readiness and to withhold our fire until the artillery opened. A section (2 guns) of a Virginia Battery having been planted on our line, at the head of our Regiment, Co. E. being on the right, extended up to the battery.

Just before sunrise the attacking column of the Federal Army commenced pouring over their works, which were about 400 yards distant in our front, and started a charge at double quick, making direct for the two pieces of artillery. A silence almost painful to endure pervaded the Confederate line of works. The attacking column was only about 60 yards wide, but as fast as one rank would clear the Federal breastworks another rank followed in quick succession, keeping the column packed as closely as possible to have room to run one behind another. The silence was only broken by the "Huzzahs" of the charging column, until the front or head of the column was within about 30 feet of our breastworks. Just then the two guns belched forth their missles of death; and immediately one solid roar of musketry sounding like one continuous break of thunder, arose from the Confederate line of battle. For a distance of more than one-fourth of a mile, every gun, as far to the right and left as our men could see the advancing column, was turned on them. This terrible roar of musketry and artillery only lasted for a few moments. After firing five or six rounds we were ordered to cease firing. As soon as the smoke lifted from the ground, so that we could see, we of course looked over our works anxiously; and behold, there was the attacking throng, that only a few minutes before was breaking the stillness with their loud Huzzahs; they lay promiscuously as they fell, in nearly every instance two, and sometimes three deep, wrapped in the arms of death. Not a man of all that throng of soldiers 60 yards wide, and at least 400 yards back (to their works) was seen to cross returning over their breastworks. Three men that were in the front rank of this advancing throng escaped, and they lay down at the first volley fired by our line, within about twenty feet of the trench dug in building our works the previous night. They lay there until late in the afternoon and asked us if they came over our works and surrendered as prisoners, if we would harm them; and on being told that we would not harm them they slid up, and into the ditch, lying as flat as possible, to escape notice by their sharpshooters. After getting in the ditch they would call to us and tell us when one was coming over, and then he would rush up on the works and jump down among us quick as he could; but neither of them could get over the works without being shot at several times, by their sharpshooters, the bullets hitting the sand on top of our works close around them, but neither one of the three was struck.

On the 2nd day of June a similar charge was made down the road in front of the foot of our Regiment with similar results of the day before, the only notable thing relative to this charge was that it was led by a Federal officer mounted on a very fine iron gray horse. I am sure that 500 muskets were leveled at him in the first volley fired by us. The officer and his horse both fell with the first fire. I have never learned the officer's name.

Again on the 3rd day of June another charge was made on General Hagood's line just below the foot of our brigade on our left, this was in the woods, and they broke our line, and poured several thousand men across the works in a few minutes, and they came out in the field in the rear of our brigade. The 61st Regiment was ordered to form between them, and our two pieces of artillery. A sharp engagement followed for a few minutes, but just then Colquette's Brigade of Georgians came up at doublequick, faced to the left, and charged, sending them flying back across our works, and behind their own: I cannot leave this part of the statement without speaking of the gallant little Lieutenant that commanded this section of the Virginia Battery. When our Regiment was ordered out from the works to form a line back of these two guns, and we started, leaving the works for that purpose the brave little fellow begged us piteously not to leave his battery, he mistook our move thinking we had started to retreat. We were out from our works only a few minutes for as soon as Colquette's Brigade came up we were ordered back to our place in the breastworks, but our gallant

young Virginia Lieutenant did not have the pleasure of seeing us return a few minutes later, as he had fallen mortally wounded while standing between his guns, encouraging his men. This ended the actual fighting done by our (Clingman's) Brigade, until Grant changed his base and came over to Petersburg; but before he changed his base he tried every spot he thought it possible to penetrate Gen. Lee's line. History tells us that he lost 30,000 men during the first three days of June, 1864, in that vain and fruitless effort. And now comes the most horrible and beastly part of this sad story: Our command remained at the same place, and on the afternoon of the 6th day of June a white flag was sent out directly in front of our Regiment, in charge of a couple of officers and they were met in a similar way by two Federal officers. The message or dispatch was delivered and the officers returned. Now, what that message or dispatch was, I do not know, as I had no opportunity of seeing it; but it was common talk among the officers and men of the 61st Regiment that this flag of truce carried to General Grant a proposition to bury his dead soldiers still lying on the ground in our front. Again, on the 8th of June another flag of truce went out from our line at the same place, directly between these two columns of dead men, and was met by Federal officers as before. It was again the talk of our officers that this last dispatch conveyed to General Grant a proposition from Lee, that he (Gen. Lee) would bury Grant's dead, if he (Grant) would withhold the fire of his men while this work was being done. Rumor stated that Grant's reply was in each instance, that he had no time to bury the dead. Be that as it may, these men still lay there as they fell, in a clear June sun in an open field for nine days. The water we drank came from a good spring nearly 200 yards in the rear of our works, and the rations served us were cooked near two miles from our lines; but the atmosphere was so thoroughly saturated with the detestable odor that came from that field, that it appeared to impart a similar taste, both to the water and food brought into us. The conditions grew worse each day, and on the night of the 9th of June, we vacated this line, that had proved impregnable to Grant's onslaught and fell back about 300 yards, and built another line of works. Next day we could see the Federals trying to bury these dead men, by heaping up dirt on them as they lay, for they were without doubt, past the stage when it was possible to remove them. There are a few men still living that belonged to Co. E, 61st Regiment who were present at that time and know this statement to be true.

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[This description of a battlefield written by Honorable George Turner, of North Carolina, shows what kind of service the large majority of North Carolina soldiers saw in the '60's. Such scenes, where lives appeared so cheap to their assailants, no doubt make North Carolina battles seem mere skirmishes by comparison, but nevertheless, there were hard fought battles in our State.—Editor.]

# Great Men of North Carolina

## The Far-Sightedness of Z. B. Vance

J. A. Pollock

Among the many great men that came upon the arena during the war between the States, there is not one whose actions and suggestions can bear close scrutiny and come off the better for the Searchlight having been turned on, lighting up the bad and the good, than Zebulon B. Vance of North Carolina.

Born amidst the low-capped mountains, often a visitor to the foot hills and the seashore, he was peculiarly fitted for the part he had to play in the trying and tragic times of '61 and 65.

Governor Vance was far-sighted. He advised against secession—"that the South was unprepared for the conflict." At New Bern he acted the hero, and when elected Governor, he at once set about his task to furnish North Carolina troops with arms and ammunition, clothing and sustenance. It was Vance's far-sightedness that kept vessels going to and from Wilmington to Nassau and other places to get arms and bacon for Lee's army.

In Dabney's history of Lee—page 569, he says Lee's army would have been compelled to retire and disband if provisions had not come in opportunely at Wilmington. Vance's correspondence with Davis and Lee are models and without a superior. His remonstrances concerning North Carolina Troops were heeded in due time by President Davis and General Lee. They learned to lean on Vance. Most strikingly so in his course as to the Servile Insurrection proposed by the Northern leaders on August 1, 1863. Governor Vance at once communicated the intelligence to Confederate authorities, and withheld from the public a scheme so unpardonable in the Federal Commanders.

Governor Vance foresaw great solicitude by men in the armies for their families and their homes, and feared that they might be irresistibly tempted to go home to protect their loved ones. At that day

and date and throughout the war Governor Vance was a guiding star and after the Surrender his wisdom saw a way to release North Carolina of the pest of Carpet Baggers that were in office and power, to the great detriment of the State.

So much of eulogy and praise has been written of Zebulon B. Vance, that some one has given voice to the belief that the subject has been exhausted. Not so, Vance is a subject inexhaustible. Being honestly a patriot he gave the best of himself for his people, and in nothing does his wisdom more brilliantly shine, than in the prompt action that put a stop to the plans of those unscrupulous men, who had determined on an uprising of the slaves all over the South at a certain hour on the first of August 1863.

The whole South owes a debt of gratitude to Vance. It was his hand that touched the wire in North Carolina, sending a warning to every governor in the southern states strengthening the watchers at home and at the same time sparing those whom he caused to be protected even the anticipation of a horror, the execution of which would have shocked the civilized world.

## In Memoriam of Major-General Robert Frederick Hoke

Major General R. F. Hoke was born in Lincolnton, N. C., on May 27th, 1837, and departed this life in the town of his birth on Monday, July 3d, 1912, in the 76th year of his age. He was the son of Michael Hoke who was a descendant of William Hoke, a Lutheran minister, who was among the first of York, Pennsylvania, settlers. His father died when he, Robert, was only seven years old, but having a mother of strong character and splendid business management, he (young Robert) was not neglected in preparation for the distinguished career which he had before him and which he filled so well. He received his earliest education at Lincolnton and later at Kentucky Military College, but did not finish his education, leaving this institution at the age of seventeen, in the year of 1853. His training was in mathematics and engineering, and in these he excelled, and found the knowledge of these to be very useful to him in his career as a soldier, and more especially as a general. In the home he became the head and manager of his mother's business. He also entered the business of his connections, which business consisted of a cotton mill, also a paper mill. In the manufacture of iron and linseed oil, this mill being the first ever established in North Carolina. In these professions he remained and carried on until the war broke out in 1861.

He entered the Confederate service as a Private in Company K, 1st N. C. Infantry, and soon was promoted to 2d Lieut. and after the battle of Big Bethel he was made captain of the same company and was complimented for coolness, efficiency and judgment by General Daniel H. Hill. Shortly after this time he was promoted as major of the 33rd Regiment. This promotion was on the 27th of November, 1861. He was again promoted, on January 17th 1862 to Lieut. Col. of same Regiment and on Aug. 5th, 1862, was promoted Colonel of 21st Regiment N. C. troops. His next promotion was to Brig. Gen'l on January 17th 1863. In this capacity he served until the battle of Plymouth on the Roanoke River in N. C. Immediately after the capture of Plymouth he was promoted to Major Gen'l, but, as the senior Brigade General, he, Hoke, commanded all the troops taking part in the heroic attack upon the strongly fortified garrisoned town of Plymouth, N. C., which has been said by competent military critics to have been one of the most brilliant attacks of the war.

For his skill and bravery, complimentary resolutions were passed by the Confederate Congress and also by the Legislature of N. C. not only on Hoke, but also on all branches of service, the artillery, the cavalry, the infantry and the Ram Albermarle on the Roanoke River in the rear of the town, after the surrender of the Federal General H. W. Wissell, with all his troops, numbering about seven thousand men of all arms.

General Hoke turned over the garrison of Plymouth to Brigade General John G. Martin and his brigade and took up his marching from Plymouth to Washington on the Tar River, and drove the Yankees from that strongly fortified town and continued his march to New Berne, N. C., located between Neuse and Trent Rivers where the Trent flows into the Neuse, and New Berne would have had the same fate as Plymouth and Washington; for all preparations for the attack were nearly completed when one courier after another arrived, in hot haste, at General Hoke's headquarters bringing the astounding news that General Butler of the Federal Army, had been transferred to City Point near the James River, and there were not more than 1500 troops between General Butler and Petersburg.

General Hoke was ordered to march immediately to Kinston, N. C., take trains and make all possible haste to Petersburg, Va. The steady tramp of his advance guards marching toward Kinston was heard two hours after the fateful message, alluded to above, had been received at his headquarters, and through the night that long line of gray and steel bearing the fortunes of the Confederacy on their bayonets, hastened toward Kinston as fast as legs and wheels could carry them. From New Berne to Kinston, he, Hoke, with his weary troopers made the most rapid march recorded in the history of warfare. It would make this memoir too long, and take too much of your time to listen to the full history of this great General Rob-

ert Frederick Hoke. After he arrived at Petersburg, Va., his command at once went into battle with the advancing Federals, under General Butler, and after several days of hard fighting succeeded in bottling up General Butler and his entire army at "Benuda Hundreds." In addition to his strategic victorious battle in capturing the strongly fortified town of Plymouth, N. C., and his long and tedious march from Plymouth to New Berne, as already related, he was engaged in the following important battles, viz: Mechanicsville; Hanover Court House; Gainsville; Frazier's Farm; Malverne Hill; Cedar Run; Second Manassas and Sharpesburg. At the second battle of Bull Run, General Hoke, then a Colonel, received especial praise for gallantry as he did throughout the war. He was born a soldier, brave, chivalrous, courteous, dashing and considerate, as handsome and intrepid as an Apollo. He was idolized by his soldiers, officers and privates alike. He ever had the confidence and esteem of his great commander, General Robert E. Lee, to whom he bore a striking likeness in person and qualities of mind and heart, gentleness and modesty. General Lee had such implicit confidence in General Hoke as not to be afraid to put him forward at all times in the most dangerous positions. Lee said of Hoke more than once that whenever and wherever Hoke struck the enemy victory always followed the blow stricken.

Any General who had the confidence of the South's greatest commander, as was the greatest of all her Generals, the immortal Lee, must of necessity have been a great General, and this man was General Robert Frederick Hoke. He was loved and trusted by Lee. The last battle in which he engaged was under General Joseph E. Johnston, at the last regular battle of the war, Bentonville, N. C., where his troops had most terrific engagements in the left wing of General Sherman's army, driving them back several times. He fell back with Johnston and surrendered with him at Durham, near Raleigh, N. C.

He made the following farewell to his soldiers on this, the saddest day in the history of our beloved southland. His address was sublime: "You are paroled as prisoners, not as slaves. The love of liberty which led you into this conflict burns as bright in your hearts as ever—cherish it. Teach these principles to your children, the 'right of freemen,' and teach them to maintain them. Teach them that the proudest day in all your proud career was that on which you enlisted as soldiers to fight for your own dear native land—your own beloved southland." When this great soldier died our southland lost one of its most heroic defenders. He died as a Christian hero. His body was carried from his Lincolnton home to his Raleigh home, and laid in state, where thousands came to take a last farewell look at the sleeping form of North Carolina's most distinguished soldier. Veterans from nearly all the camps in North Carolina came to pay the last tribute of respect to this fallen hero. The Capitol and all public buildings were draped in mourning; the flag on the capitol building hung at half mast, and his funeral was held from the "Church of the Good Shepherd," the church of which he had been a member from young manhood, up to hoary age. Thus he passed from his earthly home to his home in heaven, one of North Carolina's industrious, useful and distinguished citizens, useful in all the walks of life, venerated and respected by all who knew him, or knew of him within its boundaries.

This southland has lost an heroic defender of all held near and dear by her, the right of Freedom and independence. His immediate family has lost a devoted husband and affectionate father and his church a loyal and dutiful communicant. He is gone to join in with that innumerable caravan who has "passed over the river to rest under the shades of the trees" along with all of God's redeemed host of "the pure and good of all ages," and some day, we know not how soon, some of you, listening to this memorial will pass over to meet him in the "Sweet fields of Eden where the tree of life is blooming," and where farewell will never be spoken.

In view of all these facts herein set forth, be it resolved, by Camp Hardee Number 39 Confederate Veterans, that we are in heartfelt sympathy with all the family and relatives of General Hoke in their bereavement and commend them all to the God of all Grace. Resolved that a copy of this memorial be sent to his family at Lincolnton, N. C. by the adjutant of this camp.

JOHN G. SMITH,
E. A. WRIGHT,
JOHN W. DIXON,
*Committee.*

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Birmingham, Ala., December 6, 1912

Mrs. Lillie Archbell,
Kinston, N. C.

Dear Mrs. Archbell:—

In answering your postal card of November 9th, I omitted to call your attention to the fact that I had some resolutions passed by Camp Hardie No. 39 on the death of General R. F. Hoke of North Carolina, one of the great soldiers of the War between the States.

I am sending these resolutions to you and would like for you to have them published in your State Magazine. They have never been published and I have no doubt the Veterans of the State of North Carolina would appreciate them highly.

If you cannot use them, kindly return the manuscript to me that I may keep them in my file.

Yours very truly,
JOHN G. SMITH

# Carolina and the Southern Cross

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

L. V. ARCHBELL . . . . Editor

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The resolutions on General R. F. Hoke were sent to Carolina and The Southern Cross from Alabama some time ago. They had not been published elsewhere at the time. They were held for a special Hoke issue, but as it has not been possible to accomplish the work yet, we publish the resolutions now.

Thanks are due to Capt. John G. Smith, of Birmingham, for sending the resolutions.

□□□

In the article by Hon. George Turner on the refusal of Grant at Cold Harbor to bury his dead, or to allow Lee to bury them, is shown another method of Yankee warfare. They fought the Confederates with the dead, when it was found that the living could not vanquish them.

When we think what the Confederate soldier had to endure because he was true to his Southern land, and the *Constitution* of the *United States,* we realize how much greater he was than circumstances. Nothing changed him from his course of honor, nothing moved his faith in God. Can anyone imagine Lee or Hoke using the dead bodies of their brave men to pollute the air in order to destroy their enemies?

It was well for the South, when in the flush of victory the socalled United States decreed to publish the volumes they term, "The War Records of the Rebellion."

□□□

Captain Crapons story of the Six Hundred Prisoners, put under the fire of the Confederate guns on Morris Island, shows another method of the Yankee warfare. Also it shows the strength and prineiple that lay in the breast of the Confederate soldier too deep for humiliation to reach, too strong for famine to conquer.

The editor wishes to express her heartfelt thanks for the letters from Gen. W. R. Cox and Dr. R. H. Lewis. Both gentlemen are veterans of the war, and one is a veteran of the school. Commendations from them means much. They know how much has been put into the work. They see the necessity for it.

□□□

The pages of this magazine will be lent to any chapter who will get up material for one number. It will be a lovely way to respond to Miss Leazer's call for history papers. The chapter will have the satisfaction of seeing the work in print and therefore secure as history. It can be filed by her, and many a veteran's story can be obtained at this time that can not be recorded if you wait. Cannot you make the sacrifice and do the work before the next convention? Write on your copy, "Prepared for Miss Leazer, U. D. C. historian."

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The beautiful poem on the front page was read by Mrs. Gordan Finger at the U. D. C. convention on "History Evening" at Salisbury, N. C.

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The poem on the cover of this issue was written by Phillip Standhope Wormsley, of the University of Oxford, England. He dedicated a translation of Homer's Iliad to Gen. Robert E. Lee, whom he designated, "The most stainless of earthly commanders and, except in fortune, the greatest." The poem is a part of the dedication.

□□□

Miss Pauline Davis is the new leader of the Julia Jackson Chapter, Charlotte, N. C.

□□□

It is interesting to contemplate the various agents used by the triumvirate at Washington and their generals, to conquer the South. In the groups of letters under the head "Methods of Warfare" we find a letter to Stanton from I. N. Palmer at New Bern, proposing to the government to send *common whiskey* to North Carolina to buy cotton. He does not propose to pay a fair price for the cotton even in mean whiskey, and urges that the whiskey would be bad for the "Rebels." When we reflect that Palmer was buying cotton from the "loyal" citizens around New Bern, we pause to think if their loyalty was really any protection.

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Note the faet that North Carolina negroes did not want to join the Yankee army. They had to be forced to do so.

# THE SERVILE INSURRECTION*

The crime that is revealed in the letters published under this head seems impossible of belief. Of all those involved in the execution of it only one man, Gen. Weitzel, seemed to have had any conscientious scruples about it.

It involved the heads of the government at Washington, and such generals of the army as could be trusted to carry it out. President Lincoln made his emancipation proclamation to fit the time of its execution. When the plans were ripe, he declared the slaves free, and forbade all officers to interfere "in *any efforts* they may make for their actual freedom."

This is the story in brief:

The emancipation proclamation was issued in January, but the slaves did not rise and slay their owners as was expected, although there had been inflammatory speeches made in North Carolina and other places to produce this effect. The task of arousing the negroes and getting the fiendish work done was then entrusted to Augustus S. Montgomery, to begin on a certain date at night. Those who participated in carrying out the plan were to be protected from any future consequences. Numbers instead of names were to be used. The letter of instructions fell into the hands of Governor Vance, and measures were taken against its operation, but as soon as it became known the plan was spoiled. Such things are to be done secretly in concert. The knowledge of it was withheld from the Confederate soldier for his peace of mind. But there were Northern souls who could not be happy 'till John Brown was avenged in the innocent blood of the South and "The Interesting Question," as Butler calls it, is agitated again and again. Below is the story in letters. Even the great and good Lee believed in Lincoln's complicity in the contemplated horror. The evidence in these letters shows that he had knowledge of it at *least*, and it is significant that the Emancipation covered only those slaves whose masters were "In Rebellion." Two things were not counted in the conspiracy. The fidelity of the negro who was not a criminal, and the hand of God whose aid was constantly and sincerely invoked by the helpless women of the South. Below is the story, or a part of it, from the War Records:

### CLAUSE FROM LINCOLN'S EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION

That on the first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty three, all persons held as slaves within any State or designated part of the State, the people whereof shall then be in rebellion against the United States, shall be then, thenceforward, and forever free; and the Executive Government of the United States, including the military and naval authority thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of such persons, and **will do no act or acts to repress such persons, or any of them, in any efforts they may make for their actual freedom.**

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State of North Carolina, Executive Department.
Raleigh, N. C. May 21, 1863

His Excellency President Davis:—

Dear Sir:—

Captain Elliot, commanding a company of State troops, captured last Saturday two steamers in the Albemarle and Chesapeake Canals, one of them carried a large mail. Upon overlooking the mail, in addition to various items of intelligence, we found a letter from a man by the name of Montgomery, in Washington City, to General Foster at New Bern, proposing a general negro insurrection, and destruction of all railroad bridges, etc., in the South. I enclose you a copy of the letter, giving all the minutia of the damnable scheme. You can of course make such use of it as you think best.

The necessity for increased diligence in guarding our bridges, etc., is apparent.

The letter has not yet been made public.

Very Respectfully,
Z. B. VANCE.

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Headquarters Army Northern Virginia
May 26, 1863

His Excellency Zebulon B. Vance,
Governor of North Carolina, Raleigh:—

Governor:—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 21 instant, with its inclosures, for which I return you my thanks.

I think the course pursued by you with reference to Montgomery, in withholding it from publication, judicious and proper. I would suggest that measures be taken to advise all of the State authorities and military commanders privately of the proposed insurrection, in order that they may be upon their guard, and take the necessary precautions to prevent the movement, and protect the public and other property.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
ROBERT E. LEE
General

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Headquarters Army Northern Virginia
May 25, 1863

The Hon. Secretary of War:

Sir:—I have the honor to inclose to you a copy of a letter forwarded to me on the 21 instant by His Excellency, Governor Vance, of North Carolina. Governor Vance stated that it is a copy of an original letter addressed to General Foster and recently taken in a Federal mail, captured by some of our troops in the State service. The Governor also says that he has not given publicity to the letter, a course which I have advised him that I consider prudent and judicious.

I have suggested to Governor Vance to cause the State and military authorities to be confidentially advised of

*Found in the correspondence of the War Records.

the proposed movement, that proper precautionary measures may be adopted. Without knowing anything of the letter or the writer, further than may be inferred from the apparent indications of the connections of the latter, either **with those in authority** or with others who have united to carry on this diabolical project, I deem it my duty to lay the matter before you for such action as you may see fit to take in the premises.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE
General

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(Enclosure)

Washington, D. C., May 2, 1863

Major-General Foster, Comdg.,
Department North Carolina, Beaufort, N. C.

General:—A plan has been formed for a simultaneous movement to sever the Rebel communications throughout the whole South, **which has been sent to some General in each military department in the seceded States, in order that they may act in concert and thus secure success.** The plan is to induce the blacks to make a concerted and simultaneous movement or rising on the night of the 1st of August next, over the entire states in rebellion; to arm themselves with any and every kind of weapon that may come to hand and commence operations by burning all railroads, and country bridges and tearing up railroad tracks and destroying telegraph lines, etc., and then take to the woods and swamps, or the mountains, where they may emerge as occasion may offer, for provisions and for **further depredations.** No blood is to be shed except in self defense. The corn will be in roasting ears about the 1st of August and with this and with hogs running in the woods and by foraging upon plantations by night, they can subsist. This is the plan in substance, and if we can obtain a concerted action at the time named it will doubtless be successful. The main object of this letter is to state the time for the rising, that it may be simultaneous **over the whole South.** To carry the plan into effect in the department in which you have a command you are requested to select one or more intelligent contrabands, and after telling them the plan, and the time (the night of the 1st of August), you will send them into the interior of the country, within the enemies' lines, and where slaves are numerous, with instructions to communicate the plan and time, to as many intelligent slaves as possible, and requesting of each to circulate it far and wide over the country, so that we may be able to make the rising understood by several hundred thousand slaves by the time named. When you have made these arrangements please inclose this letter to some other general commanding in the same department with yourself—someone whom you know or believe to be favorable to such a movement, and he in turn is requested to send to another and so on until it has traveled the entire rounds of the department, and each command will in this way be acting together in the employment of negro slaves to carry the plan into effect.

In this way the plan will be adopted at the same time and in concert over the whole South and yet **no one of all engaged in it will learn the name of his associates** and will only know the number of generals acting together in the movement. To give this last information and before inclosing the letter to some other general put the numeral I after the words "Approved" at the bottom of this sheet, and when it has gone the rounds of the department the person last receiving it will please reinclose it to my address, that I may thus know and comunicate the fact that the plan is being carried out at the same time.

Be assured, sir, that I will inform **every department** in the seceded States, of the plan and time, that the movement may thus be general and simultaneous.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

AUGUSTUS S. MONTGOMERY

Note—This letter may be sent to other departments farther south after having gone the rounds of yours, which will show to all that the plan is being generally adopted.

Department of North Carolina,
C. MARSHALL,
Major and Aide-de-Camp.

Approved:

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May 10, 1863

Capture of Steamers Emily and Arrow:

Report of Capt. Francis E. Porter, 8th Massachusetts Infantry.

General:—I have just learned that the Steamers Emily and Arrow were captured by guerrillas, at Currituck Canal, on Friday.

Yours respectfully,
F. E. PORTER,
Captain, Commanding Post.

Brig. Gen. H. W. Wessells
Series I Vol. XVIII

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Headquarters Department of the Gulf
New Orleans, La., November 6, 1862.

General:—I have the honor to inclose copies of General Weitzel's reports of his operations on the west bank of the river and of my instructions to him.

I propose today to visit him in person, to advise whether we will cross Berwick Bay without awaiting the reconstruction of the bridge at Bayou Boeuf. It will be apparent that General Weitzel brings up the **interesting question of war.** I trust that my instructions on it will meet your approbation. The **President and yourself are aware** that I am wholly without guide in this matter.

I take occasion to call to the attention of the general commanding in chief that more than seventy days since I called the attention of the War Department to the organization of three colored regiments by my General Orders, No. 63, of August 22, 1862, subject to the approval of the President, and, though I have had many communications directly from the War Department and from the general commanding in chief, no communication disapproving of that organization has been received. I must therefore take it to be approved, but would prefer distinct orders on this subject.

Awaiting further instructions from the general commanding-in-chief, I have the honor to be, your obedient servant,

BENJ. F. BUTLER

Major General H. W. Halleck
Commander-in-Chief of the Armies of the United States

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Headquarters Department of the Gulf,
New Orleans, La., November 6, 1862.

General:—Your dispatches of November 5, have been received, as also your telegram of this evening. I am

directed by the Major-General commanding to reply:—

You say you "cannot command these negro regiments." Why not? The reason must be found in these sentences of your report.

"Since the arrival of the negro regiments symptoms of the servile insurrection are becoming apparent. I could not, without breaking my brigade all up, put a force in every part of this district to keep down the insurrection. I cannot assume the command of such a force, and thus be responsible for its conduct. I have no confidence in the organization. Its moral effect in this community, which is stripped of nearly all its able-bodied men, and will be stripped of a great many of its arms, is terrible; women and children, and even men, are in terror. It is heart-rending, and I cannot make myself responsible for it."

You say since the arrival of the negro regiments at that place you have seen symptoms of servile insurrection; but, as the only regiment that has arrived there got there as soon as the rest of your command, of course the appearance of such symptoms is "since their arrival." Have you not mistaken the cause? Is it the arrival of the negro regiment or is it the arrival of the United States troops, carrying, by the act of Congress, freedom to this servile race? Did you expect to march into the country, drained as you say it is by conscription of all its able-bodied white men without leaving the negroes free to show symptoms of this servile insurrection? Does not this state of things arise from the very fact of war itself? You are in a country where now the negroes outnumber the whites ten to one, and these whites are in rebellion against the Government or in terror seeking its protection.

Upon reflection, can you doubt that the same state of things would have risen without the presence of a colored regiment? Did you not see symptoms of the same thing on the plantations here when we arrived, although under much less favorable circumstances, for a revolt? You say that the prospect of such an insurrection is heart-rending, and that you cannot be responsible for it. You are in no degree responsible for it. The responsibility rests upon those who have begun and carried on this war, who have stopped at no barbarity, no act of outrage, upon the citizens and troops of the United States.

You have forwarded me the records of a pretended court-martial, showing that seven men of one of your regiments, who enlisted here into the Eighth Vermont Regiment, who had surrendered themselves prisoners of war, were in cold blood murdered, and, as certain information shows, were required to dig their own graves. You are asked if this is not an occurence equally as heart-rending as a prospective servile insurrection?

The question is now to be met: whether in a hostile, rebellious part of the State, where this very murder has been committed by the militia, you are to stop in the operations of the field to put down the servile insurrection because the men and women are terror-stricken. When was it ever heard before that a victorious general, in an unsurrendered province, stopped on his course for the purpose of preventing the rebellious inhabitants of that province from destroying each other and refuse to take command of a conquered province lest he should be made responsible for their self-destruction? As a military question, perhaps the more terror-stricken the inhabitants are that are left in your rear the more safe will be your lines of communication. You say there have appeared before your eyes the very facts, in terror-stricken women, children, and men, which you had before contemplated in theory. Grant it. But is not the remedy to be found in the surrender of the neighbors, fathers, brothers, and sons of the terror-stricken women, and children, who are now in arms against the Government within 20 miles of you?

If you desire you can send a flag of truce to the commander of these forces embracing these views, and placing upon them the responsibility which belongs to him. Even that course will not remove it from you, for upon you it has never rested. Say to them that if all armed opposition to the authority of the United States should cease in Louisiana on the west bank of the river you are authorized by the commanding general to say that the same protection, against the negro or other violence, will be afforded to that part of Louisiana that has been in the past already in the possession of the troops of the United States. If that is refused, whatever may ensue is upon them, and not upon you or upon the United States. You will have done all that is required of a brave humane man to avert from these deluded people the horrible consequences of their insane war upon the Government.

With or without such a message the commanding general can see in your reasons nothing which should justly cause you to decline a high and honorable command, nor does he see how the remedy which you propose will aid the matter, and that remedy is that either he or some on of his officers should take command of the negro regiments and relieve you of them. Do you think that change would be likely to incite a servile insurrection under his command, or that of any of his officers, than under his own? Will the horrors be less if they are under the command of an officer not present on the scene to check and allay these horrors than if they were commanded by an officer present and ready to adopt proper measures?

If your negro or any other regiments commit any outrage upon the unoffending and unarmed people, quietly attending to their own business, let them be most severely punished; but while operations in the field are going on I do not see how you can turn aside from an armed enemy before you to protect or defend the wives and children of these armed enemies from the consequences of their own rebellious wickedness.

Consider this case: General Bragg is at liberty to ravage the homes of our bretheren of Kentucky because the Union army of Louisiana is protecting his wife and his home against the negroes. Without that protection **he would have come back to take care of his wife,** his home and his negroes. It is understood that Mrs. Bragg is one of those terrified women of whom you speak in your report.

This subject is **not for the first time under consideration of the commanding general.** When in command of the Department of Annapolis, in May, 1861, he was asked to protect a community against the consequences of a servile rebellion, he replied that when that community laid down its arms and called upon him for protection he would give it, because from that moment between them and him war would cease. The same principles enunciated there will govern his and your action now, and you will afford such protection as soon as the community, through its organized rulers, shall ask it.

Your reports and this reply, I am instructed to say, will be forwarded by tomorrow's mail to the commanding general of the army. In the meantime these colored regiments of freemen, raised **by the authority of the President,** and approved by him as the Commander-in-Chief of

the Army, must be commanded by the officers of the Army of the United States like any other regiments.

The commanding general does not doubt that every thing that prudence, sagacity, skill, and courage can do will be done by you, general, to prosecute the campaign you have so successfully begun.

I am, general, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

GEO. C. STRONG,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

Brigadier-General Weitzel,
Commanding District of the Teche, La.

---

(Private) Saint Nicholas, N. Y., August 31, 1863

Hon. E. M. Stanton,
Secretary of War, Washington:

Dear Sir:—From all I can see and hear at the North and from the hopeless state of the rebels I am fully convinced you will shortly be overwhelmed with the cry for "The Union as it was, and the Constitution as it is." Slavery will thus be fixed on us forever, and all our blood and treasure will have been expended in vain. Cannot this be prevented by a general arming of the negroes and a general destruction of all the property of the slaveholders, thus making it their interest to get rid of slavery?

Let me take the men you can spare from the city, land at Brunswick, Ga., march through the heart of Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi to New Orleans, arming all the negroes and burning the houses and other property of every slave holder. A passage of this kind would create such a commotion among the negroes that they themselves could be left to do the rest of the work. I am a firm believer in the maxim that "slaveholders have no rights a negro is bound to respect."

I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

D. HUNTER,
Major-General.

# Sidelights on the Servile Insurrection

## Oration by Wendell Phillips

One-half the reason why Washington has been and is in peril,—why every move is revealed and checkmated,—is that *your* President is unfashionable, and *Mr. Jefferson Davis is not.*

Looking in another direction, you see the government announcing a policy in South Carolina. What is it? Well, Mr. Secretary Cameron says to the general in command there: "You are to welcome into your camp all comers; you are to organize them into squads and companies; use them any way you please,—but there is to be no general arming." That is a very significant exception. The hint is broad enough for the dullest brain. In one of Charles Reade's novels, the herione flies away to hide from the hero, announcing that she shall never see him again. Her letter says: "I will never see you again, David. You of course won't come to see me at my old nurse's little cottage, between eleven in the morning and four in the afternoon; because I shan't see you." So Mr. Cameron says there is to be no general arming, but I suppose there is to be a *very particular arming.* But he goes off to add: "This is no greater interference with the institutions of South Carolina than is necessary,—than the war will cure."

I know nothing more touching in history, nothing that art will immortalize and poetry dwell upon more fondly—I know no tribute to the stars and stripes more impressive than that incident of the blacks coming to the water-side with their little bundles, in that simple faith which had endured through the long night of so many bitter years. They preferred to be shot rather than driven from the sight of that banner they had so long prayed to see. And if that was the result when nothing but General Sherman's equivocal proclamation was landed in the Carolinas, what should we have seen if there had been eighteen thousand veterans with Freemont, the statesman-soldier of this war, at their head, and over them the stars and stripes, gorgeous with the motto, "Freedom for all! freedom forever!" If that had gone before them, in my opinion they would have *marched across the Carolinas* and joined Brownlow in Tennessee. The bulwark on each side of them would have been one hundred thousand grateful blacks; they would have cut this rebellion in halves, and while our fleets fired salutes across New Orleans, Beauregard would have been ground to powder between the upper millstone of McClellan and the lower of a quarter million of blacks rising to greet the stars and stripes.

We commend the same cup to the Carolinas today. We say to them that, in order to save the government, there resides somewhere despotism. *We could cede the Carolinas:* I have sometimes wished we could shove them into the Atlantic. We can cede a state. We can do anything for the time being; and no theory of government can deny its power to make the most unlimited change. The only alternative is this: Do you prefer the despotism of your citizens or of foreigners?

I maintain, therefore, the power of the government itself to inaugurate such a policy; and I say in order to save the Union, do justice to the black.

## Extracts From President Davis' Message, January 12, 1863

It is my painful duty again to inform you of the renewed examples of every conceivable atrocity committed by the armed forces of the United States at different points within the Confederacy, and which must stamp indellible infamy not only on the perpetrators but on their superiors, who, having the power to check these outrages on humanity, numerous and well authenticated as they have been, have not yet in a single instance of which I am aware inflicted punishment on the wrongdoers. Since my last communication to you one General McNeil murdered seven prisoners of war in cold blood, and the demand for his punishment has remained unsatisfied. The Government of the United States, after promising examination and explanation in relation to the charges made against General Benjamin F. Butler, has by its subsequent silence, after repeated efforts on my part to obtain some answer on the subject, not only admitted his guilt but sanctioned it by acquiesence, and I have accordingly branded this criminal as an outlaw, and directed his execution in expiation of his crimes if he should fall into the hands of any of our forces. Recently I have received apparently authentic intelligence of another general by the name of Milroy, who has issued orders in Western Virginia for the payment of money to him by the inhabitants, accompanied by the most savage threats of shooting every recusant, besides burning his house, and threatening similar atrocities against any of our citizens who shall fail to betray their country by giving him prompt notice of the approach of any of our forces, and this subject had also been submitted to the superior military authorities of the United States with but faint hope that they will evince any disapprobation of the act. Humanity shudders at the appalling atrocities which are being daily multiplied under the sanction of those who have obtained temporary possession of power in the United States, and who are fast making its once fair name a by-word of reproach among civilized men. Not even the natural indignation inspired by this conduct should make us, however, so unjust as to attribute to the whole mass of the people who are subjected to the despotism that now reigns with unbridled license in the city of Washington a willing acquiesence in its conduct of the war. There must necessarily exist among our enemies very many, perhaps a majority, whose humanity recoils from all participation in such atrocities, but who cannot be held wholly guiltless while permitting their continuance without an effort at repression.

The public journals of the North have been received, containing a proclamation, dated on the 1st day of the present month, signed by the President of the United States, in which he orders and declares all slaves within ten of the States of the Confederacy to be free, except such as are found within certain districts now occupied in part by the armed forces of the enemy. We may well leave it to the instincts of that common humanity which a beneficient Creator has implanted in the breasts of our fellow men in all countries to pass judgment on a measure by which several millions of human beings of an inferior race, peaceful and contented laborers in their sphere, are doomed to extermination, while at the same time they are encouraged to a general assassination of their masters by the insidious recommendation "to abstain from violence unless in necessary self-defense." Our own detestation of those who have attempted the most execrable measure recorded in the history of guilty man, is tempered by profound contempt for the impotent rage which it discloses. So far as regards the action of this Government on such criminals as may attempt its execution I confine myself to informing you that I shall, unless in your wisdom you deem some other course more expedient, deliver to the several States' authorities all commissioned officers of the United States that may hereafter be captured by our forces in any of the States embraced by the proclamation, that they may be dealt with in accordance with the laws of those States providing for the punishment of criminals engaged in exciting Servile Insurrection. The enlisted soldiers I shall continue to treat as unwilling instruments in the commission of these crimes and shall direct their discharge and return to their homes on the proper and usual parole.

In its *political* aspect this measure possesses great significance, and to it in this light I invite your attention. It *affords to our whole people the complete and crowning proof of the true nature of the designs of the party which elevated to power the present occupant of the Presidential chair at Washington* and which sought to conceal its purposes by every variety of artful device and by the perfidious use of the most solemn and repeated pledges on every possible occasion. I extract in this connection as a single example the following declaration made by President Lincoln under the solemnity of his oath as Chief Magistrate of the United States, on the 4th of March, 1961:

> Apprehension seems to exist among the people of the Southern States that by the accession of a Republican Administration their property and their peace and personal security are to be endangered. There has never been any reasonable cause for such apprehensions. Indeed, the most ample evidence to the contrary has all the while existed and been open for their inspection. It is found in nearly all the published speeches of him who now addresses you. I do but quote from one of those speeches when I declare I have no purpose, directly or indirectly, to interfere with the institution of slavery in the States where it exists. I believe I have no lawful right to do so; and I have no inclination to do so. Those who nominated and elected me did so with full knowledge that I had made

this and many similar declarations and have never recanted them. And more than this, they placed in the platform for my acceptance and as a law to themselves and to me the clear and emphatic resolution which I now read:

"Resolved, That the maintenance inviolate of the rights of the States, and especially the right of each State to order and control its own domestic institutions according to its own judgment exclusively is essential to that balance of powers on which the perfection and endurance of our political fabric depend; and we denounce the lawless invasion by armed force of the soil of any State or Territory, no matter under what pretext, as among the gravest crimes."

Nor was this declaration of the want of power or disposition to interfere with our social system confined to a state of peace. Both before and after the actual commencement of hostilities the President of the United States repeated in formal official communication to the Cabinets of Great Britain and France that he was utterly without constitutional power to do the act which he has just committed, and that in no possible event, whether the secession of these States resulted in the establishment of a separate Confederacy or in the restoration of the Union, was there any authority by virtue of which he could either restore a disaffected State to the Union by force of arms or make any change in any of its institutions. I refer especially for verification of this assertion to the dispatches addressed by the Secretary of State of the United States, under direction of the President, to the ministers of the United States and Paris, under date of 10th and 22d of April, 1861.

The people of this Confederacy then, cannot fail to receive this proclamation as the fullest vindication of their own sagacity in fore-seeing the uses to which the dominant party in the United States intended from the beginning to apply their power, nor can they cease to remember with devout thankfulness that it is to their own vigilance in resisting the first stealthy progress of approaching despotism that they owe their escape from consequences now apparent to the most skeptical.

This proclamation is also an authentic statement by the Government of the United States of its inability to subjugate the South by force of arms, and as such must be accepted by neutral nations, which can no longer find any justification in withholding our just claims to formal recognition. It is also in effect an intimation to the people of the North that they must prepare to submit to a separation, now become inevitable, for that people are too acute not to understand that a restoration of the Union has been rendered forever impossible by the adoption of a measure which from its very nature neither admits of retraction nor can co-exist with union.

Our fields, no longer whitened by cotton that cannot be exported, are devoted to the production of cereals and the growth of stock formerly purchased with the proceeds of cotton. In the homes of our noble and devoted women, without whose sublime sacrifices our success would have been impossible, the noise of the loom and of the spinning wheel may be heard throughout the land. With hearts swelling with gratitude let us, then, join in returning thanks to God, and in beseeching the continuance of His protecting care over our cause, and the restoration of peace with its manifold blessings to our beloved country.

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

# Yankee Methods of Warfare*

Headquarters District of North Carolina

New Bern, N. C., August 11, 1864.

E. M. Stanton,
Secretary of War, Washington, D. C.

Sir:—

The nature of the proposition I shall make in this communication must be the excuse I offer for sending direct to you. There is in the State of North Carolina, in proximity to our lines, quite a large supply of cotton which I am convinced can be procured for the Government if I can be permitted (to use) my own extraordinary means of obtaining it. This cotton has been inland for a long time, or a great deal of it hid away for the purpose of keeping it from the Rebel Government or from raiding parties of our forces. The owners have in many instances expressed a perfect willingness to dispose of it to our Government, but the first attempt to get it from the hiding-places to points where I could receive it would be the cause of its being seized or destroyed by the Rebels. The owners, too, in most cases, are men who have had the confidence of the former commander of Plymouth, and before the fall of that place promises of assistance to get the cotton within our lines were made.

Now, I would propose to obtain this cotton in this way: Whiskey will draw cotton when nothing else will, and a trustworthy, honorable man here makes the proposition to place at points where I can easily send for it some hundreds of bales, at the rate of a bale of cotton for a barrel of whiskey. Now, a bale of cotton is worth to the Government at least $500.00 over and above the cost of transportation, and the common whiskey is worth, or costs the Government here, say $50 to $60. It is probable that from 1,500 to 2,000 bales can be procured in this way, thus placing a large amount of money into the hands of the Government, and at the same time we put this cotton out of the way of the rebels. They will, I fear, sooner or later get it if we do not. Then the whiskey will do our enemies no good. It will do them more harm, and

*Told by correspondence of United States Officers.

for my part I would not care how much they had if we could get sinews of war in exchange for it. It is no use for us to send raiding parties for this cotton or to send agents to purchase it with our money; thus would we insure its destruction. As a matter of course the person who is to procure the cotton is worthy of his hire, and that he is willing to leave to you or to me if his propositions be accepted. It is my impression that the one-tenth of all cotton so procured ought to be a sufficient reward.

I beg an early reply to this, and if the plan seems a good one, I beg that the commissary of subsistence at New York be directed to send at once to the commissary department here 100 barrels of common whiskey; 900 more if I direct a requisition for that amount to be made on him, and still another 900 if the venture should prove a success.

I am, Sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

I. N. PALMER,
Brigadier-General.

---

Headquarters District of North Carolina

New Bern, N. C., September 1, 1865.

Maj. R. S. Davis,
Assistant Adjutant-General, Dept. of Virginia and North Carolina.

Major:—

The matter of collecting the colored men for laborers has been one of some difficulty, but I hope to send up a respectable force. The matter has been fairly explained to the contrabands, and they have been treated with the utmost consideration, but they will not go willingly. Now, I take it that the state of the country needs their services and if they will not go willingly they must be forced to go, and I propose to take all I can find who are in no permanent employment and send them up. As long as the general understands my motives I do not care particularly for the complaint of outsiders. I have promised all the Contrabands I have seized that their pay shall commence from the day of taking them from here. I hope you will direct the quartermaster so to place them on the rolls.

Captain Martin, upon his arrival, will explain more fully the difficulties on the way here.

I am, Major, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

I. N. PALMER,
Brigadier-General.

---

New Bern, N. C., September 1, 1864.

Major-General B. F. Butler:

Comdg. Department of Virginia and North Carolina,

General:—The negroes will not go voluntarily, so I am obliged to force them. I have sent seventy-one and will send this afternoon about 150. I expect to get a large lot tomorrow. I have done all that could be done, but I am not as fortunate as you expected me to be. I shall keep working.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully,

FRED MARTIN,
Captain and Aide-de-Camp.

# The District Meeting Number Thirteen

U. D. C. District No. 13 held its initial meeting at Kinston, April 26. The meeting was well attended and very harmonious. It was opened with prayer by Rev. C. W. Blanchard of the Baptist Church. The welcome was given by Mrs. Alice Fields. Miss May Hendren responded in a most attractive manner. Songs by Mrs. Lloyd Wooten and Mrs. Mable Quinerly were greatly enjoyed by the assembly, as was the brilliant piano playing of Miss Jessie Wilson. Mrs. Felix Harvey, who is district supervisor, stated the object of the district work, asked for reports and discussions by the visitors, and met with many interesting responses.

In a discussion of the school histories of the United States, it was shown that many books objected to by the U. D. C. convention were still in use in the public schools. Miss Hendren asked if the United Daughters of the Confederacy had ever offered a substitute for the histories in use. Mrs. Archbell called attention to the fact that supervisors of schools often found difficulties in having their plans carried out. The teacher of history is required to assign parallel reading and endeavor to counteract the false statements in the textbooks, and in order to do this she must have a superior knowledge of history herself. In many instances the teachers's knowledge of the subject is confined to the objectionable text books, she has no library for research, and little time to devote to research if she had the books required. On a salary that does not increase with the high cost of living it is practically impossible for the average teacher to correct the errors in history that she confronts in the text books.

Carolina and the Southern Cross had a place in most of the reports. The magazine is being used in the Children's Chapters.

The Daughters were appealed to by the editor to work for circulation of this periodical, as on that hangs the success of the work.

The convention of District 13 was entertained at a luncheon by Mrs. Felix Harvey, a reception at 3:30 by Mrs. Alice Fields, after which they were the guests of the A. M. Waddell Chapter for an automobile ride which finished the day at Kinston.

***Subscribe for Carolina and the Southern Cross***

# CORRESPONDENCE

### TO THE DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY

I have been requested to give a short account of my personal experience as one of the Six Hundred who were singled out by the Federal Government for retaliation. It is a story of persecution and cruelty such as few would believe that men could endure and live, and it should be an abler pen than mine to depict it.

I was captured at Spotsylvania, Va., on the 12 of May, 1863. I was taken to Fort Delaware and imprisoned. As to the treatment at Fort Delaware I have little cause of complaint. I do not remember how long I had been at Fort Delaware before I, and others had been called out of our quarters on the open space in front, and ordered to step out and answer when our names were called.

Of course, we were not informed as to what was to happen to us. My name was called as one of 600 officers (we were all officers). The names were taken alphabetically, so many of each grade or letter, making up the total of 600. After the number had been made up, we were ordered to get our blankets and fall in, which we did. We were marched down to the wharf where we were crowded on board a small steamer whose capacity was not sufficient for half the number of people if that. However we were packed on board, and crammed in to what is known on vessels, as between decks, and started, escorted by a gun-boat, and guarded on our boat by a company of infantry. We put to sea, and headed a southern course which led some to think that we were going to be exchanged; but they were sadly disappointed as a few days proved.

One night we were awakened by a feeling that the boat was aground, on what we, in the morning, found out was Cape Romain Shoal. We stuck on the Shoal until about one o'clock next day, when the boat floated off. Fortunately the sea was very smooth. If it had been otherwise, the boat would have beaten in pieces and the most of us, if not all of us, would have been drowned, as we were four or five miles from the beach. As it was, we were packed like sardines between decks, sea-sick, and without sanitary conveniences. Like caged cattle, not humans.

After getting off the Shoal, we continued on until we reached the entrance of Charleston Harbor. Then lying outside of Charleston Harbor for quite a number of days, we suffered greatly in the crowded condition of the boat, for it was mid-summer. All the water we had to drink was an insufficient supply of distilled water, which we had to get whenever we could, and this was **warm.** We had no way to cool it, and when we did get a little we were so thirsty that we drank it eagerly without relieving the desire to drink.

We were at last landed on Morris Island, after having been cooped up on the steamer seventeen or eighteen days. Morris Island was in possession of the Federal Forces and was directly across the mouth of the Harbor from Fort Moultri occupied by the Confederates.

On Morris Island there were two forts, one down on the point near the water and the other some distance back. Directly behind and in the line with the front one, between these two forts, there had been erected a stockade or pen built of pine poles put up endway in the ground, about 20 or 25 feet high, and forming a square pen sufficiently large enough to hold the six hundred prisoners. Here we were placed. Around all sides of this pen on the outside was built a platform on which were the guards, and the guards were **negro soldiers.** Southerners guarded by probably their former slaves. The water we had to drink was what could be got from holes dug in the sand and which was so salty that the more we drank of it the more we wanted, for the salt created a thirst. Our rations in this prison consisted of three or four wormy, mouldy, hardtacks and one ounce of meat and about one tea-cup full of bean or rice soup per day. The location of this pen put us in direct line of the firing from Fort Moultri which in replying to the fire from the Fort directly behind us had to fire over our pen and heads, as did also the Federal Fort behind us, so we were not only under fire from our own people, but in danger from imperfect shells from the Yankee fort, bursting over our heads which quite often happened. After being kept at Morris Island, I do not know how long, we were put on board of an old hulk of a vessel and towed down to Fort Pulaski, Ga., where we were in the casemates of the Fort and given starvation rations, a handful of sour, green corn meal full of worms, and cucumber pickles. This had been condemned as food for the Yankee soldiers.

After boarding(?) at Fort Pulaski, Ga., a while, I, with 200 or 300 others was taken from Pulaski and carried to Hilton Head or Port Royal, S. C., and there placed in an open house where we passed the winter and where we were served with 10 ounces wormy corn meal and 3 or 4 keg pickles per day for 43 days, and as we had no cooking utensils we had to do the best we could in cooking the meal and worms. The place, being a sea-island, the sand was soft so we would build a fire on the sand of drift wood and when it was hot wrap our meal in paper and cover it with the hot sand and bake it that way.

I forgot to state that when landing on Morris Island the Yankees took my blanket from me because it had U. S., marked on it, so there we were on this bleak island in the winter time, in a very open house, with no blanket, no fire and hardly anything to eat, and we suffered fearfully with Scurvy, Pneumonia, etc. Is it any wonder that many died, and that all were so weak and feeble that they could hardly get about? We were constantly invited to take the oath. After spending the winter at this resort, we were sent back to Fort Delaware and remained there until after the war.

After my return to Fort Delaware from my southern trip, I was taken sick with Typhoid Pneumonia, which came near sending me "over the River" but through the mercy of God, I lived through it and got back home. My home at that time was Smithville, N. C. Now Southport, N. C.

Those who may read this account can never have the faintest idea of the sufferings and indignities that we had to submit to, and pray God they may never have to realize them.

It is over, and I with a large majority of my fellow prisoners can look back on a time that tried men's souls and bodies too, with starvation staring us all in the face and actually claiming some.

Through it all we remained true to the cause for which we suffered. Tempted when we were physically reduced to the level of starved brutes, tempted by their oath and their promise; but often insulted and threatened by their brutal negro guards, put over us to add to our humiliation, it required heroism to hold out to the end, and to you who remain comrades, heroes of the six hundred,

I send my greeting, GEO. M. CRAPON,
One of the Six Hundred

### LETTER TO THE PRESIDENT OF NEW BERN CHAPTER

My Dear friend:—

I want to know the price per year of your State paper, "Carolina and the Southern Cross." It is a valuable addition to Southern Literature and should be in the homes of all Southerners.

Yours truly,
MRS. A. J. EMERSON.
3631 W. 30 Ave., Denver Colo.

March 15, 1913.

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To Mrs. Archbell:—

Your esteemed favor of the 2nd inst., lies before me.

You unquestionably have an arduous, important, and patriotic labor before you, viz., to prepare or get before the public "a true history of the part borne by our States, as the war between the States."

In reply to your request for my personal recollections of the last charge made by N. C., troops, at the Surrender of Lee, at Appomattox I beg to say, the same may be found in "Moore's History of North Carolina," and likewise "the Addresses by Distinguished North Carolinians."

If you have not these works in your library, they may be found in the "Confederate Museum," Raleigh, from which you might obtain copies.

These accounts were written in the glow of young manhood. Now, with me, the day is far spent, and I am avoiding needless labor.

Very truly,
WM. R. COX.

---

My Dear Mrs. Archbell:—

Please let me thank you for the reception from you of the March and April numbers of "Carolina and the Southern Cross."

You certainly have done very much hard work, in finding and tracing up so many authentic documents. It is peculiary difficult to explore and find the records of ones own family—at least I have found it so.

You have done a very valuable work for the benefit of North Carolina.

Very truly,
RICH'D H. LEWIS

---

In Court—"Your name is Joshua, prisoner? Are you the Joshua that made the sun stand still."

"No Sir, Ise de Joshua dat made de moon-shine still."

---

It was hoped that the District meetings held by U. D. C. chapters associated together for better work April 26, would have many new children's chapters to report to CAROLINA AND THE SOUTHERN CROSS, but thus far only two of these chapters have been reported, one at Halifax, organized by Miss Nannie M. Gary, and the other at Lumberton by Mrs. T. T. Covington.

These items were sent by Mrs. Gordon Finger who has the editor's thanks.

---

Mrs. B. E. Moore has accepted the leadership of the Jane Hughes Chapter, New Bern, N. C.

---

A veteran requests the publication of the song called "The Soldier's Burial." Will some reader send this magazine the poem?

"Hark to the shrill trumpet's calling,
It pierceth the soft summer air,
Tears from each comrade are falling,
For the widow and orphan are there."

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NEW BERN, N. C.

D. E. HENDERSON
ATTORNEY AT LAW

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# CAROLINA
## AND THE
# SOUTHERN CROSS

HISTORY NOT HATRED, NOR SECTIONAL STRIFE

*Dedicated to our busy people who always have time to make history but never time for research*

JUNE NUMBER

"Out of its scabbard! Never hand
Waved sword from stain as free;
Nor purer sword led braver band,
Nor braver bled for a brighter land,
Nor brighter land had a cause as grand,
Nor cause, a chief like Lee.

"Forth from its scabbard! all in vain!
Forth flashed the sword of Lee!
'Tis shrouded now in its sheath again,
It sleeps the sleep of our noble slain,
Defeated, yet without a stain,
Proudly and peacefully."

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# Carolina and the Southern Cross

VOLUME 1 KINSTON, N. C., JUNE, 1913 NUMBER 4

## THE OFFICER'S FUNERAL

BY MRS. NORTON

Hark! to the shrill trumpet calling,
It pierceth the soft summer air.
Tears from each comrade are falling
For the widow and orphan are there.
The bayonets earthward are turning,
And the drum's muffled breath rolls around;
But he heeds not the voice of their mourning,
Nor awakes to the bugle's sound.

Sleep soldier, though many regret thee
Who stand by thy cold bier today.
Soon, soon shall the kindest forget thee,
And thy name from the earth pass away.
The man thou didst love as a brother
A friend in thy place will have gained,
Thy dog shall keep watch for another,
And thy steed by a stranger be reined.

But tho hearts that now mourn for thee sadly
Soon joyous as ever shall be,
Tho thy bright orphan boy may laugh gladly
As he sits on some kind comrade's knee,
There's one who shall still pay thee duty
Of tears for the true and the brave,
As when first in the bloom of her beauty
She wept o'er her dead soldier's grave.

NORTH CAROLINA STATE LIBRARY

# PHYLLIS

*(Continued from May Number)*

Breakfast was served in the hall by candle light. Peter had to be up and away very early, and everybody came down to see him off. Morton had engaged to drive him to a certain point where the men who were detailed to serve with him had agreed to meet him. All knew that this might be the last gathering of the Albawood family in unbroken numbers, but no one gave any sign of such a thought. It had been the custom of this family to discuss only pleasant and cheerful subjects at their table, and the natural exuberance of youth enabled the younger set to discourage dismal forebodings while sympathy with their feelings prompted the elders to encourage their happy point of view. Marie entertained the family with some of her boarding school experiences and teased Susie by telling of some ridiculous conquests she had made among passing soldier boys. Morton told of an adventure he had had in the backwoods and spoke of a bad omen. Phyllis had been very busy with the breakfast of Rowena-Rebecca and had taken little notice of the conversation until Morton mentioned the omen, then she rose to the occasion.

"Mother," she said, "Did you hear Buddie Morton say 'oman? Why he talks like a negro and right before Miss Susie, too." The outburst of laughter that followed was astonishing to Phyllis. She did not wait to hear an audible reply, but heard them laughing after she had slipped away and seated herself on the front doorstep.

She whispered to the big rag doll, "They are laughing at me, they are laughing at me." Peter found her there just as day broke on the eastern horizon, and big tears were chasing each other down her cheeks and falling unheeded on Rowena's upturned face. "Peter," said Phyllis sorrowfully, "you laughed at me." "I didn't do any such thing," said Peter, "I laughed at Mort for getting corrected, you little termagant."

"Now," said Phyllis, "you are calling me names." "Well if I am," said Peter, "they are pet names," and he seized her in his arms and kissed her. "Stop crying, or I shall throw you right over the house," said Peter, tossing her up to the eaves and catching her as she fell. This was delightful to Phyllis. Peter had often tossed her up before he went to be a soldier, and the clouds were soon dispelled.

"Why Phyllis," said Peter, picking up the doll from the ground, "I have heard of people crying out their eyes, but you have cryed out this baby's eyes." Phyllis was much concerned, but Peter always had a remedy for her troubles. He took some drawing pencils from his pocket, and Rowena-Rebecca looked at her out of a pair of bright, blue eyes, and smiled again with rosy lips. "O Peter dear, you *are* such a comfort," said Phyllis.

"All ready Peter," shouted Morton from the gate and hastily kissing his little sister, the soldier boy turned to clasp his mother in his arms. Soon good byes were all spoken and the boys drove away just as the gay song of birds greeted the rising sun.

The girls did not linger long behind for Mr. Albawood drove them over to the plantation of Marie's aunt where Cousin Betty was visiting. Phyllis heard her mother giving orders to the servants, and among other things she said that Caroline must prepare a luncheon for the little children next day; that there would be no meals prepared for the family, except the servants, until after sundown, because the President of the Confederacy had proclaimed a fast day. Later when Phyllis was reading her lessons she was reminded of what her mother had said about a fast day. "Then King David humbled himself before the Lord, in sack clothe and ashes, and refused to eat," read Phyllis.

"Mother," she said, "did David keep fast day?" "Yes," replied her mother. "Well God let that baby die so what was the use?"

"What did David do after the child died?" asked Mrs. Albawood.

"Then King David arose and washed himself and called for food, and his servants marvelled," read Phyllis.

"Yes," said Mrs. Albawood, "Who knows how David would have acted if he had not have humbled himself before the Lord." "Fasting and prayer brought him close to the Lord, and then he was able to submit to God's will, no matter what the answer was. He was able to arise and put away sorrow and God honored David by using him on that occasion to send a message of hope to the whole world for all time. It was David who lifted the veil and gave us a glimpse of God's purpose concerning the dead, he said, 'The child can not return to me, but I shall go to him.' Think what a blessing that message has been to those who sorrow for their dead, and remember that it followed a season of fasting and prayer."

Mrs. Albawood had been speaking to her own soul, for she had forgotten that Phyllis was only a little child and she was somewhat startled when Phyllis asked, "Mother, may I keep fast tomorrow?"

"You Phyllis? Why you are too little to fast all day."

"That baby's mother that went to Richmond asked me to pray for her husband to come home after the war. She said that God heard children's prayers because children believe that God listens. If President Davis asked everybody to fast and pray, maybe he meant children too."

Mrs. Albawood took the child on her lap and looked into her eyes. "Little daughter," she said, "It is a serious thing to come into the presence of God when a nation is in peril. If you think that you can be reverent enough, and not treat such an opportunity as a plaything you have my permission to fast at least for half the day."

Then this Confederate mother explained to the child that Mr. Davis, Generals Lee and Jackson, and many others in the government and army of the Confederacy were devout Christian people who believed that we must consult the Lord in all our ways, and if God allowed us to be defeated that the fault was in ourselves and not in God. Because Mr. Davis believed in the power of God, he appointed many of these days. Sometimes we were asked to return thanks to God after a great victory. Sometimes after defeat, we humbled ourselves before God and asked him to remove our sins that had caused us to lose the victory, but whatever turn the affairs of the Confederacy took, God was our refuge, and He would surely direct our steps. Mrs. Albawood told Phyllis that General Butler would not allow the people in New Orleans to keep fast day. He forbade their assembling in their churches to keep fast days or thanksgiving days that had been proclaimed by Jefferson Davis. Also he had hanged a native North Carolinian there for no offence except that he had pulled down the U. S. flag before New Orleans had surrendered. The man's name was William Mumford. Also, Butler had treated women with inhuman cruelty.

Mr. Davis and General Lee wrote to the Lincoln government and asked if the reports were true, and that government would not answer, but Mr. Lincoln wrote to Congress asking that one of the swords that Butler had sent to him from New Orleans should be presented to General Butler as a mark of honor. The swords were heirlooms in an old New Orleans family and Mr. Lincoln showed by this act that he approved what General Butler had done.

"Ah," though Phyllis, "If only they can get rid of Lincoln this war would soon be over. He seems to be at the bottom of all the trouble," and she decided then and there that at least her own little prayer on Fast Day should be directed against Abraham Lincoln, but she did not speak her though. It was the habit of the child to reason out things according to her own logic and the result of her reflection was a very earnest plea that Mr. Lincoln be annihilated so that the fighting might cease and the soldiers could come home.

Phyllis went early to bed so tired that she knew nothing until the fast day had dawned. Even while the dew was still on the grass, people were walking past the house on the way to the church where congregations of all beliefs assembled on Sundays to worship.

Buggies, carts and carriages filled with women, children and a few old men spoke eloquently of the interest that the President's proclamation held for them. They had sent their best and dearest to uphold their belief in the righteousness of their cause, and they were not afraid to prostrate themselves before High Heaven, and ask God's blessing upon the course they had been forced to pursue in order to drive back the invaders of their firesides and maintain their rights bequeathed to them in the Constitution of their country.

It seemed strange to Phyllis to see the breakfast table unset. Her father was having the animals fed and preparing a conveyance to take his wife and little girl to church. Mrs. Albawood, after giving orders to the servants, withdrew to her room. "Mother is going to say her prayers before she starts to church," thought Phyllis, "and I shall try to do just as she does."

Telling the nurse to call her when her mother was ready, the child climbed the fence and went to her "playhouse" in a grove of young pines a few yards from the house. She had been used to a form of prayer which she could repeat quite fluently, but now that she had voluntarily assumed the duty to pray for the good of the Confederacy, she felt awkward and overawed in the Great Presence whose power she had come to invoke. Her prayer in the little hut had been almost involuntary and she had a more personal cause for it. Now, in spite of the fact that she was sure that the cause of the trouble was in the White House, she did not know how to put her petition into

words. She knelt down a silent little figure in the presence of One who could grant any request. The great King of Israel was no longer her inspiration. She could only think of a little child, the boy Samuel, and she heard herself repeating, "Here am I Lord, Here am I, and I don't know what to tell you to do. You might cast Abraham Lincoln into a lion's den but papa says he would be a tough meal for the lions, and I don't think I would like to have anybody eaten by lions. You might send him to Africa to live with negroes, but he could take a whole heap of them and come back, and I'll have to wait till I get to church to tell you what to do. Amen."

Phyllis arose from her knees and walked slowly towards the fence. She had undertaken a great responsibility for the Confederacy and she felt a great sense of failure. Turning she retraced her steps to her altar beneath the pines. Kneeling on the ground, she repeated again, "Here am I Lord. Please don't think I have changed my mind; I can't tell you how to do it, but I think you had better get Abraham Lincoln out of the way. Amen."

Feeling that she had made her opinion a little clearer to God, Phyllis ran in answer to her nurse's call and found her mother already seated in a buggy laden with packages that were her own share of a contribution to be sent from the women of her neighborhood to Richmond. Phyllis knew that those things were to be used for the desperately wounded, the dying, and even the dead, and that the articles contributed by her mother were the most eagerly sought after by those who packed the boxes or barrels that went to the front. They were intended for the North Carolina hospital at the capital, but years after, Phyllis was surprised to hear a Confederate veteran declare that the North Carolina wards were not as well provided for as other state hospitals, because those who received the supplies gave the lion's share of things sent from the state to others, and the Tar Heels had what was left. It was like North Carolina to give the best that she had and *leave someone else* to see that her soldiers received their due.

To the women at home, any Confederate soldier was welcome to a share of what they sent, but naturally they sent their supplies to the North Carolina wards. Statistics show that they sent more than other states, but the testimony of our sick and wounded proves that others were given the preference, and North Carolina men would get into other wards "by hook or by crook" in order to get better fare. This shows that human nature cropped out sometimes, even in the Confederacy. Mr. Albawood had managed to establish a line of communication with New Bern after his escape, that was very helpful to the sick and wounded of Lee's army, and Mrs. Albawood's patriotism prompted her to give every item, so obtained, to those whose lives might be saved or lost by what she sent or withheld. Leaving the packages at a house on the road, she promised to stop on her return from church and help with the final work and packing.

The road soon began to look as though a great caravan was on its way to some Mecca to which all faces turned. The lame, the halt, the blind, the maimed. Old men and women who trembled with the weight of years, little boys who ought to have been counted as children, but who had already assumed the responsibility of men on their absent father's plantations, women in the prime of life, who having given husbands and sons for the defense of their country, had undertaken cheerfully the burden of life at home, young girls whose hopeful eyes saw everything through roseate curtains, and whose spirits nothing could quench and quiet maidens who watched the lists of the dead, wounded and missing for the names of those who already shared a grave with hundreds whose mingled bones could never be identified.

In all that throng of all grades of society that a common Cause had brought so close together that each could feel and understand the other's heart-beats, none felt the gravity of the occasion more than little Phyllis Albawood, who like Saul of Tarsus, had learned the Law and the Prophets, and now sat absorbed in trying to determine how she should demand an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, or how she could impress the All Powerful Judge of the World with the thought that possessed her mind; that removing the man who approved of all the evil things of which she heard daily, would swiftly put an end to those things and leave no one to reward the wicked Yankees who did them.

The conversation along the route in no wise had a tendency to soften this belief. Mrs. Albawood's buggy wound in and out among the carts and wagons that almost blocked the rear of the procession until it became fixed for a while between two vehicles. In front in a cart driven by a small boy, an old man sat on a hickory chair and steadied himself with a heavy stick made of the same material. He had a shrewd seeking look on his face and had evidently been a local politician in his day. He still kept up with the news.

"When did you hear from your boys Mrs. Lane?" he said, addressing a woman who drove in a double-seated conveyance in the rear.

"I haven't heard," she answered quietly, "since the last battle. Their names were not among the slain nor the wounded."

"Prisoners maybe," said the man, "Know what Lincoln is going to do with our prisoners now? Jeff Davis said he was going to send all the negro soldiers made prisoners, back to their owners. He said Abe didn't have any right to force somebody else's slaves to fight for him. Now, Abe Lincoln says that every time a negro soldier is sent to his master he will have a ball and chain put on a Confederate soldier and work him like a convict. Let's see, you have six sons in the army, haven't you?"

"Only four, the oldest twins were nearly nineteen. They were killed when their father was killed at Gaines' Mill. The next pair were nearly eighteen. They joined in their brothers' places, and when the third pair were seventeen I let them go too. Now if old Abe Lincoln puts a ball and chain on my four boys I shall be sorry that these two are not old enough to fight him and his hirelings and negroes. Mr. Davis need not send any of my negroes back after Lincoln has made soldiers of them and corrupted them, I would not have them."

Phyllis looked back to see the speaker. She was a small creature with beautiful white hands that held the reins firmly. On the seat behind her were two negro girls, each holding a baby boy two years old. The babies and nurses were eating biscuit made of the coarse sifting from wheat, commonly known as grudgeons.

The road widened, and Mrs. Albawood drove on, but everywhere people talked of some outrage in the policy of Abraham Lincoln, and Phyllis became quite certain concerning what she ought to ask God to do.

At the church a large crowd had gathered. It was pathetically lacking in men, especially young men or those in the prime of life.

The clergyman, in his white robe, made Phyllis think of the picture of a priest who offered the sacrifice, in the big Bible at home. She did not understand his petitions and as far as she could hear he did not say *what* people ought to ask God to do. The prayers were all about the soldiers going into battle, and the answer was left to God's own choice or will.

Thought Phyllis: "If these people don't ask God for what they want how is He going to answer? I know what I want God to do, and I am going to tell Him" and she gave no more attention to the preacher. Around her everywhere women were moving their lips and wiping their eyes. The tragedy of it, the *Pity* of it all smote her little heart most painfully.

"Here am I God. Here am I," she said, "And I know what I want you to do. Just kill Abraham Lincoln and be done with it. You can kill him any way you please, but please kill him before he can put Peter or Morton in a chain gang. Amen."

"Amen," said the preacher, and the people arose from their knees and sang, "How Firm a Foundation."

People gathered in little groups around the chapel and exchanged what news they had. The heart of many a wife and mother stood still at the mention of the approaching battle; but heroically they discussed the contributions that were to be forwarded to Richmond next day, and some who lived in isolated neighborhoods gave Mrs. Albawood old linen sheets and garments of soft fine linen that had been worn by happy brides. These were to be made into bandages to be used in the hospitals.

No luncheons were eaten at the chapel that day, except among nurses and very small children. One lady who had been giving food to her little ones came toward Phyllis with a tempting biscuit. "Take it Phyllis," she said, "I expect your mother forgot to bring you any dinner," "No thank you," said Phyllis shyly, "No thank you."

"Take it," said the lady, "It's a real wheat biscuit without any meal in it, and it is good too." "I know," said Phyllis, "but—but I am fasting and I must not eat," she said solemnly.

"Oh!" and the lady looked queer. "Mrs. Albawood do you mean to say that you consented to let that baby fast?"

"Ah!" said Mrs. Albawood, "We may be obliged to let our babies fast more than one day, before this terrible war ends, and even our babies can be taught that there are some things more important than bread."

"Phyllis," she continued, "You may eat the buscuit if you choose. I think half a day is enough for little girls to fast." But Phyllis had determined to give this day to God and the Confederacy. Her unregenerate little soul had invoked the God of Law and Vengeance, but she had prayed according to her light, and nothing could tempt her, knowingly to spoil the effect of her prayer.

The afternoon was spent at a neighbor's where the women had gathered to pack supplies for the hospital at Richmond. Phyllis and a little girl near her own age helped to roll bandages, but Mrs. Albawood fearing to tax her too much, sent the children to walk in the field.

Now, Phyllis had grown very self important since her mother had told her that she was fasting. All the ladies exclaimed about what a wonderful child

she was, and Mollie, her little girl acquaintance, became a little envious. Phyllis always thought that Mollie set a trap to effect her downfall, because she led the way across a field where they had often gathered may-pops or the fruit of the passion flower, that grew profusely there.

Mollie told Phyllis about the recovery of her young sister's husband who had been brought home to die some time before. Mrs. Albawood had helped to nurse the wounded soldier, and had sent Phyllis and her nurse to take him nice things to eat as he grew stronger. Now he was growing restless, and often spoke of returning to the army, but "Nettie," his wife was afraid for him to go just yet, and cried every time he spoke of it. Phyllis noticed that Mollie's eyes looked large and bright as she talked, and she thought of the green lights that she had seen in a cat's eyes when it was intent on a hunt. Soon Mollie slapped her hands together with a shout.

"I knew you'd do it. I knew you'd do it," she laughed.

"Do what?" demanded Phyllis, and then she realized that she had broken her fast and Mollie was rejoicing.

Phyllis flew at the girl with clenched fists, "you knew I was going to eat that may-pop seed and you knew I was not thinking, and you let me do it," Phyllis' voice was choked with sobs. "Oh! You looked at me like a cat, and I shall never let you touch Rowena-Rebecca again."

Phyllis ran to the house, and with her arms around her mother's neck sobbed out the shame and disgrace of her failure. "O mother do you think God will let one little maypop seed ruin my fast day?" she cried.

"Why no Phyllis," consoled her mother, "It is not what goes into our months that matters so much. I am afraid you have fasted too long, and it is time to go home to supper. The sun is nearly down."

The child was greatly comforted by her mother's assurance, but the time came when she would have been overjoyed to feel that a maypop seed had kept her prayer from being effectual.

As the Albawood's buggy rolled out through the gate Phyllis heard the wounded soldier's wife call out to their hostess:

"Mother, William has just received an order to go back to Richmond to his regiment, and I'm going too."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

# NORTH CAROLINA AT HOME

## The Sixty-seventh Regiment

By Henry C. Whitehurst

After the fall of New Bern and the retreat of the Confederate forces to Kinston Company I of the 10th Artillery Regiment, Captain J. N. Whitford, was detached for the purpose of serving as scouts and pickets. This company had been at the battle below New Bern and served the artillery in Fort Thompson with terrible effect upon the enemy's overwhelming masses. In this battle Burnside's forces amounted to 16,000 men, assisted by his fleet. The Confederate troops, outside the hastily called out militia, did not amount to 3,000 men.

As the regiments were all twelve month volunteers they were being reorganized for the war, and according to a custom prevailing on such occasions one-half of the men had been sent home on furlough. Nevertheless, the carnage among the enemy was very great according to their number, and much of their heavy loss was occasioned by the steadiness and determination of Captain Whitford's company, the artillerymen in Fort Thompson.

This company then numbering nearly a hundred was the nucleus upon which was formed the 67th North Carolina Regiment. While the company was serving as scouts and pickets its work was often performed inside the Federal lines; and very frequently when scouting parties returned to their camp from some expedition within the "Yankee" lines a number of young men loyal to the South would accompany them and enlist in Capt. Whitford's company. The number of these recruits thus enlisted at length became so great that Captain Whitford was authorized to form a separate batallion.

After the formation of a batallion the number of recruits continued gradually to increase until at length it was found that a full regiment of companies might be formed, whereupon a regiment was organized which being the sixty-seventh that North Carolina had placed in the war, was called the 67 N. C. Troops.

The material of which this regiment was formed was drawn almost entirely from a section of country dominated by the enemy or immediately in contact with their lines.

The men with very few exceptions were quite young, some of them youthful enough to have formed a part of the Junior Reserves. There were a few men of advanced years but the great majority were unmarried young men, all volunteers, and nearly all had voluntarily left the enemy's lines to cast their lots in with the struggling Confederates and patriots of their native state.

Theirs was undoubtedly a patriotic choice. Apparently, their material interests would have been best served by remaining within the Federal lines with those who seemed to have the largest armies, and all the navy. They had seen those who called themselves "Union Soldiers" come upon our shores in overwhelming numbers, become victorious at Hatteras, Roanoke Island, and New Bern, and invest the land with overflowing ranks. They had seen our rivers and sounds swarming with fleets which we could not match, and they knew that those who made friends with the invaders had many favors bestowed upon them.

The volunteers of the 67th Regiment had been subjected to many influences calculated to deter them from joining in with their brethren of the South, that did not reach those residing in a part of the country not subject to the enemy; but a pure patriotism moved these young men, and they determined to be faithful to their duty as they heard the call.

In many cases these young recruits were they who had not volunteered in the beginning of the war because they were not qualified as to age, for soldiers, but the lapse of a year or two had brought them further toward man's estate, and the invader at their fireside aroused their awakening manhood to resistance.

It was the influence and efforts of Company I of the 10th Artillery on duty as scouts, that brought about the formation of this regiment and made its organization possible. It was their character and determination that procured for the Confederacy the services of nearly 1,000 young men, many of whom would probably not have left their homes, but for the influence exerted by Company I.

After the formation of the regiment under these circumstances it was deemed best by the Confederate Government to assign them to the special duty of guarding and defending the section of country east of the W. and W. Railroad, this great railroad being a most important artery for the supply of the armies around Richmond.

Very often, with a small force of cavalry besides, this regiment *contained the only troops between the enemy* in New Bern, Washington and Plymouth, and the line of communication between the Confederate Capital and the South. In consequence this regiment was nearly always in motion, the companies being frequently detached and sent into different parts of the country so as to patrol the roads, scour the woods near and within the enemy's line, and keep close watch on his movements.

At one time there was a company at Swift Creek, another in Jones County, near Pollocksville, another between Kinston and Bachelor's Creek, another at Burney's Cross Roads, and about thirty from the various companies, picked men, scouting within the enemy's lines often within his very camp and fortifications.

These frequently were engaged in skirmishing with the enemy, whose forces were in greatly superior numbers. On such occasions, after exchanging a few shots, our scouts would find shelter in the woods, and making their way by paths unknown to their assailants, would soon have an account of the enemy's movements at headquarters.

On account of the peculiar service to which this command was assigned, it was not often a participant in a general engagement where great numbers were arrayed, but in a few instances in which it was so engaged, the behavior of those who were marshalled under its flag was always creditable.

As an illustration of the readiness and devotion of the men composing the 67th regiment to perform any duty assigned them as became soldiers and patriots, an account of the battle of South-West Creek may be here instanced.

The spring of 1865 opened with gloomy prospects for the Confederacy. The million soldiers of the North were slowly but surely overrunning the South and closing in upon the depleted armies. The forces of the Confederacy did not comprise one-fifth of their enemy's number, and yet after four years of war, the battle-flag of the Confederate States was as bravely and defiantly borne in the last struggle as when victory perched upon it at Bull Run and Chancellorsville.

Sherman with a great army had reached the borders of North Carolina. Terry was marching from Wilmington, Schofield from New Bern to form a junction with Sherman at Goldsboro. The Confederate plan was to engage these armies in detail and, if possible, to vanquish them before they should make a junction.

With this object in view, General Bragg, with his command, met Schofield a few miles below Kinston, and took up a position on South-West Creek. After a day spent in making breast-works, and skirmishing

with the enemy. General Hoke was sent to open the battle. The 67th N. C. Regiment was at this time attached to Hoke's division.

Some time after midnight, General Hoke marched out from the works by a circuitous route, and threw his men between a brigade of the enemy and Schofield's main army, and in the rear of the brigade. This brigade was posted directly in front of the Confederate line at a bridge crossing the creek, and it was necessary to drive them away so that the Confederates might cross the creek to attack Schofield. The 67th Regiment was ordered forward to deploy and open the fight. The regiment then left the main line and proceeded in columns about two hundred yards toward the enemy. It was then formed in line of battle, after which it was ordered to proceed forward about one hundred yards further and then to deploy as skirmishers. All the other regiments with Hoke in this enterprise were veterans from many a historic field, and the 67th Regiment had never yet participated in a general engagement with the great armies of the war. Their reputation in the opinion of these veterans was not very high, and their bearing and conduct was narrowly watched, while many disparaging predictions concerning them were indulged in. It soon gave evidence that such predictions were not prophecy. It now encountered and passed an ordeal altogether unexpected, for it fell into an ambuscade of greatly superior numbers. The Regiment had taken but a few steps toward the point at which it was to deploy, when the enemy heretofore silent and unseen, rose from the bushes about fifteen or twenty yards in front and opened fire upon the 67th with musketry and artillery along the whole line. For one moment there was wild confusion, and conflicting orders from the officers. The line scattered toward the rear until it was about twenty feet wide. But the cry "Rally! Rally!" was heard near the colors. The word went down the line right and left, and very soon the whole Regiment was dressed upon its advancing flag as perfectly as when drilling in camp. The enemy's fire was returned, the Regiment rushed forward to still closer quarters, and upon the rest of the division coming up, assisted in routing and capturing the enemy's brigade, arms and artillery. All who participated were greatly pleased with the conduct of the 67th. One distinguished officer who was watching this regiment with much interest and anxiety, when he saw it rally so finely under the sudden and scathing attack, threw up his hat in his enthusiasm and delight and exclaimed, "By Heaven, they fight like devils."

This officer was Colonel Nethercutt, as brave a man as ever faced a foe. He escaped the fatalities of many battles to be shot down by an unseen hand after the war was over. He was sitting with his family at evening suspecting no danger. He fell with the Book of God in his hand, and the word of God in his heart. His murderer has never been found by human law, but that God with whom this war-worn soldier was in communion will not forget this foulest murder of a lawless time.

# THE BOY WITH THE FLAG

HENRY C. WHITEHURST

Some years ago the writer of this sketch was sitting on the veranda of a health resort, when a gentleman approached her and remarked—"I wonder if you are a relation of Henry Whitehurst?" "Yes," I answered, "he has been my hero ever since I could remember. I am his sister." "Well," said the gentleman, "He has been my hero too ever since we were soldiers together. I think he was the bravest man I ever knew. If I had not have been quick to shoot first and kill a Yankee who was aiming at him, your brother would not have been alive to-day, young lady. You know it was the duty of the color guard to see that the man who carried the flag was protected. He could not defend himself, because he needed both hands to keep the flag up and flying. Our regiment the 67th, had been attached to Hoke's Division and he chose us to lead the fight at Southwest Creek because perhaps, some of us were familiar with the surrounding country. Anyhow we had to lead, and we marched right into an ambush of Yankees who opened fire on us with such force that everybody rushed back in a panic, everybody except Lieutenant Whitehurst with the flag of the 67th. He was only a boy but he rallied that regiment. Of course the guard could not forsake the colors, and the colors were in front. The cry: "Rally, rally, rally," coming

from the man with the flag, brought the 67th straight into line of battle and the fun began. I was not the only one of the guard who killed a man to save our ensign that day. He seemed to be utterly unconscious of himself. His whole mind was centered on that flag. The staff was shot off just above his hand and the flag went down for a moment, but he had it up again splicing it to something temporarily till he got a chance to fasten it to a staff captured that day from the enemy. Hoke won the battle and captured a brigade, and the 67th came in for a share of the glory. Lieutenant Whitehurst, was congratulated on all sides. Our men were proud of him because he did not put on any airs. He seemed to be unconscious of having done anything. He was a modest, refined young fellow, and the men respected him. He carried a Greek Testament in his pocket and read it often. He said he did not want to forget any Greek for he was preparing for college when the war broke out and he might get a chance to go after the war was over. I never saw him countenance a wrong act, and his ideals would have satisfied "Mars Robert" himself.

On one occasion a detail commanded by Lieutenant Whitehurst, captured a Yankee. Josh—— was ordered to disarm him and in going through his pockets he found a gold watch. "Lieutenant," sang out Josh, "May I have his watch?" "No Josh," he said, "I would not take his watch, let him keep it." "Well" Josh grumbled, "I had just as well have it as anybody, and somebody will take it if I don't, and very likely he stole it anyhow. "That may be true," said Lieutenant Whitehurst, "but no one can say that we took it," and that Yankee kept his watch.

The veteran who told this story was named Patriek. I think he was from Green County. I had never heard the story before, but I had seen the flag. Soon after hearing this I met another of my brother's color guard named "Taylor." He gave me almost the same account of the Southwest Battle, and I determined to get the account from my brother.

"Why," I asked him, "have you allowed me to grow up in ignorance of your experience as a soldier?" He said that he always felt sad when he thought of the war. The fact that everything was lost after such a struggle, made it a subject to be avoided. I did not agree with him. I told him what the two men had said about him and drew the story from him as he remembered it.

He said: "I thought General Hoke the bravest man I ever saw. He seemed utterly unconscious of danger and walked about directing the preparations for battle as calmly as if the shells that whizzed through the air were blank cartridges. At the same time he was careful about the soldiers."

"Stay behind the works men," he ordered, "there is no need of exposing yourself and drawing the enemies fire."

"Well General Hoke," someone said, "You are exposing yourself."

"That is different," replied Hoke, "I must attend to the work, but you keep under cover."

"I was proud of the 67th at Southwest Creek because they showed those old veterans how they could fight. They met a terrible fire right in the beginning and it demoralized them, but they rallied splendidly."

"Tell me about *yourself*," I urged. "What did *you* do?"

"Why they made a fuss over what I did and it embarrassed me very much, because I did not know what they were congratulating me about. I really could not recall a single act of mine that would account for their feeling.

"Gen. Hoke spoke to me after the battle and told me I had saved him a great deal of trouble and commended me for my conduct. I thanked him but after thinking about it I concluded that he had mistaken me for someone else. The men kept it up.

"I started to join a group that had a Yankee prisoner. I heard the prisoner remark that the man with the flag did the bravest thing he had ever seen. I turned away, and went to look for Colonel Nethercutt. He met me with congratulations as the others had done, and I said: 'Colonel, I was looking for you, to ask you to please tell me what I did. I have thought of everything I have done to-day and I cannot remember a single thing to draw forth such commendation.' "

"Well," said the Colonel, "You rallied your regiment and carried your colors ahead of them into battle, just as if you were on dress parade."

"Why I thought that was the way to do," I answered.

"So it was," he said, "but it is not always done that way."

"I was regularly enrolled for some months after I began to serve the Confederacy. People seemed to think me too young but I carried dispatches to General Robert Ransom. Enlisted in Ransom's brigade. D. H. Hill's division as a private. Transferred to 67th when the company was transferred. I was commissioned Ensign with rank of 1st Lieut. My name appears in published roll among staff officers as Henry Whitehurst, without the middle initial.

(*Continued on Page 11*)

**Carolina and the Southern Cross**

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L. V. ARCHBELL . . . . Editor

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## PATRIOTIC DEVOTION

"The Officer's Funeral," was said to be one of the popular songs in camp, and the reason is obvious, for in spite of the gloomy predictions concerning all others, the soldier held the hope that one woman would hold him in her memory.

It could not be possible for any army of soldiers to be braver or nobler than those of the Confederacy. They believed in the women of the South, and when we contemplate the magnificent work that has been accomplished by our memorial associations and our Daughters of the Confederacy, we know that our soldiers went to their death with the right conception of the Southern woman. She began after the war, when everything appeared lost and ruined, to gather the bones of the Confederate dead, to separate them from those of the enemy, and give them decent burial. She was forbidden to raise their fallen flag above them, or follow their bleached remains in procession along the street, but nothing daunted, she did all that the Yankee provost marshal would allow her to do. She formed her procession within the gate of the cemetary and honored her dead with Christian burial. She was very quiet about it, the heel of the conqueror was upon her neck, and she did not dare to show how she felt. Who could resist her gentle dignity, as she asked leave to care for the dead! The first step was taken thus in humility, and nothing could be more unobtrusive. She was only a woman with a petition so womanly that the rough invader could find no excuse to deny it.

Next we see her going about the streets upon a very different mission, and *not* for the dead. Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederacy, had been made a vicarious sacrifice for the South. The Hand Cuffs that Nelson Miles has rattled in the face of the South when he attempted to dishonor her beloved President, rankled in the heart of the woman. Something must be done to show her late Chieftain that she held him in her heart and her memory and honored him still. No one else would have dared to do it. She found a way. She asked the ruined South for a token of love in the form of money, and this she conveyed to the imprisoned President of the Confederacy He was not allowed to sign his name to a receipt, but he took courage because the women of the South had made him understand that they would not forget.

Then men whom these women invited were allowed in a few places to eulogize the dead. Poems were written and read over the green sod of Confederate graves, and when at last they reverently shook the dust from the Southern Cross and set it to wave above the processions that they had gathered to honor their dead on Memorial day, the world began to realize that the women of the Southern Confederacy *had never surrendered.*

It has often been said that woman is a paradox, and in nothing does she seem more paradoxical, to some than in her patriotism. Ask the Southern woman to show you the flag of her country and she will proudly point to the stars and stripes. She knows full well that it was once perverted from its legitimate course and made to float over wrong and ruin, but she does not choose to remember that time when she now beholds the flag of these United States. She thinks rather of her glorious inheritance of the stars and stripes from her Revolutionary ancestors, whose valor won it and set it afloat over her country. It is hers by right of inheritance, and the thought of the conqueror has nothing to do with it. Her patriotic soul protests that it was not she nor hers who dishonored it by placing it in the hands of force and invasion. It is not a fetish to be worshiped and adored with inane sentiment. It is the embodiment of the spirit of Liberty as the Constitution of our fathers held liberty.

The paradox is shown in the ambition that would never rest until the Daughters of the Confederacy had taken the blood stained banner of the South to the Capitol of their country to behold it honored and respected by the head of the nation; and never did the President of the United States appear so noble as when he recognized and acknowledged the exalted patriotism in the Daughters of the Confederacy.

It was given him to see without prejudice that these women held both flags as a birthright embodying principles that were written in the blood of their ancestors. Nothing that either flag stood for, to them, had ever been relinquished or repudiated.

On the Fourth of July when the star-spangled banner and the Declaration of Independence are honored and renewed by extraordinary demonstra-

tions, the Daughter of the Confederacy stands in direct line of descent, counting her forebears from father to son, and steps into her place in the celebration as "native and to the manner born." She has a reason for the faith that is within her concerning the flag of the country.

But on the 10th of May, only one flag receives her homage, that flag that floats above her dead, who fell under the Southern Cross defending her rights that her fathers had gained for her under the stars and stripes.

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Often, when a veteran is asked for data of events that happened in the state of North Carolina during the sixties he will answer. "Oh I don't know! I was off fighting the Yankees." He seems to think that the soldiers at home were merely playing soldier.

Governor Vance did not take this view of the situation and he was constantly visiting the camps, making speeches to the soldiers and trying to keep them satisfied to act as a wall of defense for Lee's Army.

Sometimes the boys would urge him to send them out of the state to engage in some of the great battles. On one occasion the editor heard two veterans recounting their experiences. One said: "I got so tired waiting for the Yankees to come that I wrote to Vance and urged him to send our regiment to the front and let some of those who had been fighting all the time come home."

"Why, I did the same thing," said his brother.

"He wrote me in reply, that the men in North Carolina were serving their country as faithfully as those in Lee's army, and to serve where one's duty called was a patriot's highest service."

"Well, he didn't answer my letter," said the other, but he went down to Fort Fisher and made a speech to the boys, and I took it for an answer, for he replied to every reason I gave for a change."

These brothers were H. C. and M. E. Whitehurst, of New Bern, and the reminiscence shows how faithful in little things, Governor Vance was. He was really great and too much cannot be written about him. He understood the North Carolinians too, and preferred to have natives as state troops. He knew that he could trust them.

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In a later issue we shall have something to say on why Northern Soldiers liked Henry W. Grady's speech and why Southern soldiers could not endorse all that he said.

# THE BOY WITH THE FLAG

*(Continued from Page 9)*

We were attached temporarily to the brigades and divisions of Evans, Robt. Ransom, Hoke, Pettigrew and Deering. I was engaged in the attack on Fort Anderson under General Pettigrew, and a preliminary skirmish near Hartly place where four of the enemy were killed. Also engaged in an attack on Fort Anderson under General Deering.

"With Hoke, I was in the attack on New Bern, fight at Deep Gully, and Battle of Plymouth. I was at the fight at Poplar Point, on Roanoke with Gunboats, at Bellfield, Va. Weldon, N. C., Southwest Creek, below Kinston, Wise Fort. At the Battle of Kinston, N. C., we occupied the position at the extreme left flank. We were at the battle at Cox's Bridge, below Smithfield, N. C., and at Bentonville, N. C. After Johnston's surrender we were surrendered at Swift Creek Bridge and signed parole.

"There were numerous other skirmishes but these are the principle ones."

After this conversation, I found that the 67th regiment had a very meagre report in the State records, owing to the fact that the data gotten up by Col. Whorton and sent to a paper in New Bern for publication, had somehow never been published. I then began to urge my brother to write a sketch of the 67th for me. He never gave it to me, but told me he had collected data for it. I found numerous notes among his papers, after his death. Also, I found the sketch of the 67th Regiment which appears in this number of "Carolina and the Southern Cross" It was yellow and faded and no doubt was written years ago when I first requested it. It was so like him to draw the attention of the reader to Colonel Netherentt, and ignore the part that he took in the battle. No one who reads the sketch would ever dream that the writer of the article was the boy with the flag. The battles of Hatteras, Roanoke Island, New Bern and Kinston, in the first four issues of this magazine were written by him, with painstaking exactitude as to the truth. They are valuable history.

Many beautiful things could be written of this dear brother. His fine intellect, his extensive knowledge of books, his love for the beautiful, poetry, music, and flowers, and his heroic, unmurmuring submission to God's will when he knew that death was near; but this sketch is intended for a record of the time when he was a boy in his teens, and carried the flag of the Southern Confederacy.

LILLIE ARCHBELL.

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Report all failures to receive magazine.

# SIDELIGHTS

## A Daring Deed by Scouts of the Sixty-seventh Regiment

In 1865 about the time that General Schofield's advance compelled the Confederate forces to fall back to Kinston, Wm. Salter, George Hill and Alonza Brewer, while scouting on the Neuse, heard a steamer coming up the river and supposing it to be a Federal gunboat, concealed themselves to obtain whatever information they could by watching it pass. When she came in view, however, she proved to be only a transport with a few passengers and a small escort.

The scouts, after a hurried consultation, resolved to attack, and, if possible, capture and destroy the vessel, so they lined up in the undergrowth along the bank at a bend in the river, and silently awaited her approach. When within close pistol fire they opened fire on the man at the wheel, drove him from the pilot house and, as they expected, the vessel with no one to steer, soon ran ashore, but on the opposite of the river. The crew, passengers and escort not knowing the number of their assailants, in a wild panic, rushed madly into the muddy lowgrounds and made good their escape through the river swamp, much to the satisfaction and amusement of Salter, who was left to guard the prize until Hill and Brewer went two miles up the river, procured a skiff and returned. Then the three scouts crossed over to the captured transport, took all the rations they could carry, set her on fire, and hastened on to overtake their command.

Messrs. Salter and Hill, in narrating the event said "We attacked with our revolvers, firing as rapidly as possible to produce the impression that we had a large force and deceive the enemy, reserving the load in our muskets for the fight which we expected to have with the escort. But the surprise was effective. As the boat neared shore, every one on board rushed into the bow and we were preparing to shoot into the confused crowd, when we discovered it contained several girls, and withheld our fire.

We did not want to hurt the Yankee girls, but could not help laughing at the ludicrous figure they cut "skedadding" through the muddy swamp in their best clothes with the over-large hoop-skirts, usually worn on dress parade, glancing from side to side as they struck the trees and bushes along the line of the route."

H. A. Marshall.

## Made It Even and Captured Squad

John O'Connor, with ten scouts, (Wm. Salter, George Hill, Alonza Brewer, Henry Carawan, Turner May, John French and four others) about four miles from Snow Hill called at the Suggs Place, instead of meeting "Old Man Josiah," his wife and four daughters, as they expected to, they were surprised to find the house full of Federal soldiers whom O'Connor promptly ordered to surrender. The officer in command, noting the number of scouts as they came in, answered, "I don't know about that, we have one majority." "Then I'll even the numbers, replied O'Connor, striking him senseless with his heavy revolver and shouting "Don't shoot boys," leaped on the nearest Yankee. Every scout followed his example, each one attacking the nearest enemy. A regular hand to hand fight ensued. The women screamed, and the men fought, striking with fists, guns and pistols, until Henry Carawan, the smallest scout in the crowd, overpowered his opponent and struck the Yankee Sargeant over the head with his gun. He then surrendered, and the whole squad, twelve in number, were taken prisoners and marched off to Kinston.

One of the scouts, relating the circumstances, said: "O'Connor did not use the good judgment for which he was noted in this instance. We knew that he would not risk injuring Mrs. Suggs and her girls by firing on the Yankees unless the order to fire was given and he ought not to have shouted, "Don't shoot," but let them believe they would be shot down if they did not surrender, and then we would not have had such a hard fight to capture them."

H. A. Marshall.

Wm. Salter enlisted, when a mere lad, in Capt. D. W. Hurt's Company of Colonel Tew's Regiment (the 2nd regiment I think) and served in Virginia until after Captain Hurt was wounded. When he was promoted from captain to major, Salter was transferred to Whitford's regiment and acted as one of O'Connor's Scouts until the war ended. Col. Jno. N. Whitford, was the 67th's commander. The other scouts named were from his regiment also—but I cannot remember from what companies they were all detailed—though Salter and Hill were from Capt. J. H. Tolson's company I think: At any rate, when Salter was arrested for his part in burning the transport, Tolson was the witness who stated that the

three scouts were acting under orders, as they were sent out to destroy any property belonging to U. S. and Salter was released on his evidence.

H. A. M.

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Executive Mansion, Washington, July 30, 1863.

It is therefore ordered that for every soldier of the United States killed in violation of the laws of war a Rebel soldier shall be executed, and for every one enslaved by the enemy or sold into slavery a Rebel soldier shall be placed at hard labor on the public works and continued at such labor until the other shall be released and receive the treatment due to a prisoner of war.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

War Records of the Rebellion.
Series II—Vol. VI.

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Washington, N. C., April 22, 1901.

Mr. Edward Archbell:—

Dear Sir:

Sometime in the year 1895 I wrote a sketch of the 67th Regiment of North Carolina troops in the Confederate war to be included in the history of North Carolina troops now being published. I forwarded the sketch to Judge Walter Clark of Raleigh, who has the supervision of the matter in hand. Judge Clark writes me that he loaned the sketch to another party and it has never been returned. I presume it can not be found. Judge Clark had the sketches published in some North Carolina newspaper as they came in. I advised him to have that of the 67th published in a New Bern paper. I suppose he did so though I never saw a copy of it in print. I would be greatly obliged if you will go to the office of the New Bern Journal and any other paper that was published in New Bern in 1895, and if possible procure a copy of the sketch if it can be found. Unless it is found the Regiment will not be mentioned in the history of North Carolina Confederate Troops.

If you cannot attend to this, please look up some member of the 67th in New Bern and ask him to do it. There used to be several members of that Regiment in New Bern.

I will gladly pay for copying the sketch if it can be found.

Very truly,
R. W. WHARTON.

[This letter marked Sketch *not published* was found among the papers of Henry C. Whitehurst. This serves to show how easily history can be lost. EDITOR.]

## A Letter From the President

Faison, N. C., June 1, 1913.

Dear Mrs. Archbell:—

I think your magazine a "veritable treasure grove" for all lovers of History, and a strong medium for educating the people to a higher appreciation of Southern valor and sacrifice.

I wish all the chapters would read selections from your paper at their meetings. The leaders will find a fund of information to interest the members when their interest lags in the regular meetings. Besides the Daughters should avail themselves of this splendid opportunity to send in papers and preserve unwritten History. As Miss Leazar phrases, it gives her the "living word." The Daughters should rally to your aid with subscriptions, for all your patriotic effort requires substantial backing.

Your magazine fills a long felt want in our U. D. C. work, I think. Personally, I am very grateful for your undertaking, and in addressing the Chapter I have urged the Daughters to read your valuable paper.

I was glad to see in your recent number, the organization of two Children's Chapters. Please report that we have two new Chapters (Daughters); one at Jacksonville, N. C. Mrs. Murrill—President. At Trenton, N. C. Mrs. C. L. Newell—President.

Very sincerely,

MRS. MARSHALL WILLIAMS,
President United Daughters of the
Confederacy of N. C.

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North Wilkesboro Chapter has furnished history for July number. This history is prepared especially for Miss Leazar and is authentic.

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Mrs. J. H. Darden of Lenoir County was one of the Six Hundred that the Honorable Chas. R. Thomas lauded for their endurance in his memorial oration, which is a very useful piece of literature. It was rendered more eloquent if possible by illustrations and quotations recited by Mr. Thomas from memory, not with copy.

I am sure that the U. D. C. division of the state will join with the editor in thanks to Mr. Thomas for making the oration and allowing us to publish it.

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Mrs. Armistead Jones, of Raleigh, kindly responded to the request of a veteran for the words of "The Officer's Funeral."

# Oration Delivered at New Bern May 10, 1913

By Honorable Charles R. Thomas

### THE CAUSES OF THE WAR

In the time which I can properly devote to an address of this character it is not possible to recite the history of the events which led up to the war between the States. Many of them are familiar to you in detail and most of us have a general idea of the causes which produced that mighty struggle.

When this Government was founded and its Constitution framed, in 1789, it was declared therein that the rights not granted to the general government were reserved to the states and the people. The Constitution was understood to be an instrument of enumerated and limited powers granting certain rights to the general government, while not depriving the states of the rights which they had before entering into the compact. There have been, since the beginning of the government, two different constructions placed upon that instrument; by some it has been contended that the Constitution should be liberally construed, and their ideas have tended constantly towards centralization of power in the national government; others have held the idea that the Constitution should be strictly construed and that the powers not vested in the general government were reserved to the states. The latter is the construction placed upon the instrument by Thomas Jefferson and by the people of the South in 1861.

The question of the right to hold slaves was, indeed, involved in the war but it was a mere incident to the broader right claimed by the Southern people to govern and control their own local affairs and to maintain unimpaired the rights reserved to each Southern state.

When the issue of slavery first arose in this country, originated by the amendment offered to the various bills before Congress for the admission of the new states of the West, known as the "Wilmot Proviso," "It was," said Jefferson, "like the sound of a fire bell at night." The whole country was aroused to the importance of the issues involved. The differences between the South and North, for the time being, were compromised by that great Statesman, Henry Clay, and others, by legislation known as "The Missouri Compromise." But it was an irreconcilable conflict, but as year after year passed, and after the rendition of the "Dred Scott Decision" by the Supreme Court of the United States, followed by the agitation of the abolitionists of New England, it became more and more apparent that the only solution of the mighty questions involved was in a conflict between the two sections of a common country, and that the matter must be settled by the sword and at the cannon's month. When that fact became apparent and it was seen that war was inevitable there was no hesitation upon the part of the people of the South.

### THE SOUTH OVERPOWERED

I do not say, Confederate veterans, that the result of the war would ever have been different from what it was, but I do say that the result was not due to any lack of courage or skill on the part of Southern soldiers or their officers, but to the overwhelming odds against them. I do assert that the cause for which you fought was just, under the Constitution, and that you were overpowered by numbers. Never in all the tide of time has such a bloody war been waged. Out of about one-half million Confederate soldiers more than two hundred thousand gave up their lives for the cause of the South, and it is a well known fact that when the war came to a close there were only about one hundred thousand Confederate soldiers, while in the Northern army there were more than one million. Fighting against such tremendous odds, ten to one, it was impossible for the South to succeed, but never in the history of the world has such splendid courage been exhibited or such magnificent generalship been seen.

### NORTH CAROLINA'S PART IN THE WAR

North Carolina, I may proudly say, Confederate Veterans, had no part or lot in that defeat: North Carolina never surrendered. When told to do so by General Lee, she loyally obeyed the command; but if left to herself she never would have surrendered and would have died in the last ditch, to a man, as ninety per cent of some of her regiments died at Gettysburg. North Carolina has always been for peace, but in war she has been foremost. Without detracting at all from the glory and credit due the other states of the South, (there is glory enough for all) it must be conceded that in the war between the states North Carolina bore off the palm. She was reluctant to leave the Union, being next to the last of the Southern States to secede, not doing so until after the Confederate States government had actually been

organized, and after President Lincoln had made the requisition upon Govenor Ellis for troops to join the Northern army for the subjugation of the South.

But, having once entered the struggle, North Carolina remained steadily at the front. The fighting qualities of "Tar Heels" were tested on many a hard fought battle field, and they were, upon the whole, according to the opinion of military authorities, the most effective troops in the Confederate army.

As an illustration of the courage and daring of North Carolina soldiers, take the record of two North Carolina regiments at Gettysburg; the twenty-sixth North Carolina regiment came out of Gettysburg with a total loss in killed and wounded of ninety per cent; in one company of that regiment, numbering eighty-four men, every officer and soldier was either killed or wounded; and the third North Carolina regiment, in the same battle, sustained a loss of fifty per cent. In viewing this record of the heroism of North Carolina soldiers, all the previous exploits in military history fade into insignificance.

In the celebrated "Charge of the Light Brigade" at Balaklava, one of the most famous battles of Europe, in which six hundred men rode bravely out "into the jaws of death," the per cent of casualties was only thirty-seven per cent. At the Battle of Waterloo the loss on both sides was about thirty per cent.

### CONDITION OF THE SOUTH AFTER APPOMATTOX

Veterans of the Confederate army, it cannot be too clearly understood and stated what a gallant, but one sided conflict was yours. I have mentioned the heavy losses incurred by two North Carolina regiments at Gettysburg to illustrate this point, but this would prove nothing of special consequence, if it were not an admitted fact that from the beginning of the war to its close the Confederate army was compelled to face an army of far larger numbers and more experienced discipline. And yet, the fact remains undisputed by all historians that the Southern army was successful in the majority of the battles, and if they had won Gettysburg they would have marched into Philadelphia next morning, captured Washington and dictated terms of peace to the United States.

But it was not so to be: Appomattox followed; outnumbered, but not out done, the ragged heroes in gray who had charged with Pettigrew and marched double-quick with Jackson, surrendered with their great commander, Lee. In sullen silence they stacked arms in front of their exultant foemen and turned their sad faces homeward.

On their homeward way, the Confederates marched through a desert. Fair cities, like Columbia and Atlanta, and numerous towns and villages had been licked up by the flaming tongues of war, and only ash heaps and blackened walls remained. Great industries and transportation systems had been wrecked. The plantations had been given up to weeds. Battle fields, fortresses, trenches, graves, these met the eye at every turn, and back of them were millions of women and children on the verge of starvation and other millions of life long slaves rioting in their freedom and half ready for revolution.

But the soldiers of Lee, heartsick and foot-sore, marched bravely back to their starving families and went to work in their faded jackets of gray. All was gone in the shape of property except the bare land and ruined homes. Three billions of property had been destroyed, and these moneyless men were compelled to buy their supplies on credit at sixty per cent interest. They were denied even the privilege of governing themselves. Many lived in military districts under bayonet rule. Negro soldiers swarmed over the land, and aliens filled the offices and plundered the people.

### THE NEW SOUTH

It is well-night impossible, Confederate Veterans, as the cheer of this May day thrills our pulses and stirs our blood, for you to recall the terror and gloom of the dark days that followed the meeting between Lee and Grant at Appomattox. But in one generation the dauntless gray veterans have turned the old battlefields into smiling farms. Stately cities rear their church spires where once stood redoubts of war, and the busy hum of peaceful industry is heard where once rang the rebel yell, the clash of steel and the wild shouts of charging regiments. The rising South to-day greets the world and points with honest pride to the result of her work. No traces of desolation or defeat remain. Prosperity has taken the place of poverty. New cities and towns surprise the traveler everywhere. Progress is written all over the map. With the monopoly in cotton, supremacy in iron and coal and timber to supply the Republic in the future, the South now occupies once again a commanding position in the Nation. Diversified crops and great manufacturing industries have wrought a revolution; outside capital is rushing in; and the world has its eyes turned toward the South. The great world supplies of cotton, iron, timber, coal, marble, and granite must come from our fields and mountains, and the world's great factories must do their work in our midst. When we think of the disastrous chapter of our history at Appomattox, let us not forget the shining record enrolled today. God reigns; and the South lives—lives, regenerated, redeemed and

disenthralled, her brow recrowned and the sceptre of power again within her grasp. In His own good time and in his mysterious way, through the storm of battle and the humiliation of poverty and defeat, the Almighty has led the South out of the darkness into the light and showered His blessings upon her.

This anniversary brings no gloom with it. The South looks forward and not backward.

And to-day, while we commemorate and recall the valor and chivalry of the men who gave up their lives for the principles for which the old South contended, those of us who live in this same South look forward with hopefulness to the future and see this section of our country again taking its proper place in the Sisterhood of States.

More than that, ladies and gentlemen, the South is again, in forty-eight years since Appomattox, in control of the government; a Southern born man, Woodrow Wilson, is in the White House; a Southern born man, and North Carolinian, is Ambassador to Great Britian, the Court of St. James. Southern born men and Southern men are in the Cabinet of the President, and Southern men are at the head of great committees of Congress, framing the tariff and other laws of the government.

And, ladies and gentlemen, the people of the South have achieved all this prosperity and success in the period since the war, notwithstanding adverse legislation and the heavy burden they have had to carry in the payment of pensions to those who fought against them. Without pensions they have fought the battle of life, paid pensions to the soldiers of the North, built up the waste places, and restored prosperity to the land they love.

### THE SOUTH LOYAL TO A REUNITED COUNTRY

More than that, the Southern people have manifested the greatest spirit of devotion and loyalty to that government which they sought, in 1861, to overthrow. When, in 1898, this great nation declared that Spain must take its hand from the throat of the Cuban people; that Spanish cruelty must cease; that Cuba must be free and independant, the people of the South sent their volunteer soldiers to the field, and together with the soldiers of the North, East and West, they marched under the same flag in defense of that government against which they had fought in 1861. And it is due, in great measure, to the skill and courage of Southern men that the United States in so short a time was enabled to bring the war with Spain to a successful conclusion; and the names of Winfield Scott, Schley, Hobson, Joe Wheeler, Shipp, and Bagley, Southern men, are intertwined with the history and success, upon land and sea, of the American people in that war.

And yet, notwithstanding this loyalty of the Southern people so manifested, a few bitter, prejudiced partisans still seek to revive sectional issues and animosities. Some have sought the enactment of laws which strike at the amendment to our State Constitutions which guarantee white government in the South, and to deprive the states of the South of their equal representation in the councils of the nation. A partisan United States Senator has been found protesting against the placing of the statue of Lee in the Capitol at Washington. In a bitter speech he denounced Lee as a traitor, saying his statue should have no place in Statuary Hall, although the law of the United States authorized the State of Virginia to place it there. Contrast with his bitter speech the language of Senator Gordon, of Mississippi, when he said: "A man had as well attempt to scale the ramparts of Jehovah and pluck from Heaven's diadem God's brightest star as to snatch one laurel from the brow of the conqueror or the conquered who stood under the apple tree at Appomattox. They were both famous; there were good men on both sides."

Some things have been said in regard to the treatment of prisoners in Northern and Southern prisons. It is the truth of history that while the food supplies and medicines of the South were most limited, and while the South held 50,000 more prisoners of war than the North, the deaths in Southern prisons were four thousand men less. This fact is attested by Mr. Stanton's own records.

And what have such bitter partisans to say about the inhuman treatment of the immortal six hundred Confederate soldiers, including Lieut. John Hargett, Lieut. Heath and Capt. George M. Crapon, of Craven County, confined at Morris Island, near Charleston, and exposed to the fire of their own comrades, the Confederate batteries. Such inhumanity is without precedent in civilized warfare.

But the war has been over now for forty-eight years, and the passions and prejudices of that mighty struggle should not be needlessly invoked. The people of the South are willing to let them die, while they remember the valor of their soldiers and cherish the principles for which the South contended and all the memories and traditions of the old South.

Henry W. Grady, in his great speech at the Boston banquet, from which he returned destined never again to charm his countrymen by the magic of his eloquence, aptly voiced the views and sentiments of the Southern people upon the issues and results of

that unhappy conflict between brothers. Said Grady "When General Lee, whose heart was the temple of our hopes and whose arm was clothed with our strength, renewed his allegiance to the government at Appomattox, he spoke from a heart too great to be false and he spoke for every honest man from Maryland to Texas. From that day to this Hamiclar has, nowhere in the South, sworn young Hannibal to hatred and vengeance, but everywhere to loyalty and love. Witness the Confederate general standing at the base of a confederate monument upon Memorial Day, his empty sleeve tossing in the wind, adjuring the young men about him to serve as honest and loyal citizens the government against which their fathers fought. "And I declare," said Grady, "if physical courage be always equal to human aspiration, these young men would die, if need be, to defend that government which their fathers sought to destroy."

"This hour little needs the loyalty that is loyal to one section of the Union and yet holds the other in enduring suspicion and estrangement. Give us the broad and perfect loyalty that loves and trusts Georgia alike with Massachusetts; that endears with equal and patriotic pride every foot of our soil and every state in our Union."

With sentiments like these, uttered by a Southern man, with a reunited country, having a common destiny, it is a grievous mistake for Northern partisans ever again to attempt to revive sectional issues and animosities.

For while the people of the South scatter lovingly, upon each recurring memorial occasion, flowers over their dead heroes, and look backward with just pride upon the past history of the South and cherish the principles for which they contended, they do so in a spirit of charity, reconciliation and perfect loyalty to a reunited country, exclaiming with the centennial poet, Bayard Taylor:

"We give thee heart and hand,
Our glorious native land
For battle has tried thee and time endears.
We will write thy story
And keep thy glory
As pure as of old for a thousand years."

The people of the South recognize the fact that there were honest differences of opinion, and the brave Confederate soldiers has naught but esteem for the brave Federal soldier. The men despised by both were the deserters.

Said a distinguished representative of the State of Kentucky, in speaking of the issues and results of the war, and referring to a reunited country, "There is in the State of Kentucky a beautiful cemetery in which can be seen, in concentric circles, the headstones of the Federal dead; and not far off, on the slope of a beautiful hillside, under the shadow of the forest trees, stands the St. Andrews cross draped with the furled banner of the Confederacy upon a broken flagstaff, guarding the last resting place of those who gave their lives for the flag. And scattered all over that beautiful cemetery are fathers and sons and brothers who served in opposing armies; and in the adjoining city and through all the adjacent country are those who loved those dead heroes and live now in sweet accord, forgetful of all that was harsh and bitter, remembering only that which was brave and kindly and heroic. Here rest together those who fought upon both sides, the blue and the gray, who, however divided they were in their views of duty, were never divided in their love, and now await together the resurrection morning and the rising of the sun of righteousness with healing in his wings."

### TRIBUTE TO LEE AND JACKSON AND THE PRIVATE CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS

But why is this day, the 10th of May, selected for these memorial exercises? It is the anniversary of the death of "Stonewall" Jackson. I have no eulogy to pronounce upon him; he needs none. "His worthy deeds, alone, have rendered him immortal." Lee and Jackson, those great captains, were the greatest military leaders of ancient or modern times.

Roosevelt said of Lee, and it is the best thing that Roosevelt ever said, "Lee was, by far, the greatest general of the world; greater than Wellington, superior to Marlborough, the victor of Blenheim, and surpassing even his great adversary, Ulysses S. Grant."

And a British army officer by the name of Henderson has written two large volumes about the military skill and exploits of Thomas J. Jackson.

These great generals were the leaders of an immortal band of private soldiers, the real heroes of the war, an army surpassing any in history in their conception of duty, their courage, heroism and fortitude. For four years this army followed these leaders under the St. Andrews Cross and "Stars and Bars," a flag now furled forever and never unfurled except upon occasions like this, but a flag which is still unstained and undishonored.

The private soldier of the Confederacy (may God bless his declining years), born of a race of fighters, of a race and stock which, from 1800 to 1861, controlled the government and the destiny of the republic; chivalrous, knightly, brave, tender and true,

acknowledging no superior but God and the women of "Dixie Land." I have no words in which to portray his virtues, nor phrases of speech in which to do him justice.

The Confederate soldier: I see him as he leaves his home and fireside to enter the war, accompanied by the prayers and tears and undying love of the wives, mothers, sisters and sweethearts of the Southland—the best, purest, sweetest women upon whom God's sun shines—telling him with Spartan virtue, but with tears dimming their eyes, to return from the field of battle with untarnished shield. I see him in the first weary days of the war, around the camp fire, thinking of the loved ones at home, uncertain of the future, but facing all with a brave and courageous heart. I see him in the trenches, cold and hungry and weary, but still unfaltering. I see him upon a hundred battle fields, from Bull Run to Appomattox; in the valley of Virginia, in Tennessee, in Maryland, in Pennsylvania; at Chancellorsville, at Gettysburg, and finally at Appomattox, where, overpowered, he laid down his arms. Oftentimes, in the closing years of the war, half clad and famished, his gray jacket faded and torn, oftentime plucking victory from defeat, but always the same noble, gallant soul. May his closing years be bright with unalloyed happiness; and when he passes through the pearly gates, there with Jackson and Lee and other great leaders, "to rest under the shade of the trees," may he find there the palms and crowns of victory.

TRIBUTE TO THE WOMEN OF THE SOUTH

The heroism and fortitude of the Confederate soldier was only surpassed by the women of the South. These good women stayed upon the plantations during the war and with the help of faithful old slaves made the crops and sent supplies and food and clothing, with their love and prayers, to the boys at the front. Since the war, they have erected hundreds and hundreds of monuments throughout the South to the memory of their cause and the Confederate soldier.

And now, in North Carolina, to repay in part the debt of gratitude to her, by the help of a patriotic son of North Carolina, Ashley Horn, we are going to erect a monument to her. It should be as pure and as beautiful as the finest Italian marble; it should be so high as to pierce the skies above the storm clouds; the first rays of the sun in the morning should rest upon it, and the last gorgeous beams of the setting sun should gild its lofty summit.

Said a distinguished general of the South, Cullen Battle, "When I had volunteered as a private soldier I feared its effect upon my mother, but, realizing she must learn the truth sooner or later, I told her. She said not a word, but taking me by the hand, led me to her room, and placing her hand upon my head, prayed that God would make me a good soldier. That prayer came to me around the camp fire; it came in trumpet tones in the midst of battle. I could not have been a coward with my mother's prayer as my shield and buckler.

If there is in life a supreme panacea for every ill it is woman's undying love. Through all the vicissitudes of the war she was a ministering angel, and when at last the Confederate flag went down, baptised in the best blood of the South, she lifted the standard of hope and spanned the horizon with the bow of promise. With unchanged devotion she comes on the 10th of each succeeding May with music, love and flowers to worship at the shrine of patriotism and scatter roses over our heroic dead. Take them to your hearts, women of the South, build around them a mausoleum that neither time nor change can overthrow; tell of their deeds of valor to your children, and perpetuate their undying memories in the hearts of the Southern people. Cherish especially the memory of North Carolina's dead—her great generals, Pettigrew, Branch, Grimes, Pender, Hoke and others, and her private soldiers—who, though dead and scattered upon a hundred battle fields, still live in the hearts of their countrymen for whom they sacrificed their lives and fortunes.

The Confederate States of America have passed into history, but let not the historian misrepresent the *principles* for which the South contended. Let the young men and women of the South know her true history, emulate the virtues of the Confederate soldier, cherish the principles for which the South contended, and love the Southland in which they live, exclaiming with the South's great poet, Father Ryan:

"Yes, give me the land that is blessed by the dust
And bright with the deeds of the downtrodden just;
Yes, give me the land where the battle's red blast
Has flashed to the future the flames of the past.
Yes, give me the land that hath legends and lays
That tell of the memories of long vanished days;
Yes, give me the land with a grave in each spot
And names in the graves which shall not be forgot;
Yes, give me the land of the wreck and the tomb,
There is grandeur in graves; there is glory in gloom;
For out of the gloom future brightness is born,
As after the night comes the sunrise of morn;
And the graves of the dead with the grass overgrown
May yet form the footstool of liberty's throne;
And each single wreck in the warpath of might
May yet be a rock in the temple of right."

Yes, the principles for which the South contended may yet prove the salvation of this republic. To-day California is contending for the same right of local self government for which the South contended in 1861; and the South to-day looks backward upon the past and the dark and gloomy night of Appomattox, and turns hopefully to the future, standing erect in the sunrise of the morning.

State Library

# CAROLINA
## AND THE
# SOUTHERN CROSS

HISTORY NOT HATRED, NOR SECTIONAL STRIFE

*Dedicated to our busy people who always have time to make history but never time for research*

JULY NUMBER

God save the South!
God save the South!
Dry the dim eyes that now
Follow our path.
Still let the light feet rove
Safe through the orange grove,
Still keep the land we love
Safe from all wrath.

God be our shield!
At home or a-field.
Stretch Thine arm over us,
Strengthen and save!
What, though they're five to one,
Forward each sire and son,
Strike till the war is done,
Strike to the grave.

God save the South!
God save the South!
Her Altars and firesides—
God save the South!
Now that the war is nigh—
Now that we arm to die—
Chanting our battle-cry,
Freedom or death!

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# Carolina and the Southern Cross

VOLUME 1 KINSTON, N. C., JULY, 1913 NUMBER 5

## AN ODE TO NORTH CAROLINA

BY DR. DOUTHAT

On July 3rd, at the Gettysburg Reunion the Philadelphia Brigade presented a flag to the survivors of Picketts Division. Dr. R. W. Douthat, a Captain in Picketts Division was the spokesman for the Pickett survivors. In a letter received by Colonel J. Bryan Grimes, Captain Douthat says that he was one of the last of Pickett's men to regain the Confederate lines and as he reached there he found that Pettigrew had rallied the remnants of his shattered commands and they were in line of battle again advancing to meet an anticipated counter charge from the Federals.

Captain Douthat is Professor of Latin in West Virginia University and a writer and Lecturer of national reputation. He has composed an Ode to North Carolina published herewith.

AD CAROLINAM SEPTENTRIONALEM

Dum fluvii in freta current,
Dum umbrae prata lustrabunt,
Dum poli sidera pascent,
Tuum nomen, laudes manebunt.

One Hundred Thirty Thousand Brave,
Her offering vast she freely gave;
Of these One Third to death were hurled,
Where Southern flags their folds unfurled.

Let paeans loud from others ring,
Let poets now for others sing,
'Twas Lee who said with praises great,
"God bless the sons of the Old North State!"

Thy sons, Good State, were nowhere shorn,
Of the glorious name thou long hast borne;
For as heroes bold, whom none surpassed,
Thy shield they brightened e'en to the last.

Thy Cavalry and thine Infantry,
Thy Home Guards and Artillery,
Thy glory share, and none must dare
From these to tear a wreath so rare.

Thy daughters, too, with soul so grand,
Stood every test that man can stand;
And, though their sons or brothers fell,
They bore the shock with faith as well.

Their hearts were true, their fingers deft,
And precious gifts from homes bereft
Of brother's love, inspired his soul
To live forever on "Honor's Roll."

O daughters bright and soldiers bold,
Your sacrifice is yet untold!
Not Homer's thought your fame could sound,
For soul so great mocks plummet's bound.

At Old Manassas twice thy sons
Did meet invaders of our soil,
And twice by aid of their good guns
We made the enemy recoil.

Against Antietam's swelling flood,
With feet as strong and firm they stood
As "Iron Duke's" at Waterloo,
And from their front the tide they threw.

No richer stream of nobler life,
Was ever shed in grander strife,
Nor higher fame can earth e'er yield,
Than thine on Gettysburg's great field.

On Tennessee's historic ground,
In crashing thunder's awful sound,
Thy sons with lightning's flash and stroke
The "Rock of Chickamauga" broke.

In "Bloody Angle's" fiery hail,
Brave North Carolina did not fail;
Through murderous battle's holocaust,
She gained and held what others lost.

At Appomattox, though at last
Egyptian gloom o'er all was cast,
With courage still, without its boasts,
She dared oppose the Northern hosts.

Great Carolina, thy wondrous glory,
Must shine forever through song and story;
Of men renowned and women grand,
The world ne'er knew a nobler band.

"So long as rivers run into the seas
So long as shadows creep over the leas,
So long as heaven is flecked with stars,
Thy name and honor shall ever remain."

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# PHYLLIS

*(Continued from June Issue)*

After the fast day everything about the "Cabin Home" seemed to be done in a state of subdued excitement. There were no lessons for Phyllis because her mother was preparing the wardrobe of herself and Morton for a long journey by private conveyance. In spite of the hurry Phyllis sometimes saw her mother drop her sewing on her lap, clasp her hands and look far away toward the blue sky as if from thence she sought comfort and help. Once the child heard her mother murmur, "I will look unto the Hills from whence cometh my strength."

The shadow of war fell heavily upon the heart of the child, for without asking she knew that her dear mother was bracing herself to bear a coming blow. Phyllis was a child that loved her people with all her heart, and she felt keenly whatever seemed to give them pain and annoyance. She could not turn her back and go out to play, as children often do, knowing that trouble brooded over those that she loved, but she hung around like a dumb dog, unable to find out what caused the intense feeling that was evident every where; yet determined to be on hand, take her share of whatever was coming and prevent as much of it as she found it possible to avert. This disposition caused her to bear many a burden that children often escape by running away from dangerous and unpleasant situations. It was not a healthy disposition for a little child, but there came a time when it saved the lives of her family, for whom she would have given her own poor little life. The feeling of expectancy grew almost intolerable after a day or two. Mr. Albawood remained in the inclosure around the "Cabin Home," and hastened to the gate whenever a vehicle was heard coming up or down the public road that led past the great mulberry tree at the front gate. Phyllis began to think that Peter must be in danger, and she climbed the mulberry tree to keep watch, for she knew not what. Rowena Rebecca had no power to direct her. In fact she did not seek diversion. Somehow she felt that Peter must come. Her heart was almost bursting with anxiety, and if Peter could only get home just one little moment, he would surely settle the situation and bring repose.

"Hello! Hello! Any News?" asked Mr. Albawood, hastening to hail an old man in a cart. "Nothing definite. A big battle is going on somewhere, but I have heard nothing, nothing, since the last letter from my son. He said Jackson was about to move, and it meant fight; that the army had orders to be ready to march and that was all he knew. Following the "fast day," it must be serious, and my son's wife is so anxious to hear, I thought I would go up the road until I could get something to tell her. Of course, every woman thinks of her own husband first, and Allie has all her things packed to go if the news is bad for her, poor thing."

He drove on promising to stop and tell the news if he heard any. Phyllis pondering over what the old man said, went over the events of the Fast Day.

"Its a battle, its a battle," she said to herself. "God has not done what I asked Him, but He may have to take time to think about it. Maybe he wants some more Yankees killed first, and anyhow I am sure he will take care of Peter. Morton says he doesn't want the war to end till he gets a chance to fight the Yankees. I wonder if Morton said his prayers about that. "Well," she thought with a sigh, "I'm glad God knows how to do everything. He must have a heap of prayers to answer, and I 'spose it takes time." No doubt of the correctness of her own petition entered her mind.

Up the road came a flying horseman. "What's the news?" called Mr. Albawood, as he dashed past. Yankees on a raid below here," was the reply, bringing the excitement that had already seemed intense enough to a fever heat. Mrs. Albawood's thoughts flew to Marie and Susie, who were at her sister's plantation several miles below, and she insisted on having the girls sent for at once. Mr. Albawood began to hitch the horse to the buggy and Mrs. Albawood gathered her silver spoons together. "Phyllis," she called, "Where is your big doll?" "Oh, mother," answered Phyllis, swinging herself from the tree, "I let Rowena sleep this morning, I have not dressed her."

"We will go and dress her now," said Mrs. Albawood, flourishing a large soup ladle, "Come. I want you to help me, little daughter." Phyllis followed her mother up the narrow stairs and lifting Rowena Rebecca, kissed her red mouth with fervor. "Poor child," she said to the doll, "I must not let the Yankees get you." "No Phyllis, no," said her mother earnestly, "You must not let the Yankees even take Rowena from your arms. You must hold her tight and never put her down while they are here. Promise Mother that you will not let them frighten you into giving up your doll."

"Yes Mother," said Phyllis, "I will promise not to let them have *my* precious child," and then Phyllis understood why her mother was so anxious to save Rowena. Mrs. Albawood tied the old fashioned spoons that had belonged to her Colonial grandmother in a bag, which was bound tightly to the body of the rag doll on one side and the big silver ladle was strapped straight down Rowena's back, making her very stiff and haughty looking. Many soft fine linen napkins were wound round and round above a quantity of cotton batting, over the spoons and Rowena's body was almost large enough to fill out the little white dress that Phyllis had outgrown. "Don't tell anyone

where they are Phyllis, not even Cline, because the Yankees may scare her and make her tell. "Phyllis promised and the little arms grew so tired as they held her mother's treasures concealed about the doll, while she patiently waited for one of Foster's or Palmer's raids that were always threatening the country. Phyllis did not know who was commanding them, they were Yankees and that was all that it was necessary for her to know.

Mrs. Albawood was so concerned about the raid that she was unconscious of the faithful service that her little girl rendered her that day, but the anxious waiting, the uncertainty of the outcome and the responsibility of guarding the treasure hidden under the doll's clothes weighed heavily on the mind of the silent little maid who would have died rather than betray her trust.

Two negro boys, Anthony and Josh, were sent to the river low grounds, down the path in which Phyllis and her little brother had encountered the snake on one occasion. It was thought best not to have the boys in sight since the Lincoln Government had conceived the brilliant idea of pronouncing them contrabands. A large coop and pen had been built on the bank of the river and the boys were sent to take every chicken, pig and cow from the Cabin Home to conceal them from the Yankees. Another company of negroes had just started with all the meat in the smokehouse to hide in the dense pocosin, and Mr. Albawood was on the point of driving away to bring home Marie and Susie when a courier headed toward Kinston, rode up to the gate and informed him that the Yankees had not ventured above Big Swift Creek bridge and had turned off toward Washington. Phyllis quietly placed Rowena on her mother's bed. Her little arms were almost numbed and her back ached, but the relief she felt after the day's excitement carried a feeling of exaltation that proved to be a prophecy. She flew to the fence and climbed the mulberry tree scanning the distance in search of a beloved form in gray. Instead she saw a tall awkward figure with coarse shoes and sunbonnet, holding close in her arms a tiny white lamb. She came under the tree and called to Phyllis to "lite." Phyllis did not wait for another invitation.

"Here Phyllis I brought ye a lamb. His dratted old mammy had to go and die, and I can't be pestered with a lamb as many young 'uns as I've got to look out for. I thought to spend my last days in meditation, and I be dad lim if I got as much chance as I had when Josiah Jones was a courtin' me, and he out-talked a camp-meetin'. He never even so much as asked me if I'd have him, but he up and told me he'd told the Parson to publish the bans, same's his father and grandfather 'd had theirs. Well, I'd been a-rubbin' the big black iron skillet and I had it in my hand. I jest walked up to Josiah and clapped that skillet over his head and gentle*men* it fitted him so tight over the eyes he had to go to the blacksmith to get it off, and I aint seen hair nor hide of Josiah from that day to this. The boys called him "Skillet" an he lit out and went to Kansas. Well, well, I aint even thought of him for lo these many years. Now child take this lamb, and don't you let it starve. I got to get back to them chillun. My brother Billy, he went and jined the Confederate army yesterday, and now I got three sets o' younguns to raise, for I 'low the boys will every one get killed" she said cheerfully, "they already lost their wives," and Miss Betsey stalked away.

Phyllis was delighted, but when she took the lamb to her mother she was not at all pleased with Miss Betsey's gift and she had just ordered a servant to take it back to Miss Betsey with her "compliments" when a quiet voice said, "I would not send it back Mother. Let Phyllis keep it." Ah! It was Peter; and Peter had brought news of a great victory for the Confederacy. *(To Be Continued)*

# AUNT VIOLET'S QUEER WAY

Aunt Violet became the subject of discussion while the two maids at our house were peeling peaches for sweet pickles.

"You know Aunt Vilet," said May, "she lives up there by my house, and I don't belive dat oman ever do rest at all." "What Vilet's that?" said Mat, "Dat tall long oman that usta live over the bridge with that great string of children? Don't she draw a pension?" "I don no nothin about dat." "Yes she do. I know the woman you are talking about. The first pension money she got, she took every one o dem chillun and went traipsin off to Washington to thank the President for sending her the money. She never let *nothin* turn her. Its a actual fac, she and all that gang of chillun got on the train here, and *nobody* couldn't turn her till she went to Washington to thank the President."

"She must be kinder crazy, but she's smart for work too. She owns her house, and she's raised all dem chilluns; but Lord! she's got some quare ways." "When it rains she makes a great big fire out doo's to dry up de rain. She's 'fraid it will rain too much; and she'll burn a cart load o' wood keepin' up a fire. Den, when the sun shines she stans an' pumps water and throws it up, so it will come down like rain and make clouds. Las' week she dug up her pump, tuck

it up all by herself and tied a rope to it, and drug it off. She said it was onhealthy and she didn't want to make nobody sick."

"Why," said the little white girl, who stopped to eat a peach, why doesn't somebody have her put in the asylum? She must be crazy."

"Oh no," said the maid, "She aint crazy. She kin talk jest as straight as anybody. You ought to *hear* her talk religion. You ought to *hear* her. She kin repeat the Bible right along. She knows more Bible than I do and kin say mo about it."

"But," said the other maid, "there is *something* about Aunt Vilet, sompen lacking. She aint dangerous, but she aint *quite* straight.

"She's a smart oman and she talks sense," said Malviny, "but I uster see her when I lived in Duplin. She tuck a tow sack and stuffed it full of clothes and she tuck all dem chillnns and a gun, and she started them on the road. She walked um, and walked um and dey was so tired dey most ready to drap. She stopped at night and let um lay down at de root of a pine tree on de side or de road and she stood guard wid dat gnn all night. Nex morning she had um up and walking again. She bought some backbone, but she wouldn't have none but the end that had the pig tail on it. That was the lucky part. She got to a ole house on de road, an she made dem chillun go in, and she tuck up part of the flo, and made a big smoke and she smoked em like dey was meat. She often smoked her chilluns. Her son and his wife have to fasten dey do at night so that she can't get in where dey is. She smokes em every time she gits a chanst. Her chillnns are all grown an gone now 'cept dat one son, and he an his wife lives with his mother. Nome, she aint crazy, but she jest has her ways. Dey say she kilt her husband. Anyway, when he died she tuck him and rap him in er sheet or a piece o' white clof, and den she laid him on a plank an put him under the house, and she never did let um put no clothes on him. Dey had ter go under de house to git him when dey had de buryin'; but they say she's a smart oman, and I never see her 'thout she's doin' sumpin. It it aint one thing its another, either a keeping up a fire to dry the rain, or a pumpin' up water to make de clouds."

# GETTYSBURG

## North Carolina at Gettysburg

The following story of Gettysburg taken from the War Records of The Rebellion has been arranged as a substitute for two papers that were promised CAROLINA AND THE SOUTHERN CROSS, by veterans who visited Gettysburg at the great Reunion on the 1st to the 4th of the present month. One of these veterans was greatly pleased with the reception of the Confederate veterans by the Federal soldiers and veterans of the United States. He said that if Abraham Lincoln had received and conferred with the Peace Commissioners, sent to him by the Confederate provisional Congress there never would have been any war.

We waited for the reports of the veterans as long as possible for this number, but they did not materialize. However it is hoped that they will be contributed to this magazine at an early date.

The story told in war correspondence is very interesting and full of human nature.

### A. P. HILL'S REPORT

HEADQUARTERS, THIRD ARMY CORPS.
November —, 1863.

COLONEL:—I have the honor to submit the following report of the operations of the Third Army Corps during and subsequent to the battle of Gettysburg:

On the morning of June 29th the Third Corps, composed of the divisions of Major-Generals Anderson, Heth, and Pender, and five battalions of artillery under command of Col. R. L. Walker, was encamped on the road from Chambersburg to Gettysburg, near the village of Fayetteville. I was directed to move on this road in the direction of York, and to cross the Susquehanna, menacing the communications of Harrisburg with Philadelphia, and to co-operate with General Ewell, acting as circumstances might require.

Accordingly, on the 29th I moved General Heth's division to Cashtown, some 8 miles from Gettysburg, following on the morning of the 30th with the division of General Pender, and directing General Anderson to move in the same direction on the morning of July 1. On arriving at Cashtown, General Heth, who had sent forward Pettigrew's Brigade to Gettysburg, reported that Pettigrew had encountered the enemy at Gettysburg (principally cavalry), but in what force he could not determine. A courier was then dispatched with this information to the general commanding, and with orders to start Anderson early; also to General Ewell, informing him, and that I intended to advance the next morning and discover what was in my front.

On July 1, at 5 A. M., Heth took up the line of march, with Pegram's battalion of artillery, followed by Pender, with McIntosh's battalion of artillery, Colonel Walker with the remainder of the artillery being with General Anderson. About 3 miles from Gettysburg, Heth's advance brigade (Archer's) encountered the advance of the enemy. Archer and

Davis were thrown into line, and, with some pieces of artillery from Pegram, the enemy were steadily driven back to the wooded hills this side of Gettysburg, where their principal force (since ascertained to be the First and Eleventh Corps) were disposed to dispute our further advance.

Heth's whole division was now thrown into line; Davis on the left of the road, Archer, Pettigrew and Brockenborough on the right, and Pender's formed in his rear; Thomas on the left, and Lane, Scales and Perrin on the right. Pegram's and McIntosh's battalions of artillery were put in position on the crest of a hill overlooking Gettysburg. Heth's division drove the enemy, encountering a determined resistance.

About 2:30 o'clock, the right wing of Ewell's corps made its appearance on my left, and thus formed a right angle with my line. Pender's division was then ordered forward, Thomas' brigade being retained in reserve, and the rout of the enemy was complete. Perrin's brigade taking position after position of the enemy, and driving him through the town of Gettysburg. The want of cavalry had been and was again seriously felt.

Under the impression that the enemy was entirely routed, my own two divisions exhausted by some six hour's hard fighting, prudence led me to be content with what had been gained, and not push forward troops exhausted and necessarily disordered, probably to encounter fresh troops of the enemy. These two divisions were bivouacked on the positions won, and Anderson, who had just come up, was also bivouacked some 2 miles in rear of the battle-ground.

The results of this fight were, for the Third Corps, 2 pieces of artillery and 2,300 prisoners, and the almost total annihilation of the First Corps of the enemy. Major-General Heth was slightly wounded; Brigadier-General Archer was taken prisoner by the enemy; Brigadier-General Scales was also wounded. Pettigrew's Brigade, under its gallant leader, fought most admirably, and sustained heavy loss.

On the morning of July 2, Anderson was ordered to the front, and relieved Heth's division, extending to our right and along a crest of hills which faced the Cemetery Hill at Gettysburg, and continuing to the right, ran nearly parallel to the Emmitsburg road.

On the 2d, then, my position was this: Pender's division occupying the crest from the theological seminary, extending to the right and joined by Anderson's, who carried on the line almost entirely covering the whole front occupied by the enemy. Heth's division (now commanded by General Pettigrew) in reserve. Colonel Walker had distributed his artillery along this line in the most eligible positions. The corps of General Longstreet, (McLaw's and Hood's division) was on my right, and in a line very nearly at right angles to mine. General Longstreet was to attack the left flank of the enemy and sweep down his line, and I was ordered to co-operate with him with such of my brigade from the right as could join in with his troops in the attack. On the extreme right, Hood commenced the attack about 2 o'clock; McLaws about 5:30 o'clock.

Soon after McLaws moved forward, General Anderson moved forward the brigades of Wilcox, Perry and Wright, en echelon. The charge of these three brigades was very gallantly made and pressed on until Wilcox's right had become separated from McLaws' left. Wilcox and Wright drove the enemy from their entrenchments, inflicting very heavy loss upon them. Wilcox's brigade succeeded in capturing eight pieces of artillery and Wright's brigade about twenty. The enemy threw forward heavy re-enforcements, and no supports coming to these brigades, the ground so hardly won had to be given up, and the brigades occupied their former positions in line of battle. The three brigades lost heavily in this attack. On this day, also, the Confederacy lost the invaluable services of Major-General W. D. Pender of N. C. wounded by a shell and since dead. No man fell during this bloody battle of Gettysburg more regretted then he, nor around whose youthful brow were clustered brighter rays of glory.

On the morning of the 3rd, the division of my corps occupied the same positions as on the 2d. The reserve batteries were all brought up, and put in position along the crest of the ridge facing the enemy's line. In addition, the battalion of Colonel Alexander of Longstreet's corps was put in position in front of the right wing of Anderson's division, and on the ground won by Wilcox and Wright. I was directed to hold my line with Anderson's division and the half of Pender's (now commanded by General Lane), and to order Heth's division (commanded by Pettigrew), and Lane's and Scale's brigades, of Pender's division, to report to Lieutenant-General Longstreet as a support to his corps in the assault on the enemy's lines. As the troops were filing off to their positions, Major-General Trimble reported to me for the command of Pender's division, and took command of the two brigades destined to take part in the assault.

At one o'clock our artillery opened, and for two hours rained an incessant storm of missles upon the enemy's lines. The effect was marked along my front, driving the enemy entirely from his guns.

The assault was then gallantly made, Heth's division and Trimble's two brigades on the left of Pickett. Anderson had been directed to hold his division ready to take advantage of any success which might be gained by the assaulting column, or to support it if necessary. To that end, Wilcox and Perry were moved forward to eligible positions. The assault failed, and, after almost gaining the enemy's works, our troops fell back in disorder. The enemy made no attempt to pursue. Major-General Trimble, Brigadier-General Pettigrew, and Colonel Fry, commanding Archer's brigade, were wounded while most gallantly leading their troops. General Trimble and Colonel Fry were both taken prisoners.

The troops resumed their former positions, and remained thus until the night of the 4th, when the march was taken up towards Hagerstown, by Fairfield and Waynesborough.

At Hagerstown, we lay in line of battle from the 7th to the night of the 13th, when I moved my corps in

the direction of the pontoon bridge at Falling Waters. Being the rear guard of the army, such dispositions as were necessary were made to repel any advance of the enemy. Anderson's division crossed without molestation, and Pender's was in the act of crossing when the enemy made their appearance. A small body of cavalry charged Pettigrew's and Archer's brigades and were annihilated. Only two of ours killed; but unfortunately for the service, one of them was the gallant and accomplished Pettigrew.

A. P. Hill,
*Lieutenant-General Commanding,*
*Third Corps.*

## MAJOR-GENERAL HENRY HETH'S REPORT

Headquarters Heth's Division,
Camp Near Orange Court House,
September 13, 1863.

Captain:—I have the honor to report the operations of my division from June 29 until July 1, including the part it took in the battle of Gettysburg (first day), July 1.

The division reached Cashtown, Pa., on June 29. Cashtown is situated at the base of the South Mountain, on the direct road from Chambersburg, via Fayetteville, to Gettysburg, and 9 miles distant from the latter place.

On the morning of June 30, I ordered Brigadier-General Pettigrew to take his brigade to Gettysburg, search the town for army supplies (shoes especially), and return on the same day. On reaching the suburbs of Gettysburg, General Pettigrew found a large force of calvary near the town, supported by an infantry force. Under these circumstances, he did not deem it advisable to enter the town, and return, as directed to Cashtown. The result of General Pettigrew's observations was reported to Lieutenant-General Hill, who reached Cashtown on the evening of the 30th.

On July 1, my division, accompanied by Pegram's battalion of artillery, was ordered to move at 5 A. M., in the direction of Gettysburg. On nearing Gettysburg, it was evident that the enemy was in the vicinity of the town in some force.

It may not be improper to remark that at this time—9 o'clock on the morning of July 1—I was ignorant what force was at or near Gettysburg, and supposed it consisted of cavalry, most probably supported by a brigade or two of infantry.

On reaching the summit of the second ridge of hills west of Gettysburg, it became evident that there were infantry, cavalry and artillery in and around the town. A few shots from Pegram's battalion (Marye's battery) scattered the cavalry vedettes. One of the first shells fired by Pegram mortally wounded Major-General Reynolds, then in command of the force at Gettysburg.

My division, now within a mile of Gettysburg, was disposed as follows: Archer's brigade in line of battle on the right of the turnpike; Davis' brigade on the left of the same road, also in line of battle; Pettigrew's brigade and Heth's old brigade (Colonel Brockenborough commanding), were held in reserve. Archer and Davis were now directed to advance, the object being to feel the enemy; to make a forced reconnaissance and determine in what force the enemy were—whether or not he was massing his forces on Gettysburg. Heavy columns of the enemy were soon encountered. Davis on the left, advanced, driving the enemy before him and capturing his batteries. General Davis was unable to hold the position he gained. The enemy concentrated on his front and flanks in overwhelming force. The brigade maintained its position until every field officer save two were shot down, and its ranks terribly thinned.

Among the officers of his brigade especially mentioned by General Davis as displaying conspicious gallantry on this occasion are noticed Colonel Stone, commanding Second Mississippi Regiment; Colonel Connally, commanding Fifty-fifth North Carolina Regiment; Major (A. H.) Belo, Fifty-fifth North Carolina Regiment; Lieutenant-Colonel (H) Mosely, and Major (W. A.) Feeney, Forty-second Mississippi Regiment, severely wounded, while gallantly leading their regiments to the charge. Lieutenant-Colonel Smith, Fifty-fifth North Carolina Regiment was at the same time killed, as also was the gallant Lieutenant (A. K.) Roberts, of the Second Mississippi Regiment, who, with a detachment from the Second and Forty-second Mississippi Regiments, after a hand-to-hand conflict with the enemy, succeeded in capturing the colors of a Pennsylvania regiment. The good conduct of this brigade on this occasion merits my special commendation.

On the right of the road, Archer encountered heavy masses in his front, and his gallant little brigade, after being almost surrounded by overwhelming forces in front and on both flanks, was forced back. The service lost at this time that most gallant and meritorious officer, Brigadier-General Archer, who fell into the enemy's hands, together with some sixty or seventy of his men.

The enemy had now been felt, and found to be in heavy force in and around Gettysburg. The division was now formed in line of battle on the right of the road, the several brigades posted as follows: Archer's brigade (Col. B. D. Fry, Thirteenth Alabama Regiment, commanding) on the right, Pettigrew in the center, and Brockenborough on the left. Davis' brigade was kept on the left of the road, that it might collect its stragglers, and from its shattered condition it was not deemed advisable to bring it again into action on that day. It, however, did participate in the action later in the day. After resting in line of battle for one hour or more, orders were received to attack the enemy in my front with the notification that General Pender's division would support me.

The division had not advanced more than 100 yards before it became hotly engaged. The enemy was steadily driven before us at all points excepting on the left, where Brockenborough was held in check for a short time.

Pettigrew's brigade encountered the enemy in

heavy force, and broke through his first, second and third lines. The Eleventh North Carolina Regiment, Colonel Leventhorpe commanding, and the Twenty-sixth North Carolina Regiment, Colonel Burgwyn, Jr., commanding, displayed conspicious gallantry, of which I was an eye-witness. The Twenty-sixth North Carolina Regiment lost in its action more than half of its numbers in killed and wounded, among whom were Colonel Burgwyn killed and Lieutenant-Colonel Lane severely wounded. Colonel Leventhorpe of the Eleventh North Carolina Regiment, was wounded, and Major Ross killed. The Fifty-second and Forty-seventh North Carolina Regiments, on the right of the center, were subjected to a heavy artillery fire, but suffered much less than the Eleventh and Twenty-sixth North Carolina Regiments. These regiments behaved to my entire satisfaction.

Pettigrew's brigade, under the leadership of that gallant officer and accomplished scholar, Brigadier-General J. Johnston Pettigrew, (now lost to his country), fought as well, and displayed as heroic courage as it was ever my fortune to witness on a battle-field. The number of its own gallant dead and wounded, as well as the large number of the enemy's dead and wounded left on the field over which it fought, attests better than any commendation of mine, the gallant part it played on July 1. In one instance when the Twenty-sixth North Carolina Regiment encountered the second line of the enemy, his dead marked his line of battle with the accuracy of a line at a dress parade.

Archer's brigade, on the right (Col. B. D. Fry commanding), after advancing a short distance, discovered a large body of cavalry on its right flank. Colonel Fry judiciously charged his front, thus protecting the right flank of the division during the engagement. This brigade (Archer's), the heroes of Chancellorsville, fully maintained its hard-won and well-deserved reputation. The officer making the report of the part it played in the first and second charges has failed to particularize any officer or soldier who displayed particular gallantry, which accounts for no one being named from this gallant little brigade. After breaking through the first and second lines of the enemy, and several of the regiments being out of ammunition, General Pender's division relieved my own, and continued the pursuit beyond the town of Gettysburg.

H. Heth,
*Major-General.*

## MAJOR-GENERAL HETH'S REPORT

Headquarters Heth's Division
Near Rapidan Station,
October 3, 1863.

Captain:—I have the honor to submit the following report of the operations of my command (Heth's and Pender's divisions) at Falling Waters, July 14:

On the evening of July 13, I received orders to withdraw my command at dark from the intrenchments near Hagerstown, and move in the direction of Falling Waters, at which point we were to cross the river on a pontoon bridge, already constructed. The artillery attached to my command received its orders through its immediate commander, and moved off a little before dark. I was directed to leave the skirmishers in my front, and was informed that they would be relieved during the night by the cavalry. The officers in charge of the skirmishers were directed as soon as relieved, to take the road followed by the division.

I was directed at the same time I received the order to place my division in line of battle as described, to put Pender's division in rear of my own, in column of brigades. At this point we halted, to allow the wagons and artillery to get over the river. We remained in this position awaiting their crossing for several hours. About 11 o'clock, I received orders from General Hill to move Pender's division across the river, following General Anderson's division, and, after leaving one brigade of my division in line, to follow up the movement of the corps as speedily as possible.

About fifteen or twenty minutes after receiving these orders, and while they were in progress of execution, a small body of cavalry, numbering not more than forty or forty-five men, made their appearance in our front, where the road de-bouched from the woods previously described. I will here remark, that when on the road, and some two or three miles from the position I now occupied, a large body of our cavalry passed by my command going to the rear. When the cavalry alluded to, made its appearance, it was at once observed by myself, General Pettigrew, and several members of my staff, as well as many others. On emerging from the woods, the party faced about, apparently acting on the defensive. Suddenly, facing my position, they galloped up the road, and halted some 175 yards from my line of battle. From their manœuvering and the smallness of numbers, I concluded it was a party of our own cavalry pursued by the enemy. In this opinion I was sustained by all present. It was not until I examined them critically with my glasses at a distance of not more than 175 yards that I discovered they were Federal troops. The men had been restrained from firing up to this time by General Pettigrew and myself. The command was now given to fire. At the same time the Federal officer in command gave the command to charge. The squad passed through the intervals separating the epaulements and firing several shots. In less than three minutes all were killed or captured save two or three, who are said to have escaped. General Pettigrew received a wound in one of his hands at Gettysburg, in consequence of which he was unable to manage his horse, which reared and fell with him. It is probable when in the act of rising from the ground that he was struck by a pistol-ball in the left side, which, unfortunately for himself and his country, proved mortal. A soldier of the Seventh Tennessee Regiment was at the same time mortally wounded. This was the entire loss of my command from this charge; 33 of the enemy's dead were

counted; 6 prisoners fell into our hands, also a stand of colors.

Very soon after this, a large body of dismounted cavalry, supported by artillery, of which I had none, made a vigorous attack on Brockenborough's brigade which was deployed in line of battle to the right of the road. Brockenborough repelled the attack, and drove the enemy back into the woods, following him up for some distance. The enemy was now heavily re-enforced, and Brockenborough was compelled to fall back.

His brigade, having been badly cut up on the 1st and 3d at Gettysburg, was much reduced in numbers. Seeing that the enemy evidently designed turning his right flank, and thus cutting him off from the river, Brockenborough deployed his brigade as skirmishers, extending well to the right. About this time the enemy appeared on my left flank in force; also on my front. Seeing the attack was becoming serious I ordered the several brigades of Pender's division (excepting Thomas', which had crossed the river) to return. At the same time, I sent a message to the Lieutenant-General commanding, requesting that artillery might be sent me, as I had none.

On returning, my aide informed me that General Hill directing me to withdraw my command as speedily as possible and cross the river. When this order was received, my line of skirmishers occupied a front of a mile and a half, the left resting on the canal, the right bending around well towards the Potomac. The orders were that the several brigades in line should withdraw simultaneously, protecting their front by a strong line of skirmishers, and converge toward the road leading to Falling Waters. In order to cover this movement, Lane's North Carolina brigade was formed in line of battle about 500 yards in rear of the advanced line, protected by a heavy line of skirmishers.

The first brigade that passed through Lane's line of battle was reformed in line of battle a quarter of a mile or more in rear of Lane's position, and so on until the command reached the south bank of the Potomac. With the extended line of skirmishers in my front, and being compelled to fall back upon a single road, it is not surprising that, in attempting to reach the road over ravines impassable at many points, and through a thick undergrowth and wood, and over a country with which both officers and men were unacquainted, many of them were lost, and thus fell into the hands of the enemy, who pushed vigorously forward on seeing that I was retiring. The enemy made two cavalry charges, and on each occasion I witnessed the unhorsing of the entire party. . . . . General Meade recently wrote a note to his government, reaffirming his first statement, upon the authority of General Kilpatrick. General Kilpatrick, in order to glorify himself, has told a deliberate falsehood. He knows full well that no organized body of men was captured; not even a company was captured, nor the majority of a single company. He asserts, however, that he captured an entire brigade.

The error I wish to correct is attributing all the men captured by the enemy on the 14th as belonging to my command. I think I state correctly when I say that 3 out of 4 of the men captured by the enemy were captured between our works near Hagerstown and the point where I engaged the enemy, and were the representatives of every corps, division and brigade which passed over this road. My staff officers alone succeeded in driving from barns and houses immediately on the roadside several hundred stragglers who probably never reached their command, and these were but a small proportion of the men who straggled.

In conclusion, I will add that the brigade commanders did their duty, and the losses sustained were not attributable to any errors or shortcomings of theirs, but resulted from causes beyond their control. The rear guard of a large army protecting its crossing over a wide river can seldom fail to lose heavily if vigorously pursued by the enemy, especially when in the act of crossing. Under the circumstances, attacked as we were by a large and momentarily increasing force, we have every reason to be thankful that our losses were so small.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

H. Heth,
*Major-General.*

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Camp Near Hagerstown, Md.,
July 12, 1863.

Captain Edward Whitford, of
Whitford's Reg. N. C. Troops.

Dear Sir:

Yours of the 8th ulto. came safely to hand while our army was encamped at Carlisle, Pa., and I would have replied sooner than now, but there was no possible means of having a letter conveyed to Dixie. To-day being the first opportunity of sending a letter to our line, I hasten to reply. I was surprised at your inquiry about my being a Lieutenant in this Regiment, for I had supposed that Major Whitford had informed you of my acceptance of the position given me by you. I wrote to Major Whitford the very next day after the receipt of my appointment and also wrote out my acceptance and forwarded it to General Fowle, A. A. G. of No. 2, North Carolina. When I then wrote I expected to be with you in a few days. I sent up my appointment to General Lee applying for a discharge on it, but as there was no commission accompanying the appointment, my application had to go through all the channels, from Brigadier-General to Lee and from thence to General————Secretary of War, and before the application could be heard from our army started on this march, and we have been in the enemy's country ever since, where we were cut off from communication with out Secretary of War. If the commission had been sent I could have left immediately. Can you obtain the Commission for me? Do so if possible. I am most anxious to be with you.

Our Brigadier-General says your command being strictly North Carolina troops, and I being in the Confederate service was the cause of the appointment having to go beyond General Lee, as no one but the Secretary of War can discharge a soldier. Try and send me my commission and in the meantime I will do all I can to get off.

Well, we are in the United States once more. We have been in the Enemy's country nearly a month. We penetrated nearly to the Susquehanna, Pennsylvania. We passed through the cities of Chambersburg, Shippensburg, Carlisle and Gettysburg in Pennsylvania and numerous towns, villages etc., without meeting a single "Yank." They heard of our approach and flew to their capital (Harrisburg.) As we were moving on back toward our base Hooker's Grand Army commanded by Halleck in person, met us at Gettysburg, where one of the bloodiest of battles occured. The first day we drove them about four miles, killing great numbers—when they, in retreating, obtained possession of the mountains overlooking the town, and we found it impossible to dislodge them. On the morning of the third day of the fight the enemy commenced moving on our right, so General Lee took up march to Hagerstown, Md., to prevent being outdone. Had they not have gotten possession of the mountains we would have worn them out. I have no doubt that the Yankees claim a great victory, but be assured they have nothing to brag on. If we had not stormed those heights our loss would have been trifling. Our Generals have seen this army do so much hard fighting that they have learned to imagine no position too difficult to be overcome by the daring valor of our troops. We captured between ten and fifteen hundred prisoners at the opening of the campaign, making in all a handsome number.

As usual, North Carolina suffered severely. Lieut. Herritage of Swift Creek was killed. (Our Brigade suffered but little compared to some others.)

What the next movement will be no one can tell. We are now resting at Hagerstown, Md., after the severest tramp of three hundred miles that we have ever had. Be sure and obtain my commission and send to me. Direct care of Captain Alex Miller, Co. K., 2nd North Carolina Troops, Ramseur's Brigade, Rhodes' Division, Ewell's Corps, Army N. V. (via Richmond, Va.) and by that means the letter will reach me some convenient time. You had better direct commanding officer Co. K., and then as above, as there is no surety about Captain Miller's being here at the time you write.

I shall use every effort to get off. I sent my acceptance to Agt. General the next day after you appointed, so I suppose he has issued the commission before now. Major Whitford wrote me that the commission would be issued as soon as muster rolls were completed.

Tender my regrets to Major Whitford and all friends.

Write me.

Very truly yours, etc.,

WILEY F. HIGGINS.

## Northern Side [From the War Records]

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC

(*Circular*)

The commanding general requests that previous to the engagement soon expected with the enemy, corps and all other commanding officers address their troops explaining to them briefly the immense issues involved in the struggle. The enemy are on our soil. The whole country now looks anxiously to this army to deliver it from the presence of the foe. Our failure to do so will leave us no such welcome as the swelling of millions of hearts with pride and joy at our success would give to every soldier of this army. *Homes, firesides and domestic altars are involved.* The army has fought well heretofore; it is believed that it will fight more desperately and bravely than ever if it is addressed in fitting terms.

Corps and other commanders are authorized to order the instant death of any soldier who fails in his duty at this hour.

By command of Major General Meade:

S. WILLIAMS,
*Assistant Adjutant-General.*

[The Yankees had a different point of view when their "homes and firesides" were invaded. The Confederates had experienced this from the beginning, and the soldiers of the South did not have to be threatened by death, from their own officers. They were native Americans, while many of the North were foreigners.—EDITOR.]

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(*Copy Received War Department, 5 P. M.*

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
July 1, 1863,
12 p. m.

*General Couch,*
*Harrisburg*:

The enmy are advancing on Gettysburg—Hill from Cashtown; Ewell, from Heidlersburg. Can you throw a force in Ewell's rear, to threaten him, and at the same time keep our line of retreat open? If you can, do so.

GEO G. MEADE,
*Major-General.*

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NEAR GETTYSBURG,
July 1, 1863,
5 p. m.

*General Meade*:

A portion of our troops have fallen back from Gettysburg. Matters do not appear well. My second Division has gone up to the town, and the First on the right of the town. I hope the work for the day is nearly over.

H. W. SLOCUM,
*Major-General.*

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
July 1, 1863,
6 p. m.

*Major-Generals Hancock and Doubleday*:

If General Slocum is on the field, and I hope he is, of course he takes command. Say to him I thought it prudent to leave a division of the Third Corps at Emmitsburg, to hold in check any force attempting to come through there. It can be ordered up tonight, if necessary. Sedgewick is moving up here, and will be pushed forward in the night, if required. It seems to me we have so concentrated that a battle at Gettysburg is now forced on us, and that, if we get up all our people, and attack with our whole force to-morrow, we ought to defeat the force the enemy has.

Very respectfully, etc.,

GEO. G. MEADE,
*Major-General Commanding.*

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BATTLE-FIELD, GETTYSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA
July 3, 1863,
(*Received* 8:30 *p. m.*) 7 a. m.

*General M. C. Meigs,*
*Quartermaster-General,*
*Washington*:

At this moment the battle is raging as fiercely as ever. The fight was renewed at 3:30 this morning. The loss has been great on both sides. All our forces have been, and still are, in action, and we shall be compelled to stand and fight it out. There is a unanimous determination to resist until we drive the rebels. They began the fight, but we have repulsed them at all points, and hold our original battle-ground This entire army has fought with terrible obstinacy, and has covered itself with glory. Pity it is not larger.

We have supplies at Westminister, which must come up tomorrow if we remain here. The contest will be decided today, I think.

RUFUS INGALLS,
*Brigadier-General, Chief Quartermaster.*

[The Northern Army had fresh troops coming in to their assistance, yet they sighed for greater numbers.—EDITOR.]

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HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC
July 3, 1863,

*General Couch,* 8:30 a. m.
*Harrisburg*:

I presume you are advised of the condition of affairs here by copies of my dispatches to the General-in-Chief. The result of my operations may be the withdrawal of the rebel army. The sound of my guns for these three days, it is taken for granted, is all the additional notice you need to come on. Should the enemy withdraw, by prompt co-operation we might destroy him. Should he overpower me, your return and defense at Harrisburg and the Susquehanna is not at all endangered.

GEO. G. MEADE,
*Major-General.*

[Meade was not over-confident.—EDITOR.]

HARRISBURG,
July 3, 1863.

*Colonel Pierce,*
*Bloody Run, or elsewhere*:

Move on with your whole force to the passes near McConnellsburg, and as near Chambersburg and Mercersburg as possible.

My cavalry were near Chambersburg yesterday, and so were the rebels. Make every exertion to harass, and show of force.

I think Meade will whip them to-morrow, and we must help him every way. Push on at all hazards.

Send this dispatch. Notify me where you are.

D. N. COUCH,
*Major-General.*

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WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON,
July 3, 1863,

*Major-General D. N. Couch,* 1 p. m.
*Harrisburg, Pa.*:

As Lee is concentrating his forces near Gettysburg against Meade, all your available forces should be thrown forward to the assistance of our main army. Probably this assistance can be best rendered by moving rapidly on Lee's left flank, compelling him to make detachments.

H. W. HALLECK,
*General-in-Chief.*

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HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
GETTYSBURG, PA.,
July 4, 1863,

*General M. C. Meigs,* 8:10 p. m.
*Quartermaster-General,*
*Washington*:

The enemy has been defeated and has retreated to the mountain passes, and will probably flee rapidly across the Potomac. We have about 12,000 wounded, I think, though not known yet. The enemy's wounded lie on the field still. The battle was a long and most desperate one.

I trust now that the Army of the Potomac may be regarded as capable of fighting. Our supplies are coming up. We marched and fought this battle without baggage or wagons.

RUFUS INGALLS,
*Brigadier-General.*

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HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC
July 5, 1863.

*General William F. Smith,*

GENERAL: Captain West left here this morning. Our headquarters move at 6:30 a. m. to Frederick. We move, to turn the enemy, via South Mountain passes.

The enemy, from all we can learn, is falling back on Chambersburg. His bridges at Williamsport were destroyed today by our cavalry, and a portion of one of his ammunition trains destroyed.

Hastily, your obedient servant,

DANIEL BUTTERFIELD,
*Major-General.*

COURT-HOUSE, SIGNAL STATION,
July 4, 1863,
5:15 p. m.

*General Meade:*

Three regiments of cavalry and four wagons passed along our front, 2 1-2 miles out from town, halted on the hills north west from the college building, and were there joined by two more regiments, a battery of artillery, and two ambulances, coming from behind the hills. The column is now moving toward the Chambersburg road.

Dense smokes have been seen all day behind the hills in the direction of Cashtown.

P. A. TAYLOR,
*First Lieutenant, Acting Signal Officer.*

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COURT-HOUSE, SIGNAL STATION,
July 4, 1863,
7:40 p. m.

*General Meade:*

A train of thirty-three wagons just passed from near Herr's tavern toward the Fairfield road. Several smaller trains have been seen during the day in the same direction.

The column of cavalry reported this p. m. moving toward Chambersburg pike, halted behind the woods north of the seminary, head of column resting on the Tapeworm road. It is still there at this hour; horses grazing.

P. A. TAYLOR,
*First Lieutenant, Acting Signal Officer.*

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*(Received War Department, 10 a. m.)*
HARRISBURG, PA.,
July 4, 1863.

*General George G. Meade:*

I have most reliable information that Lee's force, which passed Hagerstown, was not outside 80,000, of which 12,000 were horsemen.

D. N. COUCH.

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HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC
July 4, 1863,
4:15 p. m.

*General Orders, No. 68.*

The commanding general, in behalf of the country, thanks the Army of the Potomac for the glorious results of the recent operations.

An enemy superior in numbers, and flushed with the pride of a successful invasion, attempted to overcome and destroy this army. Utterly baffled and defeated, he has now withdrawn from the contest. The privations and fatigue the army has endured, and the heroic courage and gallantry it has displayed will be matters of history, to be ever remembered.

Our task is not yet accomplished, and the commanding general looks to the army for greater efforts to drive from our soil every vestige of the presence of the invader.

It is right and proper that we should, on all suitable occasions, return our grateful thanks to the Almighty Disposer of events, that in the goodness of his providence, He has thought fit to give victory to the cause of the just.

By command of Major-General Meade:

S. WILLIAMS,
*Assistant Adjutant-General.*

[See how the word invader is used. Contrast this letter with that of the Confederate soldier Wiley Higgins. The "Rebels" did not seem to be as badly whipped as this appears to indicate. The Confederates seemed to think more of the hurt they had given than that which they received.—EDITOR.]

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*(Unofficial)*
HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY,
WASHINGTON,
*Major-General Meade,* July 28, 1863.
*Army of the Potomac,*
*Warrenton, Va.:*

GENERAL: I take this method of writing you a few words which I could not well communicate in any other way.

Your fight at Gettysburg met with the universal approbation of all military men here. You handled your troops in that battle as well, if not better, than any general has handled his army during the war. You brought all your forces into action at the right time and place, which no commander of the Army of the Potomac had done before. You may well be proud of that battle. The President's order, or proclamation of July 4, showed how much he appreciated your success.

And now a few words in regard to subsequent events. You should not have been surprised or vexed at the President's disappointment at the escape of Lee's army. He had examined into all the details of sending you re-enforcements to satisfy himself that every man who could possibly be spared from other places had been sent to your army. He thought that Lee's defeat was so certain that he felt no little impatience at his unexpected escape. I have no doubt general, that you felt the disappointment as keenly as any one else. Such things sometimes occur to us without any fault of our own. Take it altogether, your short campaign has proved your superior generalship, and your merit, as you will receive the confidence of the Government, and the gratitude of the country. I need not assure you, general, that I have lost none of the confidence which I felt in you when I recommended you for the command.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

H. W. HALLECK.

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*(Confidential)*
WAR DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON,
July 4, 1863,
*General Lorenzo Thomas,* 4:40 p. m.
*Harrisburg:*

We have sure information, by intercepted despatches from Jeff. Davis and General Cooper, that on last Saturday Lee made an urgent appeal to Davis

for re-enforcements from Beauregard, Bragg, and from Richmond, and they were refused, because Beauregard had sent all he dared part with to Joe Johnston, and so had Bragg; that the force in North Carolina and at Richmond was too small to defend Richmond and protect Lee's communications, and that they could not spare a man. The story about Beauregard coming, no doubt, has been told by Lee to keep up the spirits of his men. Davis' dispatch is the best view we have ever had of the rebels' condition, and it is desperate. They feel the pressure at all points, and have nothing to spare in any quarter, so that Lee must fight his way through alone, if he can. Everything here will be employed to the best advantage, and it is of the utmost importance to push forward from Harrisburg and harrass the enemy.

EDWIN M. STANTON,
*Secretary of War.*

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*Dated November* 15, 1865, *After the War.*

Burnside (page 96) in his report said: when he took command, the army had not been paid for several months, which caused great dissatisfaction among the soldiers and their friends at home, and increased the number of desertions to a fearful extent; and in short, there was much gloom and despondency through out the entire command.

[Motive for fighting?—EDITOR.]

On page 950, Dated July 6, 1863, Foster reports to the Commander-in-chief Halleck, that he is certain that General Hill has been detached from Lee and is in North Carolina with 30,000 men.

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Rufus Ingalls, Chief Quartermaster, on May 3, 1863—page 377—referring to the battle of Chancellorsville, telegraphed to General David Butterfield, Chief of Lincoln's staff:

"I think we have had the most terrible battle ever witnessed on earth."

Hooker telegraphed to Lincoln: "We have had a desperate fight yesterday and to-day, which has resulted in no success to us."

Hooker to Lincoln on 3rd day of May—lost, he says, because Sedgewick did not come up as ordered —page 406. Sedgewick's message to Hooker said, "yesterday he had 22,000 men, lost 5,000 in his effort to reach Chancellorsville battle, but failed."

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## SHOWING FORCES AND MOTIVES OF ARMY OF POTOMAC

PAGE 39, VOLUME IV, SERIES 3.

On January 19, 1864, O. P. Morton, Governor of Indiana, wrote to E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War, urging the call for more troops to be raised. In this Letter he said: "It is much safer to overpower the enemy by numbers, than merely to be his equal and rely for success upon the skill of generals and the chances of battle.

[A disposition to exaggerate the Confederate forces by Northern Commanders shown throughout the records. They were either honestly ignorant or dishonestly incorrect.—EDITOR.]

NORTHERN ARMY

1,000,000 had been drafted and enrolled during first and second years, 200,000 of whom had been discharged for physical disability. Another draft of 300,000.

Navy in December, 1863. 588 war vessels, 75 iron clad. Page 1145, Series III, Vol. III.

OFFICIAL RECORDS

SERIES 1, VOLUME XX, PART 1, PAGE 220.

Report of the Medical Director U. S. Army, Surgeon Ebenezer Swift. January 25, 1863. Battle of Murfeesboro, Tennessee.

Report says: "As soon as fire of enemy slackened at any point along our lines the ambulances dashed in at a brisk trot, and snatched our wounded from the picket lines. In justice, I should add, the enemy did not fire on these brave men when they knew their humane mission."

During the battle of Wednesday a portion of Negley's division of the Center fell into the hands of the enemy. These have reported to me as having received the same care and attention as their own wounded by the medical officers of their army.

L. HARVEY & SON CO.

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# Carolina and the Southern Cross

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L. V. ARCHBELL . . . . Editor

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## A Plea for Carolina and the Southern Cross

To North Carolinians:

Friends who desire the perpetuation of "Carolina and the Southern Cross" can encourage the work by sending new subscribers, and by inviting business men to send advertising matter for its pages. Special inducements are offered to advertisers just now. This magazine is one of the few publications in the South and the only one of its kind. It has endorsements of the U. D. C. Division of North Carolina.

Some of our Chapters are working up special issues for Miss Leazer's history collection. Some prominent school men have written endorsing the book for school libraries, Grammar and High Schools. Some County Superintendents of Public Instruction have asked for subscription rates for public school libraries with the intention of placing the magazine in the rural school libraries. All of this is encouraging, but it takes money to publish a magazine. Thus far the Editor has given time, thought and physical strength to establish this medium of work for the U. D. C. of North Carolina. Your President, your Historian and other state officers are its warm friends. What are *you* doing to keep it alive?

The Editor is not the only patriot among you, and you will not expect her to make all the sacrifice. You are going to help this work as you have helped other U. D. C. work. You will no doubt grumble a little because you hate canvassing or soliciting money, but you cannot afford to let this work die. You want your children to read and understand the story of the sixties as it concerned The Old North State. You want the story of the brave North Carolina soldiers made so familiar that all of our busy people can repeat it to strangers. The people have no time for research but they will be glad to have the knowledge without the trouble of studying. Your child will be glad to have correlated history as parallel reading. It will help your teachers and *you* will be glad to have Carolina and the Southern Cross as a medium to collect and preserve the history in your particular locality, or that which is connected with people who are dear to you.

How will you begin? If you have not done so, suppose you send the dollar for your subscription. Suppose you secure twenty-five subscribers or suppose you get a page of advertisements in your town. What important industry does your town support? Get it advertised. If they ask about the local circulation and it is poor, go to work and get *everybody* to subscribe and thus create a medium that will attract your advertisers. What is that? Who gets the money? The printer has had all the money that has reached the Editor's hands, and the Editor needs money *now* to pay for this issue. The Editor cannot afford to get into debt, no matter how ardently she desires the State to have this magazine. The paper is not making money and the Editor is giving you all that the paper stands for. Also, she is doing the work of three or four people. She needs money in order to hire other help. She needs help in order to give you a better magazine. If the paper is not circulated and read in *every part of the state* it will not reach its ideal.

Do you want this paper? What are you willing to sacrifice for it? The Editor unblushingly asks you to make a sacrifice because she is giving all and receiving nothing. At the next convention we may be able to systematize the work, and it will not fall so heavily on the Editor. It is U. D. C. work. It is a record of your effort to preserve the story of your own heroes. It is Opportunity knocking at your door now. Will you receive her or turn her away?

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Abraham Lincoln's famous Gettysburg address was made on the occasion of the dedicating of a cemetery to the Federal soldiers, November 19, 1863, about five months after the battle of Gettysburg. A half century has passed away, but a discussion of Lincoln still has power to draw blood. It would seem that after fifty years men could discuss the acts and speeches of a public man whose spoken word and public acts were so at variance with each other, that an exchange of thought between those who justify and those who condemn him could be made really helpful to the future. So much of sentiment and fear was brought out at the death of Lincoln that the utterances, extravagant as they were from both emotions, have influenced the thought of him ever since, and we find those of the North exalting him beyond all human ideals, while many of the South repeat the oft quoted sentiment that it was a "calamity to the South, when Abraham Lincoln died."

Many of those who uttered this sentiment were they who judged Lincoln by what he said, and attributed what he did to the influence of Seward, Stanton and others. Many, after seeing friends and neighbors imprisoned for speaking their honest thoughts, deemed it safer to fall into line with public sentiment and

say that perhaps it would have been better for the South if he had lived. At that time our people were tired of strife, tired of suffering, and to give expression to their true feeling invited a useless persecution. Besides it was necessary to turn their attention to more practical things and leave the victors to indulge their sentiments.

"Nothing succeeds like Success," and ever since the success of Abraham Lincoln this has been the dominant spirit of America. No matter who is trampled underfoot if the man of the hour succeeds. No matter who perished in making a success if the great enterprise goes on to completion, but this was not the sentiment that was uppermost in the making of the nation, and that was why the war revealed the true greatness of the Southern soldier, because for the belief that was in him, he was able and willing to contend against the fighting sentiments of the world that were brought together in Lincoln's army.

These were, (1) a sentiment for the Union which was the purest sentiment, and the least powerful in the Northern army, and it is the soldier who possessed this sentiment in Lincoln's army that the Confederate veteran is willing to fraternize with and honor. Lincoln's first appeal for troops was to this sentiment and while many responded at the time for other reasons, the answer to his call was a disappointment to him. There was a very strong sentiment at the North in favor of the Constitution as it was and union with the South on her rights, as embodied in the Constitution. To the everlasting credit of the American people Congress never endorsed the President for violating the Constitution by calling for troops without the consent or authority of the people "in Congress Assembled." During his reign the Congress of the Northern people gave him all the power he asked for, and he was constantly seeking more power for the "Executive" and he called himself the "Government,"—see his letters to Meade, Hooker and others.

The sentiment for the Union not being powerful enough, Mr. Lincoln employed money to induce men to fight the South and the desperadoes of Europe were employed to coerce the South. Even the prisons of Europe were opened to fill the armies that invaded the Confederacy. It was said in the British House of Parliament that the "scum of Europe" had been employed in the Northern Army. The same truth was expressed in Rome, and we know that the sentiments that actuated such soldiers were the love of money and adventure, not a patriotic feeling for the Union. After Gettysburg the Abolitionists could not be put off, and indeed Mr. Lincoln had been formulating plans to replenish his army by a general enrolling of negro troops for some time. This he did and the agitating abolitionists, those even who had been loudest in advocating "Breaking up the Union and destroying the Constitution," flocked to Lincoln's aid. I cite these examples to show that no one knew better than President Lincoln that only a minority of his soldiers fought for the preservation of the Union. Many were "South" haters and had long preferred separation.

At his first inauguration, Mr. Lincoln declared that he would not interfere with the institution of slavery and that he had no legal right to do so. The slogan of the war was to be "Save the Union." The victorious generals, Burnside for instance, were cautioned not to mention politics or slavery in their proclamations, but insist that the object of the war was the saving of the Union.

Now mark the beginning of Lincoln's Gettysburg address:

"Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a nation conceived in liberty, and dedicated it to the proposition that all *men are created equal*. Now we are engaged in a great civil war testing whether that nation or any nation so conceived and so dedicated can long endure."

Now mark the ending of the same speech:

"That we here resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation under God shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

Can the brave veteran of the Northern army who put his life in jeopardy because he honestly believed that the constitution and the Union established by our forefathers was about to be destroyed, can such a veteran agree with the claim of the Gettysburg address that he was fighting to test if all men are equal, or in other words, was he fighting to prove that the Negro was his equal, his brother in arms, and he should be free in spite of the constitution?

If, on the other hand, he did not fight to free the slaves, can he blame the Confederate soldier who denies Mr. Lincoln's insinuation that the Confederacy was trying to overthrow the United States Government and the Constitution of our forefathers. Does not every act of the Confederacy up to Gettysburg prove that the Confederacy did not intend to destroy the ideals of our Revolutionary fathers, but to preserve them in peace. The Constitution of the Confederacy is a living witness that the South meant to separate from the North for the purpose of preserving the rights of states and keeping the power with the people, and not centralizing in a "Government," meaning one man or a few. The insinuation that "Government of the people, by the people and for the people," was in danger of being destroyed by the Southern people, quoted by the way, was only one of

the many misleading accusations of Mr. Lincoln against the South. At the time it was uttered Lincoln alluded to himself as the "Government" and he actually was the Government of the North. He removed his generals when they failed to gain victories as relentlessly as an ancient Roman dictator. The press was silenced at his nod. Men and women were imprisoned without a hearing at his order, and prisoners of his army were left to die in Southern prisons for the want of medicines that only he could supply. Human life was nothing in the balance against Success. His anxiety to win was so intense that one who reads his acts in the records can feel the beating of his heart as it almost bursts with a desire to wipe out all opposition, and get himself firmly established. To succeed he was ready to employ any means, but he was never rash. His natural ability to play on the keys of human weakness or to employ the aid of human strength and wisdom among those within his reach was perhaps never surpassed by any man known to history, and to reason that seemed plausible was always given for every act of his, so that if at any time the tide had turned, he could have taken shelter under the wing of the law as he chose to interpret it. At the same time, his personal connection with questionable acts used as aids to Success is often illusive, and sometimes entirely concealed.

By following the links in a chain of evidence, of which the "War Records" are full, we find him connected with astonishing undertakings.

While a member of the highest court of the United States patiently waited upon Lincoln in the interests of Peace he used finesse to gain delay, while he rushed preparations for war. His agent, ostensibly sent to confer with the Governor of South Carolina, was allowed by courtesy to visit the garrison of Sumter and he employed the occasion to deliver a dispatch from Lincoln to Anderson, and to return to the President a plan of the fort. Seward's famous telegram, "Faith as to Sumter fully kept wait and see," was quickly followed by gunboats to menace in such a manner as to force the Southern soldiers to fire on Sumter, thus fulfilling Lincoln's promise, "If there is war you must be the aggressor."

The Constitution of the United States gave no authority to a President to carry an armed force into any state except in case of insurrection and rebellion, when the Governor of such a state could not manage his own housekeeping, so to speak, and appealed to the President for aid, but Mr. Lincoln found a way to legalize his acts by proclaiming the soverign states of the South (quite half the nation including Northern sympathizers) in a state of insurrection and rebellion, appointed military governors, ignored the governors elected by the people of the state, and proceeded to deal with such as fell into his hands as criminals and pirates; thus making a semblance of reverence for the Constitution, he in reality assumed the right to judge for the states, declare them traitors, and silence a large portion of the public in the Northern States whose sympathy with the South and desire to be fair led them to express themselves in her favor. Large secret societies opposed to Lincoln were formed, but prisons and death yawned for such leaders as were not too powerful for such punishment, and newspapers adverse to the policy of "Government" were suppressed, and editors imprisoned.

Mr. Lincoln recognized one powerful rival, whose ideals and politics were opposite to his own, but he was willing to use this rival to help himself to successful war. In truth the "Rebellion" as he chose to call it could not be suppressed and McClellan, the most able of all the Northern soldiers, was a great favorite in the army on his own side, and was respected as a gentleman and for his military ability, by the Southern soldiers and leaders, many of whom had been his classmates. Lincoln was not a soldier. He knew very little of the usages of war and he must have handicapped his generals in his anxiety to gain victories. He was constantly urging them to act. McClellan wrote him a letter telling his views, and advocating a merciful and humane treatment of all non-combatants, a protection of private property, exchange of prisoners and so on. Lincoln did not reply, but he placed Halleck, the opposite of McClellan, near himself, as military advisor or "General-in-Chief," and then the chief "Executive" or the "Government" had many new powers granted to him by Congress, all of which he suggested. He proposed to Congress that he should offer to pay for the slaves including those of the "Rebel" states, adding that of course they would not accept, but he thought best to make the offer. The offer was made by proclamation, not to buy the slaves of individuals, but of states who would submit to the "Government" as *whole states* and free the slaves. When there were objections to this from the free laborers of the North who feared that the negroes would flock to their states and cheapen labor, it was proposed to give the freedmen a part of the land in the South and keep them there in order to protect the white laborers of the North. God only knows what Lincoln's plan was in regard to the South and the negro. He was wise enough to speak few words that could be used against him, provided his case went wrong.

He did not boast of his power as Seward did to Lord Lyon, when he said that by tapping a bell he could cause the arrest and imprisonment of any citizen in New York and other states. Lincoln just went on and used his power without boasting, and he adroitly used Seward, Stanton and others as shields between himself and future possible disaster. He claimed to have the law always on his side. When

he did not free the slaves, and when at last he did proclaim them free.

There was this advantage in having a "loyal" governor in each state where he could get a foot-hold. It sounded well in foreign countries to have favorable reports sent to the "Executive" as to the loyalty of the South. North Carolina, for instance, had a Lincoln governor over a narrow little strip of land on the coast, who reported "loyal" citizens and loyal native troops. Such reports caused Europe to delay to recognize the Confederacy, and at one time a member of the British Parliament said it was difficult to understand the situation as Mr. Davis and Mr. Lincoln both claimed the loyalty of the same states.

Just before the battle of Gettysburg some of the New England states wrote to Lincoln demanding that McClellan be put at the head of the army. Lincoln was a politician and McClellan was the opposing candidate for the next presidential campaign. If McClellan had become the victor at Gettysburg there would have been no doubt as to his election. As it was, there was much doubt concerning the second term of Abraham Lincoln, but Mr. Lincoln proved that he could be trusted with polities. The emancipation proclamation was intended to help the campaign, but Mr. Lincoln's party had barely a majority in the senate. Immediately after Gettysburg the Slave Insurrection was set to take place throughout the South, beginning on the 31st of August at night in 1863. The prompt action of Governor Vance perhaps prevented the perfection of the plan. Lincoln was implicated.

Prisoners were no longer exchanged. Negro troops were made guards of southern soldiers. No soldiers were ever so humilated as those of the South. With a few exceptions Lincoln's generals were afraid of him, and they soon found out that a report of something accomplished no matter how atrocious was better than failure or inaction. Therefore one is not surprised to find reports like that of the notorious general Kilpatrick, who reported the capture, by him, of a whole brigade, and when General Lee corrected it, Meade endorsed Kilpatrick's report. Kilpatrick was connected with the affair that Dahlgren lost his life in trying to accomplish. This was a plot to enter Richmond by stealth, set free the prisoners in Libby prison and murder Jefferson Davis and his Cabinet. Papers found on Dahlgren's dead body proved his errand. General Lee demanded an explanation of Lincoln's government and Kilpatrick was called to account, but he implicated the President, and the matter was never explained to General Lee, satisfactorily.

There were gentlemen and brave soldiers in Lincoln's army, who were fighting for a principle in which they believed, but more than one of his Generals had a price on his head offered by the Confederate authorities, and these outlaws Lincoln delighted to honor.

In the records we find a correspondence showing that Abraham Lincoln ordered soldiers to the North to supervise his last election. He had the moral courage to do anything he chose, and it seems an insult to his intellect to believe that he was the puppet of Seward and Stanton as some have thought. He chose them for his Cabinet because they were necessary for his success and he used them for what they were worth to him.

In contemplating the deeds of Mr. Lincoln in connection with his Gettysburg address, is it not probable that "Government of the people, by the people and for the people," was in more danger from Mr. Lincoln himself than from the whole American people put together. It is seldom that men who have acquired so much power, are willing to relinquish it. We have the example of Cromwell, Robespierre, Marat and a few others who have flourished since the settlement of America. The appetite for power that has been acquired through bloodshed is hard to deny. Lincoln's order to General Grant after Lee's surrender, "Make no more terms for the South without consulting the Government," is an indication that he intended to reckon directly with the South himself. He had surrounded himself with men who hated the South, and he had four years in which to adjust the country to his own way of thinking.

The Confederacy could not be implicated in the assassination of Lincoln although the existing powers moved Heaven and Earth to implicate Jefferson Davis. The man who killed Lincoln was not a southerner. He had a personal reason for the act that makes Lincoln's last inaugural address sound like a prophecy. It is a matter of regret that Mr. Lincoln was made into a martyr by his violent death, but to say that the South would have been better off had he lived, is a question that involves whether his judgment of the South would have consisted in words or deeds.

"Hid in the decrees of God is the destiny of nations."

□□□

The poem on our first page, by one of Pickett's men in the famous charge, will be read by the North Carolina Daughters of the Confederacy and the Veterans of North Carolina with interest. Coming from such a source it will be highly appreciated, and we of North Carolina are fortunate to have such a witness to the claims that we have made for the valor of our men at Gettysburg. We are sure that our camps and chapters will always have a warm feeling for Dr. Douthat.

Our thanks are due to Col. J. Bryan Grimes, who secured the poem for "Carolina and The Southern Cross."

The charge at Gettysburg by the Confederates is wrongly called. Pickett's charge was in reality Longstreet's Assault. Pickett and Pettigrew both charged at the same time, the one on the left, the other on the right. Pettigrew was chosen by General Lee to cover the retreat and he was killed at Falling Water, or rather he received the wound from which he died, while defending the rear of Lee's army. To have been assigned to such a duty by General Lee showed how he was valued as a brave soldier and a reliable officer. It has often been shown that Pettigrew commanded Heth's division and charged at the same time that Pickett did, going farther to the front, but "Pickett's Charge," seems to have fixed itself in the minds of some people to the exclusion of all others. General Heth's report is given in this number, showing Pettigrew's service. Pettigrew did not live to make his report.

General Pettigrew of North Carolina commanded a brigade in the division of General Heth. Elsewhere we publish a letter from General Heth written some years ago to a gentleman in Kinston.

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Does the result of the war justify the price? we ask when we turn from a perusal of the reports, orders, correspondence, and some of the lofty Abolition sentiments expressed in the "War Records." When we think of the negro soldiers guarding Confederate prisoners. When we meet our own Confederate veterans who have no pensions, or visit our Confederate soldier's Home. When we think of the fifty years during which we of the South have paid pensions to such creatures as "Aunt Vilet," who is undoubtedly *Free?* I wonder if any nation on earth was ever really free who elevated people of the "Vilet" type, and disfranchised people of the Jefferson Davis type.

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An interesting account of the battle of Blount's Creek Mill by an eye witness, was intended for this July Magazine, but as the Beaufort County Chapter is working up a special issue, the article will be reserved for their number.

The veterans who promised accounts of the Gettysburg reunion failed to send them.

□□□

## A Patriotic Proposition

A gentleman who has subscribed to Carolina and the Southern Cross from the first issue, writes the Editor that he will be one of sixty men in the State to give Ten Dollars for the purpose of financing the paper until the Daughters have had time to work up an attractive subscription list. If sixty men will respond to this proposition it would relieve the Editor of a great responsibility for the present. As the money will be devoted entirely to financing the paper while it is getting a start, there is no reason why the proposition should not be accepted. Why should not sixty or more patriotic men place their money in the balance with the Editor's work, and establish this magazine for North Carolina. Even then the work would require the energy and devotion of the Daughters to insure its reaching the homes of the State, the goal for which it was created.

No great work can be accomplished without some sacrifice. North Carolina cannot expect other people to heap honors upon her, if she is not willing to do something for herself. We shall never eliminate objectionable history without offering something in its place. We shall never reach the people, unless we have an organ through which we can gain their attention. It is unfair to knock our teachers and leave them to struggle with their problems without giving them what help we can afford. It is unfair to the future not to secure the story of the men and women of the sixties.

The women of North Carolina have done and are doing a magnificent work for the state. If China or Italy or any state in the Union should make an appeal for help, our men would respond in a most agreeable manner. Why should you not give your money to help a state paper, that will reach people who cannot afford many books. Why should you not establish a medium through which the U. D. C. can accomplish their great desire, to secure and preserve every item of history that will enrich the future of our state.

The names of all who respond to this call, will be published in this paper and filed in the U. D. C., archives. Also every cent contributed will be accounted for. It is impossible for one person to do all the work in the office of "Carolina and Southern Cross." With an increase of circulation there must be an increase of service and that service will require a moderate remuneration. The editor has given her whole time and her vital energy to establish "Carolina and the Southern Cross." It must have material aid while the circulation is being worked up. Will people who love North Carolina help the editor to make the paper a medium for our state U. D. C., until we can systematize the work? This is only a fair proposition. The state will benefit by it.

—Editor.

□□□

Meade reported that 16,480 men in the Yankee Army refused to re-enlist after term expired. They wanted large bounties.

# Sidelights on Abraham Lincoln

## HOOKER WAS ASSIGNED TO THE COMMAND ON 25TH

Series 1, Volume XXV, Part 2, Page 4.

Lincoln—Letter to Hooker on giving him command of Army of the Potomac.

January 26, 1863.

*Major-General Hooker*:

General: I have placed you at the head of the Army of the Potomac. Of course, I have done this upon what appears to me to be sufficient reasons, and yet I think it best for you to know there are some things in regard to which I am not quite satisfied with you. I believe you to be a brave and skillful soldier, which of course, I like. I believe you do not mix politics with your profession, in which you are right.

You have confidence in yourself which is a valuable if not indispensable quality. You are ambitious, which, within reasonable bounds, does good rather than harm; but I think that during General Burnside's Command of the Army you have taken counsel of your ambition, and thwarted him as much as you could, in which you did great wrong to the country, and to a most meritorious and honorable brother officer. I have heard, in such a way as to believe it, of your recently saying that both the Army and the Government needed a Dictator.

Of course it was not for this, but in spite of it, that I have given you command. Only the Generals who gain successes can set up dictators. What I now ask of you is *military success*, and I will risk the dictatorship. The Government will support you to the utmost of its abilities, which is neither more or less than it has done and will do for all Commanders. I much fear that the Spirit which you have aided to infuse into the army, of criticising their Commander, and with-holding confidence from him, will now turn on you. I shall assist you as far as I can to put it down. Neither you nor Napoleon, if he were alive again, could get any good out of an army while such a spirit prevails in it. And now beware of Rashness, *Beware of Rashness*, but with energy and sleepless vigilance, go forward and give us victories.

Yours truly,

A. Lincoln.

["Lincoln in all this serious letter, makes no invocation or mention of God. Burnside's order transferring the command—on same page—invokes blessings of God. Page 5—General Joseph Hooker in his general orders assuming command also invokes blessings of God.

Just imagine such a letter to one of the Confederate Generals!"

Comments by A Confederate Veteran.]

Volume XXV, Serial No. 40.

*Honorable A. G. Curtin,*
*Harrisburg, Pa.*:

"Doubtless a small force of the enemy is flourishing around the Northern part of Virginia on the "scewhorn" principle.

A. Lincoln.

*Page* 279.

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*Page* 378

"Where is General Hooker? Where is Sedgewick? Where is Stoneman?

A. Lincoln.

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## LINCOLN TO HOOKER

Volume XXV, Serial No. 40.

*Major-General Hooker*:

How does it look now?

A. Lincoln.

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On May 5, Hooker requested privilege of Lee to bury dead. Lee on 6th refused, regretting necessities of war, because dead and wounded were all within his lines, but would see that this was done. On the 7th Lee wrote Hooker that the reason preventing a compliance with his request in reference to wounded no longer existed. "I have the honor to inform you that you can extend to them such attention as you desire. The burial of your dead is already provided for."

[Contrast this with Simon Cameron's letter about Trimble.—Editor.]

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*Page* 464

Hooker had in Army of Potomac 136,000 reported present for duty. He was only able to bring one-third into battle at Chancellorsville. Lee brought into the fight his whole force available, 40,000. Lee says he fears his loss is 10,000 killed and wounded in the different engagements—page 782.

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(*Received* 3:05 *p. m.*)

Philadelphia,
June 30, 1863.

*His Excellency Abraham Lincoln,*
*President of the United States*:

In my judgment, it is essential that McClellan be placed in charge of the forces in Pennsylvania not now attached to the Army of the Potomac.

I speak as a friend.

J. Edgar Thomson.

[All correspondence in this number is taken from War Records of Rebellion, published by the United States Congress just after the war. Most of the letters this month are from Series I, Volume XXVII, Parts 1, 2, 3, and Volume XXV.—Editor.]

July 29, 1863.
(*Received* 5:55 *p. m.*)

EXECUTIVE CHAMBER,
TRENTON,

*The President of the United States*:

The people of New Jersey are apprehensive that the invasion of the enemy may extend to her soil. We think that the enemy should be driven from Pennsylvania. There is now certainly great apathy under such fearful circumstances. That apathy should be removed. The people of New Jersey want McClellan at the head of the Army of the Potomac. If that cannot be done, then we ask that he may be put at the head of the New Jersey, New York and Pennsylvania troops defending these Middle states from the invasion. If either appointment be made, the people would rise en masse.

I feel it my duty, respectfully, to communicate this state of feeling to you.

JOEL PARKER,
*Governor.*

WAR REBELLION SERIES I, VOL. 27, PAGE 409.

[Mr. Lincoln did not have an enviable position. His case was desperate, failure would have meant ruin to him, and he used desperate means to win success.—EDITOR.]

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EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON,
June 30, 1863,
10:55 a. m.

*Governor Parker,*
*Trenton, N. J.*:

Your dispatch of yesterday received. I really think the attitude of the enemy's army in Pennsylvania presents us the best opportunity we have had since the war began. I think you will not see the foe in New Jersey. I beg you to be assured that no one out of my position can know so well as if he were in it the difficulties and involvements of replacing Gen. McClellan in command, and this aside from any imputations upon him.

Please accept my sincere thanks for what you have done and are doing to get troops forward.

A LINCOLN.

[McClellan was the Democratic candidate for president, and Lincoln's rival. He had a strong following at this date. Victory would have gained his election.—EDITOR.]

---

WASHINGTON, D. C.
July 5, 1863,
9 a. m.

*Major-General French,*
*Frederick*:

I see your dispatch about destruction of pontoons. Cannot the enemy ford the river?

A. LINCOLN.

BALTIMORE,
July 4, 1863.
(*Received* 8:40 *p. m.*)

*Abraham Lincoln*:
*President of the United States,*
*Washington, D. C.*:

I have again and again in vain endeavored to get the attention of authorities at Washington to the fact that at least one negro regiment might be raised here. I telegraphed you some days ago on the subject, and venture once more respectfully to suggest that somebody be sent here, or authorized to accept the services of and organize these blacks, who are willing to be enrolled. I have had some thousands of them to work on fortifications, but will discharge the most of them in a day or two. I had also upward of 200 offering today, from Cambridge, on the eastern shore. But, if not accepted and organized while this spirit prevails among them, it will be difficult to get them together hereafter.

ROBERT C. SCHENECK,
*Major-General.*

---

WASHINGTON,
July 4, 1863,
9:20 p. m.

*Major-General Scheneck,*
*Baltimore, Md.*:

Your dispatches about negro regiments are not uninteresting or unnoticed by us: but we have not been quite ready to respond. You will have an answer tomorrow.

A. LINCOLN.

---

WASHINGTON, D. C.,
July 7, 1863.

*Major-General Meade,*
*Army of the Potomac*:

I have received from the President the following note, which I respectfully communicate:
*Major-General Halleck*:

We have certain information that Vicksburg surrendered to General Grant on the 4th of July. Now, if General Meade can complete his work, so gloriously prosecuted thus far, by the literal or substantial destruction of Lee's army, the rebellion will be over.

Yours truly,
A. LINCOLN."
H. W. HALLECK,
*General-in-Chief.*

---

SOLDIERS HOME,
WASHINGTON,
July 6, 1863,
7 p. m.

"*Major-General Halleck*:

I left the telegraph office a good deal dissatisfied. You know I did not like the phrase in Orders, No. 68 I believe, "Drive the invaders from our soil." Since that I see a dispatch from General French, saying the enemy is crossing his wounded over the river in flats, without saying why he does not stop it, or even inti-

mating a thought that it ought to be stopped. Still later, another dispatch from General Pleasanton, by direction of General Meade, to General French, stating that the main army is halted because it is believed the rebels are concentrating "on the road towards Hagerstown, beyond Fairfield," and is not to move until it is ascertained that the rebels intend to evacuate Cumberland Valley.

These things appear to me to be connected with a purpose to cover Baltimore and Washington, and to get the enemy across the river again without a further collision, and they do not appear connected with a purpose to prevent his crossing and to destroy him. I do fear the former purpose is acted upon and the latter is rejected.

If you are satisfied the latter purpose is entertained and is judiciously pursued, I am content. If you are not so satisfied, please look to it.

Yours truly,

A. Lincoln.

[Mr. Davis would have been willing to stop the war after Bull Run, if the Confederacy had been allowed to go in peace. Washington was not attacked because the South asked only for separation from the Union, not destruction of that part of the country that disagreed with them.—Editor.]

---

Washington, D. C.,
July 29, 1863,
10 a. m.

*Major-General Meade,*
*Warrenton, Va.:*

The following note of the President is communicated for your information. I will write you more fully today:

"*Major-General Halleck*:

Seeing General Meade's dispatch of yesterday to yourself causes me to fear that he supposes the Government here is demanding of him to bring on a general engagement with Lee as soon as possible. I am claiming no such thing of him. In fact, my judgment is against it; which judgment of course I will yield if yours and his are the contrary. If he could not safely engage Lee at Williamsport, it seems absurd to suppose he can safely engage him now, when he has scarcely more than two-thirds of the force he had at Williamsport, while it must be that Lee has been re-enforced. True, I desired General Meade to pursue Lee across the Potomac, hoping, as has proven true, that he would thereby clear the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and get some advantage by harrassing him on his retreat. These being past, I am unwilling he should now get into a general engagement on the impression that we here are pressing him, and I shall be glad for you to so inform him, unless your own judgment is against it.

Yours truly,

A. Lincoln.

H. W. Halleck,
*General-in-Chief.*

New York,
July 5, 1863.

(Received 11 p. m.)

*Honorable E. M. Stanton,*
*Secretary of War*:

The glorious news from the army fills the Copperheads with dismay.

Governor Seymour was compelled to omit from his speech at the Academy of Music yesterday a fierce attack upon the war management of the Government and its generals and an eulogy of McClellan.

The prevailing sentiments in Democratic circles is that the complete defeat of Lee's army will be the overthrow of the Democratic party on the Copperhead platform, and Meade's victory is, therefore, not hailed with the universal joy with which it would naturally inspire the hearts of a patriotic people. Tom Scott and Edgar Thompson will find it harder than ever to manufacture public sentiment to bear upon the President for the restoration of McClellan. They would have been far more usefully and patriotically employed in persuading the people to shoulder muskets and fight the enemy instead of signing petitions.

P. H. Watson.

[Copperheads were those opposed to Lincoln. Their secret societies numbered thousands—Editor.]

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(*Received* 10:30 *a. m.*)

Gettysburg,
July 11, 1863,

*His Excellency Abraham Lincoln,*
*President of the United States*:

The provost-marshal-general, Patrick, has ordered General Trimble of the Confederate Army, now wounded in this town, to be sent to Baltimore and immediately paroled.

From his knowledge of the railroads in Pennsylvania, Maryland and Delaware, he is a dangerous man. He burned the bridges between Philadelphia and Baltimore in the beginning of the rebellion. Within the last ten days he directed and superintended the burning of the bridges between Baltimore and Columbia, and York and Harrisburg. He resided in Baltimore for twenty-five years, and is in close connection with all the rebel sympathizers in that city.

He is now living in comfort at the house of a rebel sympathizer in this town, while some of our wounded soldiers are still unattended. While he should and would receive from loyal men all the care a wounded man requires, he ought not to be allowed communication with persons who would transmit from him information useful to the enemy.

I therefore respectfully recommend that he be removed to and confined in Harrisburg or Pittsburg, as a prisoner of war.

Simon Cameron.

# PROMISCUOUS LETTERS

CONCORD, MASS.,
June 23, 1913.

*Mrs. Archbell,*

DEAR MADAM: I enclose $1.00 for subscription to "Carolina and the Southern Cross" for one year. I have lately been in New Bern and saw a number of your magazine edited by you at Kinston. It recalled to my mind vividly the scenes of the Civil War, as I was a refugee from New Bern for four years. The accounts of the battles and the hardships of our people are very truthfully and accurately recounted in its pages, and I would gladly contribute any information I have of the times, from a four year's correspondence which I have in letters from my husband, Captain I. P. Dillingham, Adjutant of 2nd North Carolina Regiment.

I hope you will have great success in your work, and it will be highly prized and appreciated by the young people whose fathers endured so much suffering for our loved and lost cause. While the old people live, the days of the Confederacy in memory will always remain green.

I hope you remember me, as I do you very well. Direct to Mrs. E. F. Dillingham, No. 8, Middle Street, Concord, Mass.

Yours very truly,
(Nee Lib Stanly) E. F. DILLINGHAM.

---

WASHINGTON,
July 5, 1863.

*Major-General J. G. Foster,*
*Commanding, etc., New Berne:*

GENERAL: Your dispatch of June 30 is received. Returns should be sent by sea and not by the interior route.

The letter of Jeff. Davis to Lee, which has been sent to you by General Dix, will show that nearly all the rebel troops have been withdrawn from North Carolina.

If Lee should receive another severe pounding before he crosses the Potomac, or his army should be seriously compromised, more rebel troops must be drawn from the south. I think, therefore, you will have an opportunity to do the rebels much injury, even with your small force. Increase your cavalry as much as you can by capturing horses in the enemy's country. In Maryland and Pennsylvania they take every animal they require.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
H. W. HALLECK.
*General-in-Chief.*

WAR DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON,
November 30, 1892

*Dr. Jno. A. Pollock,*
*Kinston, N. C.:*

DEAR SIR: In reply to yours of the 29th instant, I will say to the best of my recollection General Pettigrew was about 5 feet 10 inches high—of a spare build, weighing I should say about 145 pounds. He was very erect and presented always a soldierly appearance, quick in his movements, and I think of a nervous temperament. The Confederacy lost no better soldier during the war than Pettigrew—had he lived he would certainly have increased his fame. I had the utmost confidence in him as a soldier, knowing that any duty intrusted to him to perform would be well and faithfully done.

Yours very truly,
H. HETH.

---

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY,
WASHINGTON,
June 8, 1863.

*Major-General Foster,*
*New Berne, N. C.*

GENERAL: All our information here indicates that nearly all the rebel troops in Georgia and South Carolina have been sent west, to raise the siege of Vicksburg, and that those in North Carolina have been brought north to re-enforce General Lee.

If such is really the case, it is suggested that your army corps could resume offensive operations, destroy railroads, etc.

H. W. HALLECK,
*General-in-Chief.*

---

August 3, 1863.

*General Beauregard,*
*Charleston:*

I have just received the following from General Martin, Kinston:

Have information from New Bern of yesterday morning. Foster left for Fort Monroe on Friday. Negro regiments for Charleston. Infantry at New Bern about 4,000; cavalry increased to 2,000 at least. Raids to be constant. Palmer in command at New Bern.

H. W. C. WHITING,
*Major-General.*

[Note the connection between Gettysburg and North Carolina.—EDITOR.]

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AUGUST NUMBER

## OPPORTUNITY

Master of Human Destinies am I,
Fame, Love and Fortune on my footsteps wait,
Cities and fields I walk; I penetrate,
Deserts and seas remote and passing by
Hovel and mart and palace, soon or late
I knock unbidden once at every gate;
If sleeping, wake; If feasting rise before
I turn away. It is the hour of fate,
And they who follow me reach every state,
Mortals desire, and conquer every foe
Save death; but those who doubt or hesitate,
Condemned to failure, penury, and woe,
Seek me in vain, uselessly implore,
I answer not and I return no more.

*Wilkes Valley Guards*

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# Carolina and the Southern Cross

VOLUME 1 KINSTON, N. C., AUGUST, 1913 NUMBER 6

GEN. JAMES B. GORDON

NORTH CAROLINA STATE LIBRARY.

# General Gordon's Service

Brigadier-General James B. Gordon was born November 2, 1822, at Wilkesboro, Wilkes County, N. C., where his ancestors had made their home for four generations since the coming of John George Gordon from Scotland about the year 1724. In childhood he attended the school of Peter S. Ney in Iredell County, afterward studied at Emory and Henry College, Va., and then engaged in mercantile business at his native town. He was a leader in local politics and sat in the legislature in 1850. At the first organization of troops in 1861 he became a lieutenant in the Wilkes County Guards, which became Company B of the First Regiment of State troops, with Gordon as captain. Soon afterwards he was commissioned Major of the First Cavalry, and went to the front in Virginia, where the regiment under command of Col. Robert Ransom was assigned to the brigade of Gen. J. E. B. Stuart. On November 26, 1861, he gallantly led the charge in the first encounter of his regiment with the Federal Cavalry, which was also the first engagement of Stuart's Brigade with the same arm of the enemy, and was entirely successful. Thereafter he was among the foremost in every fight, and was frequently commended for bravery in the reports of Stuart. In the spring of 1862 he was promoted lieutenant-colonel of his regiment, which was assigned to Wade Hampton's brigade. He commanded the detachment which took part in Hampton's raid on Dumfries in December, and in the spring of 1863 was commissioned colonel. In the fight at Hagerstown during the retreat from Gettysburg, a charge of the enemy was gallantly met and repulsed by Gordon with a fragment of the Fifth Cavalry; "that officer exhibiting under my eye individual prowess deserving special commendation," Stuart reported. In September, 1863, he was promoted brigadier-general and assigned to command of the North Carolina cavalry brigade, with which he defeated the enemy at Bethsaida Church October 10th, and at Culpepper Court House, and took a prominent part in the fight at Auburn, where Colonel Ruffin was killed and he was painfully wounded, but "continued, by his brave example and marked ability, to control the field," and two days after commanded in a fight on Bull Run. He led the center in the "Buckland races," driving Kilpatrick before him, and during the Mine Run campaign took an active part, his horse being shot under him at Parker's store. In the memorable campaign of May, 1864, Gordon's outposts were the first to meet the enemy as he crossed the Rapidan, and he fought against Grant's army until the battle lines were drawn at Spottsylvania, where the cavalry hastened to cut off Sheridan's raid upon Richmond. On the 11th Stuart fell at Yellow Tavern, and Gordon, having defeated the enemy at Ground Squirrel Church on the 10th, sustained the attack of Sheridan's corps in force at Meadow Bridge in sight of Richmond, May 12th. He fought with reckless daring, inspiring his men to such exertions that they held the enemy in check until reinforcements could come up. The capital was saved, but the gallant Gordon was borne from the field mortally wounded. On May 18th he died in the hospital at Richmond, deeply lamented by the army.

CONFEDERATE MILITARY HISTORY.

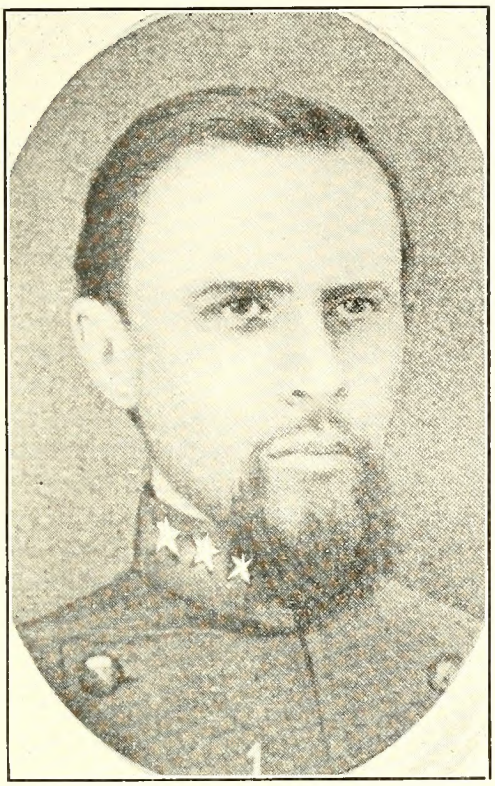
# Colonel Hamilton Allen Brown

BY J. G. HACKETTE

Among the sacred remnant of the army of the Confederacy who were spared to return to their homes, after four years of duty to every service their country would demand, is the subject of this sketch—Hamilton Allen Brown.

He was born in Wilkes County, North Carolina, at Oakland, the old Gordon homestead, on the 25th of September 1832; General James B. Gordon being his half-brother. On his paternal and maternal side he came of distinguished and worthy ancestry. By inheritance he had in him the instincts of love of country and freedom, his kinsmen having fought in the Revolutionary War, and his father having been a soldier in the War of 1812.

When the call to arms came in the spring of 1861, it found no one more willing, ready, or fit for service than Allen Brown. Though young, he had received considerable training at the Naval Academy at Annapolis, and when the state called for those who would volunteer to protect her honor, he was with the first to offer his services and enlisted in Company B, First Regiment. In the early part of the war he was detailed by Governor Ellis, owing to his experience in military affairs, to drill the raw troops and fit them for efficient service. In the summer of 1862, the Colonel of his regiment (Colonel M. S. Stokes) and the other officers in line of promotion having been killed in battle at Mechanicsville, he was ordered to his regiment and was soon placed in command of it. Soon after taking command his regiment was attached to Stonwall Jackson's Division. Colonel Brown was placed in command of the sharp-shooters of the division, and there is no doubt that this selection contributed in no small degree to the fame of Jackson's



COL. HAMILTON ALLEN BROWN

Corps as the flower of the Southern army. He asked no man to go; it was always, "Follow me." The thought of fear never entered his mind, his soul was filled with love for the Southern Cause. Though wounded many times, he would always stay where he could be in touch with his command and return to his duties at the earliest possible moment.

So severely was he wounded upon one occasion that he was left upon the battle field supposed to be fatally injured. The Rev. Mr. Patterson, Chaplain of the Third Regiment, seeing him in this condition and being unable to remain with him until the end, asked if he did not wish the burial service to be read, as after death there would probably be no opportunity for this to be done. Colonel Brown assented, and the good man used the service of the Episcopal Church.

Colonel Brown recovered from his wounds, and in after years to the astonishment of Mr. Patterson, they met in Tennessee. The latter told Colonel Brown that he thought him long since dead, as he remembered reading the burial service over him. Colonel Brown replied, "That the service brought him back to life instead of laying him away."

At the battle of Gettysburg there was no regiment in the Southern army that did more efficient service than did Colonel Brown's. At Culp's Hill the fighting of this regiment was terrific and the effect on the enemy severe. He has often been heard to remark that, as he stood amidst the wreck and carnage of that fatal field he realized, as never before, the loss of his great Commander, Jackson. On this bloody battlefield, in the campaigns of the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, the Valley, the battles around Richmond and Petersburg, this gallant soldier, although suffering from wounds and having only a fragment of his matchless regiment, was undaunted and never faltered.

The following extract from "North Carolina Regiments 1861-65," tells of Colonel Brown's capture during the last days of the war.

"About the middle of February, 1865, the First with the other troops of the corps, moved south of Petersburg, to near Sutherland's Depot. Here the regiment remained until about the middle of March, when the troops were ordered into the trenches in front of Petersburg, and there it remained until the night of the 24th of March, when that portion of the regiment, with the sharpshooters which had been engaged in the assault and capture of Fort Stedman before daylight, as a portion of the assaulting column, including its commander, Colonel Brown, was captured by the enemy, under the command of General McLaughlen, but was shortly afterwards recaptured, and in turn captured General McLaughlen and his command. General McLaughlen asked permission to surrender his sword to General Gordon. Permission was granted, for the reason that it was not certain that he was a prisoner, or would be long, as captives and recaptives were so frequent. Upon his surrendering his sword to General Gordon, he was moved back to the Confederate rear and was safe, a prisoner. After this the fort was stubbornly held by the Confederates against great odds for more than four hours when, by a sudden rush on the part of the enemy on the right, the lines were closed and the greater part of the sharp-shooters, together with Colonel Brown, their Commander, were cut off and forced to surrender."

He was taken to Washington, and from there to Johnson's Island where he remained some time.

He then returned to his home in Wilkes County. It was the presence and wisdom of such brave men in this community that struck terror to the plunderers and carpet baggers by whom the country was infested and saved our homes and property.

This gallant veteran of Lee's and Jackson's army now lives on a magnificent estate near Columbia, Tennessee, to which place he moved several years after the war. His life, since he offered it to his country's cause, and God gave it back to him, has been an example to be emulated by the generation that has been reared since and those who may come after.

As long as men admire courage, self-sacrifice, devotion, high sense of duty, patriotism attuned to martyrdom, so long will the memory of this Confederate soldier be held in honor and affection.

# Colonel William H. H. Cowles

BY J. B. ARMFIELD

COL. W. H. H. COWLES

William H. H. Cowles was born at Hamptonville, Yadkin County, N. C., April twenty second, 1840. He attended the common schools and academies of his county.

In 1861 he volunteered as a private in a company of cavalry organized by T. N. Crumpler, and was elected first Lieutenant of Company A., Ninth Regiment of North Carolina troops, afterwards known as the First North Carolina Cavalry.

Lieutenant Cowles was tall and athletic, fond of outdoor life, and a good horseman. He was soon promoted to Captain of his Company.

In July, 1862, the First N. C. Cavalry became a part of Wade Hampton's brigade, under Stuart as Major-General. Captain Cowles, by his gallant and soldierly bearing had already caught the eye of Stuart and in Oct. 1862, he was selected by that great cavalry leader, to command one of the companies of 1,800 picked men who followed him in the raid into Maryland in which they made a circuit of the Federal Army, destroyed immense army stores, damaged railroads and telegraph lines, and brought back to Virginia twelve hundred led horses. On the return to Virginia, Captain Cowles, with Company A., protected the rear, and was the last to cross the Potomac. In all the battles, raids and marches he bore his part bravely and was promoted to Major, and Lieutenant-Colonel. His men were devoted to him. He was twice wounded. At the battle of Mine Run, in November, 1863, a minie-ball passed through his body. His wound was thought to be fatal, but he was able the following spring to rejoin his command. He continued in active service until March thirty-first, 1865, when, at Chamberlain's Run, near Petersburg, he was shot in the head. At the time, Lieutenant-Colonel Cowles was standing in water up to his waist, and but for his Colonel, W. H. Cheek, would have been drowned. Those who saw him thought he was killed, and he was left unconscious and apparently dead to fall into the hands of the enemy. He was taken to a hospital where he heard the news of Lee's surrender.

It happened that at Petersburg he fell into the hands of Major S. R. Cowles, of the tenth New York Artillery, Provost Marshall, who treated Colonel Cowles with great kindness, and allowed him and a number of his friends to go home on parole. He went by boat to Norfolk, and thence to Newbern, and after suffering many hardships, finally reached his home at Wilkesboro. There among his friends and comrades he gradually recovered from his wounds.

In 1866 he studied law under the tuition of Chief Justice Pearson at Richmond Hill, and obtained license to practice in the courts of Pleas and Quarter Sessions on January fourteenth, 1867, and in the Superior Court in 1868. He located at Wilkesboro and made his home there until his death.

In 1872 he was elected Reading Clerk of the State Senate. In 1874 he was elected Solicitor of the tenth Judicial District, and won the reputation of a vigorous prosecutor. In 1884 he was elected to Congress from the Eighth Congressional District, and was re-elected in 1886, 1888, and 1890, after which he retired to his farm near Wilkesboro, overlooking the Yadkin, and spent the remainer of his life in farming. He died December thirtieth, 1901, after a brief illness of pneumonia.

Colonel Cowles was twice married, first in 1870 to Miss Cora Worth of Ashe County. She died in 1877, leaving two children, Mrs. T. B. Finley of Wilkesboro, and Mrs. J. A. Gaither of Newton. In 1883 Colonel Cowles married Miss Lura Bost of Newton, who with six children survives him.

In person Colonel Cowles was handsome and of commanding figure. He was a forceful and eloquent speaker. Perhaps the greatest speech of his life was at Wilkesboro in 1886 when he met in debate his opponent for Congress, R. Z. Linney, a foeman

not unworthy of his steel. That speech of Colonel Cowles' is still talked about, and those who heard it can never forget it.

There was no braver soldier than Colonel Cowles. He was a fine type of the Southern patriot. In private life he was genial, friendly, always interesting as a talker and true to his friends and loyal to his principles.

"Sleep, soldier, still in honored rest
Your truth and valor wearing."

# Incidents of Confederate War, Funny and Otherwise

BY R. A. SPAINHOUR

The first Company from Wilkes was stationed at Aquia Creek, Va., on Potomac River to man heavy artillery. They were sleeping in some old car houses when the Yankees came up under cover of the fog, and fired on them. Great excitement prevailed, and the Company tried to shoot the guns. They succeeded in getting the Yankees to leave.

After it was over one of the soldiers said to another: "Say Mooney, you were badly scared."

"Yes," was the reply, "and I had a lot of company too."

---

Halifax County, North Carolina sent fine soldiers to the war, but they were small of stature. Some men of Company B. 1st N. C. Regiment, came in one day and said:

"Boys, we've just seen something that we never have seen before in our lives. We saw thirty-six Company G. men, (Halifax boys) sitting on one fence rail."

---

Jesse T. Ferguson was a private in Company C., 26th N. C. Regiment, when Vance was its Colonel. One morning he went into Colonel Vance's tent to ask him to sign some papers. Vance was taking his "toddy", and said, "Ferguson, I'm taking a toddy, won't you have some?" Ferguson thanked him and said, "I do not indulge." Colonel Vance then said, "The next office I have to fill I'll give it to you." Soon after this he gave Mr. Ferguson Commissary Sergeant's place in his regiment. This office Mr. Ferguson held until the surrender. The last rations he issued consisted of corn alone, which the soldiers parched to stop their hunger.

The first company formed in Wilkes was camping on the hill on which now stands the beautiful home of Mr. A. R. Sherman. They drilled regularly and remained here sometime. Guards were placed around the camp. Late one night a son of Dr. Calloway, familiarly called "Tip" approached, for admittance. The guard asked for the sign and he gave his own name. Being told that that was wrong he asked for the real countersign, and was told that it was "George Washington."

"I came in one of it," he quickly answered.

---

Major Sneed was a noted character, witty but uneducated, and a great lover of strong drink. He was a great favorite of Governor Vance, and during the war accompanied him through the army when he was seeking to re-enlist his soldiers. After Vance had made his plea, the old Major would rise and say, "Governor Vance represents his country in Congress, I in jail." This was quite true, he often fought and would be taken to jail. He was a tailor, and cut suits for the soldiers, which the splendid women of Wilkes made and sent to our boys at the front. The women also met during the time our boys were camped here in Wilkesboro, to sew for them. One fellow, Pate Shoe, would forget that Major Sneed had taken his measure and came repeatedly to be measured. The old Major at last, grew tired and told Pate to lie down. He then took a pencil and marked around his entire figure, and told him to go, and remember not to come back.

# T. S. Bouchelle, C. S. A., Captain Company A, 1st Regiment

BY MISS M. E. BOUCHELLE

Thomas Slater Bouchelle was born in 1829, in Wilkesboro, N. C. His father T. S. Bouchelle, Sr., was a noted physician, especially skilled in surgery. His mother was only daughter of John Finley, the largest merchant of the same county.

After his father's death the subject of this sketch became a student of the University of Missouri. Here he was with the family of his aunt, Mrs. Walter R. Lenoir, formerly of Wilkes County, N. C. A year or two after the discovery of gold in California multitudes of adventurers rushed to the new "El Dorado." Mrs. Lenoir's sons organized an expedition to California consisting of more than one hundred men, three hundred cattle, wagons, guides and so forth, which they induced their cousin to join. The trip across the "Great Plains" and the Rocky Mountains occupied three months of hardships including attacks from Indians. Then the strenuous pioneer life

of that day continued the hardening process which made the seemingly frail student to become, years afterward, the soldier of great fortitude and endurance.

When war threatened the country, T. S. Bouchelle was among the first to offer his services to his native state. He was elected lieutenant of the first company of volunteers in Wilkes County, "The Wilkes Valley Guards." When the Company was accepted by the Governor and reorganized, the gallant Stokes and Gordon, being transferred from it to higher positions, Bouchelle was made its captain. He so continued, officially, until the end of the war, though for two years unable to lead the company in an active campaign. After the surrender a long-delayed mail brought him his commission as colonel of a regiment, then, alas, no longer in existence!

Captain Bouchelle's just treatment of his men gained their respect, many loved him. A stout farmer volunteer once said of him: "When I first saw him, so unassuming and gentle, I thought he would make a weak leader, but I know better now. He is a "lion in battle."

The First N. C. Regiment was in many hard-fought battles, and lost men by sickness and by bullet. Captain Bouchelle received no serious wound until the battle of Sharpsburg, September, 1862. On that day, after being held in reserve for a few hours, Company A was ordered to the front, facing a terrific fire. After firing their first round, Captain Bouchelle called out to his men, "You are doing well." Instantly a minie-ball tore its way through his lower jaw crushing it and carrying away bones and teeth on both sides. His tongue would have been cut out, had it not been raised in speaking. Lieutenant J. W. Peden of Company A was shot in the leg at the same moment. Colonel Hamilton Allan Brown being near, Captain Bouchelle threw up one hand to attract the Colonel's notice, pointing with the other to young Peden. Colonel Brown ordered men to carry the two wounded soldiers to the rear. Unwilling to lessen the firing force, or that his men should see his awful condition Captain Bouchelle motioned that he and Peden would assist each other, and they walked to the surgeon's. From the effects of his wound, Peden died years afterward. Captain Bouchelle lived fifty years after that battle, but never again masticated a morsel of food, and suffered often from slivers of shattered bone working out. He could be with his Company while in winter quarters, but in summer he was sent home to perform recruiting service.

He married Miss Sarah Hackett, niece of Colonel Sydney Stokes. Captain Bouchelle spent his last years in DeLand, Florida. He died October the 21, 1912, within a few weeks of the completion of the eighty-third year of his life. He is survived by his wife and several daughters, two sisters in DeLand, Florida, and two brothers in Texas.

# Colonel William Morgan Barber

BY MAMIE BARBER

"How sleep the brave who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest."

Colonel William Morgan Barber was born in Rowan County, N. C., January 24, 1834. His early education was acquired in the schools of Rowan County and under the tutelage of Peter Stuart Ney, whose classical attainments and unique personality made a profound impression upon his young pupil. Colonel Barber graduated with distinction from St. James' College, Hagerstown, Maryland. He then read law under Colonel Anderson Mitchell, and after his admission to the bar, practiced in Wilkes and in the adjoining counties.

In 1858 he was united in marriage with Miss Ada Alexander of Mecklenburg County, a woman of attractive social graces and of rare artistic gifts. Three children were born of this union, all of whom are living in Springfield, Missouri.

In 1861 he promptly enlisted in the cause which he identified with that of home, country and friends. He was commissioned captain September 24, 1861, and was promoted lieutenant-colonel November 20, 1861.

He was in the engagements at Manassas, Seven Pines, Gaines' Mill, Frazier's Farm, Chancellorsville, Newbern, Hanover Court House, Fredericksburg and Gettysburg. He was captured at Gettysburg, and remained in imprisonment for several months.

He was wounded September 30, 1864, in a skirmish near Petersburg, and died October third, 1864—only one of the many noble lives sacrificed to the cause so loyally espoused by the brave men of the Confederacy.

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# A Sketch From Memory

BY SAMUEL J. GINNINGS

S. J. GINNINGS

I was in hearing of the first gun fired in the war between the States at the bombardment of Fort Sumter, and I wore the first Confederate uniform ever worn in Wilkes County.

I volunteered on the first day of May, 1861, in Company B, First Regiment of Volunteers, and our company left Wilkesboro May 27, 1861, and went to Raleigh, N. C., under Sidney M. Stokes, Captain. There we re-enlisted for three years or during the war, when Captain Stokes was commissioned by Governor Ellis as Colonel of the First Regiment of State Troops. Then we went to Warrenton, N. C., and formed the regiment and drilled for some time.

We went to Richmond, Va.; from there we went to Brooks' Station, where we spent the winter. In the spring of 1862 we were sent back to Goldsboro, N. C., and stayed there for a while; then we were sent back to Richmond, Va.; then on a forced march in time of Seven Pines battle, but were not engaged in the fight. When we first went out I was commissary sergeant for the Regiment, and served as commissary until I was taken prisoner on June 15, 1862, at the commencement of the seven days fight on the Chickahominy around Richmond. I was carried to Fort Delaware Prison, was exchanged and sent back to Richmond, Va., some time in August, '62, where I found the Regiment; and after that was elected Second Lieutenant in Co. D.

I commanded a company in the Battle of Fredericksburg, Va. Afterwards I was granted license as Sutler in the Brigade, came home and bought a pair of mules and a wagon, and went back in time for the battle of Chancellorsville. I was at the battle of Winchester in the valley of Virginia, where Captain John S. R. Miller was killed. I was detailed to bring his remains home to Lenoir, Caldwell County, N. C.

In the fall of 1863 I had to send my team home because I could not get feed for them. Then I joined the Regiment and went in to the battle of the Wilderness, and was wounded on the 5th of May, 1864, and came home on furlough. When I went back I joined my command at Petersburg, Va. Not being able for regular service I was sent to Camp Winder hospital, Richmond, Va. I stayed there until Richmond was taken by the Federal Troops. When they came in at one end of the city I went out at the other end and made my way home the best I could. I got to Salem, N. C., on the day General Lee surrendered at Appomattox Court House.

[One reads much of bravery and endurance between the lines of this sketch. We would be glad to have an account of some particular event in the recollection of this veteran.—EDITOR.]

# Montford Sidney Stokes

BY JAMES GORDON HACKETT

It seems most natural, from the subject of this sketch that what is written should be only of the deeds of Montford Sidney Stokes, but, upon inquiry into his life the writer finds that so much of the early history of our state and county is a part of the achievements of his immediate family, that he feels it his duty to give to those who may be interested, the information he has obtained.

It was found from a sketch of the Stokes family, that they settled on York River in Virginia in 1835 and from the beginning took an active part in the affairs of the government. Christopher Stokes, the first of the family who came to this country, was elected to the Virginia House of Burgesses in 1639. It is not definitely known when the family came to North Carolina. Montford Stokes, the father of the subject of this sketch settled in Halifax County and married a Miss Irvin, of Tarboro. She lived only a short time after their marriage and left one child, a daughter. After the death of his wife, Montford

Stokes came to Wilkes County and married Rachel Montgomery, at Fort Defiance, the home of General William Lenoir, who was her guardian. From this union was reared a large family. After the marriage of Montford Stokes to Rachel Montgomery, he came into possession of vast landed estates, which his wife inherited from her father, Hugh Montgomery, who had been an agent of Lord Granville. They built their home on an eminence overlooking the fertile valley of the Yadkin and named it Morne Rouge (Red Hill).

By this time the people of North Carolina had realized the worth of the Stokes family. John Stokes, the elder brother of Montford, was a distinguished lawyer and moved to Salisbury to practise law. He had been an officer in the Revolutionary War and in a hand-to-hand conflict with Tarleton's soldiers had one of his hands completely severed by a sabre stroke. On the 27th of May, 1780, he was appointed Judge of the Western District of North Carolina by President Washington. The great Andrew Jackson studied law in his office.

John Stokes married a daughter of Colonel Richmond Pearson. He was a member of the First Board of Trustees of the University of North Carolina, in 1789. Stokes County was named in honor of him. He died at the early age of thirty-four in 1790.

After his death the people of this section began to look to Montford Stokes as their leader in matters concerning the welfare of their state and elected him to the Senate of the United States, then as Governor and again to the United States Senate, where he served one term with the distinguished Macon. Resigning his seat in the Senate, he was appointed Indian Agent by Andrew Jackson, which in those days was a position of such responsibility that it was classed next to one in the Cabinet. Governor Stokes died while acting as Indian Agent, on September 17, 1842, and was buried at Fort Gibson, Arkansas (now Oklahoma). His son Montford Sidney Stokes was born at Morne Rouge, in Wilkes County, N. C., October 6th, 1810. He graduated at the United States Naval Academy and served for more than ten years in the Navy. When a volunteer regiment was organized in North Carolina to go to the war with Mexico, Colonel Stokes was elected Major, and so beloved and admired was he by his comrades in arms, that after the war ended he was presented by them with a handsome sword. A few years ago, on a patriotic occasion, this sword was sent to Charlotte and it was recognized by one of the veterans present, who said that he remembered well when it was presented to Colonel Stokes,—that he with the other soldiers of the regiment, had given a dollar each to purchase it, to attest their admiration of his courage in battle and his kindness to them in Mexico. After the close of the War with Mexico, Major Stokes returned to his home in Wilkes County, where his mother lived, and resumed the charge of the family estate. This part of the life of Major Stokes as related by some of the older citizens who knew him well, shows his interest in his fellowman. He was distinguished by a mild, amiable and contented disposition, was an interesting lecturer and often visited the country schools, then few in number, and gave the pupils the benefit of his extensive information. He also felt it his duty to impress upon his countrymen his knowledge and convictions of the political questions of the day. He often ran for the legislature on the Democratic ticket, or if there were no ticket in the field, he would go out and explain to the voters the matters then before the public.

The virtues and talents of this estimable man were appreciated by the prominent men of his day; he was a friend of President Pierce and visited him at the White House.

Late in life Colonel Stokes married and his contentment seemed complete in the love of his wife and family. He had given to the Navy of the nation ten years of his young manhood; he had volunteered and assisted in raising a regiment to fight and subdue a foreign foe, he had been asked and had become one of the Governor's Councillors; all seemed fixed for him to spend the remainder of his life in peace as an honored citizen. He and his friends felt that he had done his part for his country. He had reached the age when he should have been exempt from further service.

About this time there came rumors from Washington that there would be an infringement of the rights granted the States by the Constitution, and there was talk of war. North Carolina seceded from the Union. Men of experience in arms were called to serve their country. Ten regiments had to be raised in North Carolina. Governor Ellis made a personal request of Major Stokes to give his military skill to the cause of the South; soldiers who had fought with him on the plains of Mexico appealed to him to lead them again. Although past the half-century mark he gave ear to the call of his State. In May, 1861, he was appointed by Governor Ellis, Colonel of the First North Carolina Regiment.

In July after the organization of the Regiment was perfected, it was ordered to Richmond and assigned to General Holmes' Brigade, was stationed near the mouth of Acquia Creek and was assigned to man the heavy guns. While here there were several skirmishes with the enemy's gunboats. In the spring of 1862 Colonel Stokes' regiment was ordered to Goldsboro, N. C., to check the advance of the enemy from New Bern. When this was accomplished, the regiment was ordered to Richmond again and arrived on the battlefield of Seven Pines just after the battle was over. Here it remained for several weeks, en-

gaging in a number of skirmishes with the enemy and losing several of its men.

On the 26th of June, after a long and fatigning night march, Colonel Stokes' regiment arrived in the vicinity of Mechanicsville. Ripley's Brigade, of which it was a part, was selected as the assaulting column. "It advanced to the attack in front of the splendid artillery of the enemy, strongly posted across the pond at Elyson's Mills. The slaughter was terrific, yet the regiment pressed forward in the face of this murderous fire for more than half a mile, advancing steadily to what seemed inevitable destruction, till it reached the pond, when it was ordered by the right flank and took shelter in a skirt of woods below. In this assault Col. M. S. Stokes was mortally wounded." He expired on the 2nd of July, 1862, and his body was brought home by his faithful body-servant, Isaiah.

In the consecration of his life to his country, Col. Stokes exemplifies patriotism in the highest degree and kindles afresh the flame of chivalry in the breast of every lover of his country. "The blood of patriots is the dragon's teeth sown upon the earth, from which heroes, full grown and armed, leap into life and rush into battle." No sacriligious hand will ever venture to touch the love and homage of the Southland for those who gave their lives for their homes and firesides. The image of the Southern soldier can not be torn from the hearts of an adoring people. Col. Stokes has left upon the State an imprint of courage, self-sacrifice and patriotism which time can never efface.

The wife of Col. Stokes preceded him to the grave by only a few months, having contracted typhoid fever during a visit to her husband when he was stationed at Goldsboro. They left two infant children, a son and daughter. The son, Dr. Laurence Crane Stokes, died in early manhood; the daughter, Mrs. Charles N. Hunt, lives a few miles East of North Wilkesboro.

The remains of Colonel Stokes rest in the old family burying ground in the garden at Morne Rouge. The waters of the Yadkin that sang a lullaby to him in his cradle, to whose gentle murmur he listened as he passed from infancy to boyhood, from boyhood to manhood, from citizen to soldier, still make their never ceasing music beside his grave upon the hill above its banks.

## History of Uncle Sam—97 Years Old

Sam Stokes, the faithful servant of Colonel Stokes, was born in Virginia. He belonged to a widow there, who sold him when he was two years old to a negro trader. The trader sold the little colored boy to Governor Stokes. Until he was old enough to take his part in the work he was play-fellow of Colonel Stokes and nursed the younger children of Governor Stokes.

During the war when Colonel Stokes was away Uncle Sam remained faithful to his mistress, managing the farm and in every way was faithful to the trust Colonel Stokes placed on him. After Colonel Stokes' death the farm was sold, also the negroes. Uncle Sam was then 45 years of age. He served the new master until the surrender. He says his master gave him some corn when he left him, and he wanted to say that many of the negroes were sent adrift with nothing.

Uncle Sam still lives near the old town of Wilkesboro, is very feeble of course, as he thinks he is about 97 years of age. He is remarkable for his years. During the wheat threshing season he went to several places to help, and he often takes his axe and cuts wood for his support.

[Mrs. Pilson writes: "This sketch was written by Mrs. Holman while talking to the subject of the sketch. I endorse it because I believe it to be true. I know the old colored man. He is respected by all white people, and I wish the sketch to appear just below that of his former master, Col. Stokes."

We are glad to publish sketches of colored people of this type. They are witnesses of the affection that existed between master and slave. They show the character of the negro at his best. They are passing away with the Confederate soldier and their like will never again appear. The results of the war did not improve the character of the colored race.—Editor.]

# History of Company B, First North Carolina Regiment

GIVEN BY R. A. SPAINHOUR TO HIS DAUGHTER, MRS. R. G. HOLMAN, WILKESBORO, N. C.

In the spring of 1861 Col. Sidney Stokes began to organize a company of Wilkes County men to join the war which seemed near at hand. They were called the Wilkes Valley Guards from which the U. D. Co.'s of Wilkesboro and North Wilkesboro have taken their name.

Young men from other counties joined this company. Col. Stokes drilled them until about the 27th of May. On this day they left Wilkesboro with Sidney Stokes Captain, J. B. Gordon, 1st Lieutenant, Marcas A. Parks, 2nd Lieutenant, Thomas Bouchelle 3rd Lieutenant.

The company on that day numbered 110 and nearly every man was over six feet tall. They first marched to Statesville via Taylorsville. We boarded the train at Statesville and went to Raleigh. The

company there was located in what was then called the Old Baptist Grove. There Vance's company with others was also located. Up to this time our men had enlisted for only one year. Here the officers desired the company to re-enlist for the entire war. Some ten or twelve of the company came home—the others re-enlisted. Sidney Stokes was appointed colonel Mat W. Ransom lieutenant colonel. We were then ordered to the Race Path near Warrenton for the purpose of forming the full regiment. Here we were joined by nine other companies. Ours was called Company B. After drilling at Warrenton some time we were ordered to Richmond. From there we went to Brook's station beyond Fredericksburg. Company B was here detached and sent to Aquia Creek to man heavy artillery on the river.

J. H. Spainhour was made chaplain of this First North Carolina Regiment on the 19th day of June, 1861. He only lived until October of the same year, having contracted pneumonia, and gave his brave young life for his country.

J. K. Howell was made chaplain after Chaplain Spainhour's death. He only served a short while. After him came the well known minister of western North Carolina, W. R. Gwaltney. He served until the close of the war and was much loved by the men in his charge.

During the fall and winter of '61 our regiment lost a good number of men from measles and pneumonia. During this fall J. B. Gordon was appointed cavalry officer. Matt. W. Ransom was made colonel of another regiment. Allen Brown was then made captain of Company B. Mack Parks came back to Wilkes and made up another company. He was made colonel of the regiment in which his company was placed.

John Hamplon was Lieutenant in Company B. Also W. W. Vannoy.

In the early spring of '62 the regiment was ordered to Goldsboro, N. C., remaining there until May 26th. when we were ordered back to Virginia. On June 1st, very early in the morning the long roll beat called us to go to battle. We marched through Richmond, down the pike towards Seven Pines, reaching there just as the battle closed. We there went into camp, doing picket work until the 26th of June when we were ordered out on Mechaniesville pike. Here we met McClellan's forces and an exceedingly severe engagement took place.

Col. Stokes was badly wounded in this fight and died a few days later. Many of the N. C. boys were killed here also. Maj. Skimer of our regiment was also killed here.

Next morning McClellan's troops fell back. We followed them until we overtook them at Cold Harbor and fought there until after the night came on.

Our regiment was badly wounded, Judson Curtis and Sid Weatherspoon were wounded in this fight. Few fields were so bloody as that of Cold Harbor.

In a few days followed the battle of Marvin Hill, a desperate fight. During July of '62 the second battle of Manassas was fought. The dead soldiers were thickly strewn over all the ground. Heavy fighting kept up all the year of '62 and oftentimes we cooked for our men just on stones and barbecued the beef. Camps were not settled long enough to do much cooking. The men suffered much through the winter of '62 from hard marching and lack of clothes—many were without shoes.

Lieutenant Vannoy of Wilkes lost his eye in a battle about the 12th of December. From R. A. Spainhour's diary kept during the entire 4 years of the war we copy these lines written January 1, 1863: "Another year has passed and no peace yet. The monster war seems to be still active in his preparations to destroy more human beings. I hope he may be disappointed." Again: "February was quiet. Sham fights with snow, which were quite severe, but interesting. During the month we have had some revival interest, our chaplain is W. R. Gwaltney, a fine little man. I am tenting with him this winter."

In March he says: "This has been another month of snow, rain and wind. Fitz Hugh Lee whipped the Yankees on the upper Rappahannock River. On May the 2, 1863, Gen. Jackson moved to left of U. S. force. This day he captures many prisoners by flank movement. On the next day a general engagement took place and was quite a bloody affair.

"Lost many from Company B. T. J. Eller, John and Sam Pennel and several others, besides Clark, Whittington and others who died of wounds.

"My youngest brother W. M. Spainhour was wounded in hand and wrist, losing use of it for life. During this engagement Gen. Jackson was wounded and died of wounds received in the bloody battle at Chancelorsville."

(These lines are found in my father's diary, written by himself):

"The noted hero of our land, fell there among that noble band,
He led them on to victory's door, but fell before he could do more."

July the 1st, 1863, again he says: "On the 1st and 2nd and 3rd of July our troops engaged the enemy at Gettysburg situated on a mountain in rear of Gettysburg, and after repeated attempts to drive them, our troops were forced to desist, though not till the hardest fighting I ever heard had taken place. On the third it was one continual roar of artillery and small arms. I suppose more than 200 pieces of artillery were in use at the same time. The slaughter on both sides was terrific. On July 4th we remained on the

field all day, began to retreat that night but the mud was so deep we made little progress. At last we reached Williamsport but found the river so swollen we could not cross. We remained in line of battle for several days till pontoons were constructed. We then crossed and moved up the valley and across the Blue Ridge without further molestation." So along through the year we find the same report of hard fought battles. Until we come down to December the soldier writes. "A bloody year has just closed, scenes the bloodiest our country has ever witnessed have transpired."

1864 was ushered in with snow and very cold weather. Hard picket duty was our portion during January and February. The boys completed a church for worship and also had a school for those who could not read and write.

On the 22nd of March, 1864, a deep snow fell and the soldiers engaged in a sham fight. First and Third North Carolina against 10th, 23rd and 37th Virginia Regiments. It was as stubbornly contested as almost any fight. These sham battles were in progress over all the army.

About the 1st of May the troops were moved from former picket line. Our men engaged the enemy above the Old Wilderness Tavern. We lost considerably. Faw, Gennings and Stockard were wounded. On May the 8th, we moved about 20 miles in the direction of Fredericksburg until our right rested against Spotsylvania Court House. "This has been a very hot day and the whole wilderness almost was on fire, as the fire, dust, smoke and heat of the sun all added to a very hard days march made it quite oppressive. Many of the men gave out but most of them came up in the night. On the 10th of May the 1st Regiment lost one of their bravest officers, Lieut. Larkin J. Curtis. He was ever at his post an indulgent officer and brave in battle.

On the 12th of May LaFayette Hemphill, father of our townsman, J. L. Hemphill, was killed instantly. He might have remained out of the battle freed by doctors' orders but he would not. His bravery was beautiful.

Here at Spotsylvania, C. H. Col. Brown received three bad wounds. D. M. Carlton too fell here, from our Regiment. Few nobler hearted men than the three, that Company B lost on the 10th, 12th, and 14th of May, fell during the war. '64 saw many hard fought battles. January of '65 came—our hopes for our Southland, dim and uncertain after the weary days dragged by. Petersburg was burned and only loss of men and property seemed our portion. Gen. Lee felt that he could not ask more of his people and surrendered to the north.

From the diary of our soldier we copy the closing words written after his return from the 4 years bloody war:

"The ladies in and around Wilkesboro gave the returned soldiers a fine dinner. The remembrance of the many who left there with us 4 years before, but who now sleep the last long sleep, some in unnamed and unhonored graves, made sad the day even though every kindness was shown us."

Wilkes County nobly responded to her country's call, and no Company sent more men to the front than did Company B, 1st North Carolina Regiment.

# Sketches of Officers From Wilkes County

### Larkin Curtis

Larkin Curtis was reared near Wilkesboro. "A noble son of a noble sire." He joined the Wilkes Valley Guards and went out the twenty-fourth of May, 1861. He was promoted from a private in Company B, 1st N. C. Regiment, to second Lieut. Captain, June the eleventh, 1863. A braver soldier never left the soil of old Wilkes. He fought her battles bravely, and was killed May the tenth, 1864.

### Thomas Bouchelle

Thomas Bouchelle was third Lieutenant Captain in Company B., 1st North Carolina Regiment when they left Wilkesboro in May of 1861. He was a brave soldier.

At the battle of Cold Harbor the soldiers were lying behind the breastworks where they were being constantly wounded. Bouchelle risked his life numberless times to help to carry away his wounded friends. He was made Captain of the Regiment in 1862. He was badly wounded at Sharpsburg, but lived to return to his home in Wilkes.

He answered the final roll-call only last winter, in Florida, his adopted home.

### Major W. W. Vannoy

W. W. Vannoy was orderly sergeant when he left Wilkesboro with Company B., 1st N. C. Regiment. He was promoted to first Lieutenant's place sometime during the war. His eye was shot out in battle at Fredericksburg. He was sent home and after recovering from the wound he was made Major of the Home Guards. He was a very brave soldier.

### Marcus A. Parks

Marcus A. Parks joined Company B., of the 1st N. C. Regiment at the beginning of the war, leaving Wilkesboro May the twenty-fourth 1861.

He returned to Wilkes to form a company of his own, which he succeeded in doing. He was made Captain, and took his men to the 52nd Regiment, of which he was elected first Lieutenant. Upon the death of Marshall, Parks was made Colonel of this Regiment

His personal appearance was exceedingly fine—tall and straight, as the native oaks about his father's home, his record as a soldier was no less fine than his imposing figure.

N. A. Foster, was Captain in Colonel Parks' Regiment. Wm. Carmichael, 1st Lieutenant, Jacob J. Parlier, 2nd Lieutenant and Joseph G. Hall 3rd Lieutenant.

### William J. Miller

William J. Miller was Captain of Company K., 53rd Regiment. He was killed at Gettysburg, July 1st, 1863.

Thomas C. Miller and Thomas C. Land were also Lieutenants in the same Company and Regiment.

Jesse F. Eller was 1st Lieutenant in 53rd Regiment and after death of William J. Miller was made Captain of this Regiment.

### Abner Bynum Carmichael

Abner Bynum Carmichael was clerk of the Court of Wilkes County when the late war broke out. He resigned this office and organized a Company which was called Company C., 26th N. C. Regiment, and was known as Vance's old Regiment. This Company left Wilkesboro June the fifteenth 1861, marched to Statesville, N. C., and from there went by rail to Raleigh, and went into camp at Crabtree Creek, near that city. Carmichael was elected Major of the Regiment, and was ordered to Bogues Bank to protect Fort Macon. From Bogues Bank the Company was ordered to Newbern in the spring of 1862. In the engagement at Newbern Major Carmichael showed great bravery, exposing himself unnecessarily on the breastworks. It is said that some sweet maid put a feather in his cap and asked him to wear it in battle. He was killed on the breastworks in the battle at Newbern.

### A. H. Horton

Captain A. H. Horton was a native of Wilkes, from the famous Happy Valley section. He belonged to Company C., of which he was first Lieutenant until Carmichael's promotion, when he was made Captain of Company C., 26th N. C. Regiment. Owing to ill health, he was forced to resign, after short service.

### Thomas C. Ferguson

Following the resignation of Captain A. H. Horton Thomas C. Ferguson was elected Captain of Company C., 26th N. C. Regiment. Ferguson was only orderly Sergeant when elected Captain. This was a signal honor, for promotion in the late war usually came by steps, not by bounds.

When the Regiment left Newbern it was ordered to Kinston. From there the men were rushed to Richmond, Va., where they arrived just before the Seven Day's fight. Captain Ferguson fought bravely and well during those terrible seven days. Soon afterward he contracted typhoid fever and for two months and twenty-eight days he battled with this dread disease which slew so many of our brave boys. At Petersburg, October twenty-eighth, 1862, far from home and loved ones, he gave his life for his country, just as truly as if a bullet from the hand of the enemy had pierced his heart.

### Augustus H. Martin

Augustus H. Martin was another brave man of good old Wilkes who made up a Company, which joined the 54th Regiment. He left Wilkes on the twenty-sixth of March 1862, and fought through the remainder of the war. Just two days before the surrender, he was killed, near Appomattox Court House.

Benjamin P. Johnson, Eli G. Grey and Joines O. Martin were Lieutenants in Company G., of the 54th Regiment.

### Oliver Parks

Oliver Parks, one of Wilkes County's best young men, joined the 33rd Regiment on the fourth of October, 1861. His Company was Company D., of which he was Captain. Ill health caused him to resign from the army October thirteenth, 1863. He died soon after, and thus went out another one of our brightest young lives.

Colonel Rufus Horton, James A. Hague and John M. Harris were all Lieutenants in Company C. 26th N. C. Regiment.

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The Wilkes Valley Guards Chapter has the honor of presenting this issue of CAROLINA AND THE SOUTHERN CROSS as a specimen of the history that they have been able to gather in a short time. Miss Leazar, the state historian, called on each chapter for a number of papers. The original copies of these were sent to her. CAROLINA AND THE SOUTHERN CROSS is also filed by her and she will have the advantage of preserving both written and printed history for future use. The children of Wilkes and of the whole state ought to have the advantage of reading these articles. Mrs. Pilson, the president, deserves the thanks of us all, because of her untiring effort to get up the data and put it on record. It is correct history verified by the President of the chapter who has taken pains to find out that it can be depended on as the truth, and therefore it is valuable.

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The editor calls the attention of all U. D. C. women to the poem on the cover of this issue, "Opportunity." We now have the opportunity to do a great work for our own state through the pages of CAROLINA AND THE SOUTHERN CROSS. How shall we treat this opportunity? Remember that the success of the work depends on the united activity of the Daughters of the Confederacy. The editor is willing to do her part of the work, but if you want this paper *you too must work for it.* If it does not reach the homes of the people, or if the people do not read it, it will not reach the purpose of our organization nor the ideal of the editor.

It is our opportunity to correct many mistakes that reach our children through the "School Book Trust." It is our opportunity to give to our populace knowledge of the ideals and the purposes of the Confederate soldier, compared with those of the Northern soldier and his admirers who have sent their views to us for the past fifty years, in the literature that reaches our homes and firesides.

It is our opportunity to kindly but firmly let them understand that we intend to plant our own idea of patriotism in the minds of our own children, and that the needs of the children of foreign born parents at the North can not fill the place that we wish for our own children who have descended from the patriots who gave us the stars and stripes.

It is our opportunity to rescue much of our story that still remains unwritten, our opportunity to "work while it is called today for soon the night cometh when none can work."

What say you Daughters of North Carolina, shall we seize this opportunity or shall we let it slip forever? Read the poem of Mr. Ingalls on the cover, and ponder the question. Be ready to say at our convention at Tarboro what you will do with this opportunity to have a North Carolina Journal that shall reach *every North Carolina home* through your efforts. No others can do the work. Will you do it?

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The poem on July cover was taken from the "Battle Hymn of the South." We shall, sometime, present a comparison between this and Julia Ward Howe's Battle Hymn of the Republic.

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The extract from President Davis' message to the Confederate Congress in the Side Lights in this issue is used to show here why a shadow rested not only on the heart of General Gordon, but on Lee and many others of our brave soldiers, who foresaw it.

We see it asserted by many writers and even by some historians that Abraham Lincoln offered "peace to the Confederacy on their own terms," but nowhere in the records can it be found that Lincoln offered anything but war, or abject submission, to the south. Sometime we shall give his account to his own Congress of his whole transaction at Hampton Roads. There is nothing to indicate that the South would have fared so well if Mr. Lincoln had lived. When he was first elected he seemed as gentle as a dove, but as soon as he possessed the power he did many things that kings would not have dared to do. He had powerful and unscruplous men associated with him by his own appointment, and when he appointed them he knew that they hated the South. His assassination caused these men's removal from office. A sudden change of government upset the plans as to the South and while it was bad enough it might have been worse. The fact that Lincoln ordered Arlington, the home of Lee, made into a place for dead men, indicates his attitude toward the South. Arlington descended to Mrs. Lee from George Washington, whose wife was her grandmother. Lincoln made it a habitation for dead men's bones and the woman whose home it was and who could claim it as maiden property was deprived of it by the act of Mr. Lincoln himself, who rode out to look it over, with

General Meigs. The first man buried there was a North Carolina soldier who died in prison. After the war those in authority ordered the dead Confederates moved, and the North Carolina Memorial Association brought the bones of our dead soldiers from Arlington, because it was threatened that they would be thrown out to bleach in the field.

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The Editor would be glad to have a written expression of opinion from every chapter concerning CAROLINA AND THE SOUTHERN CROSS. Please say what you think now.

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Recently we heard a man comparatively young say, "Why tell the story of the war? It is over, let everybody forget it." If that were possible what better would we be than the savage who chants the praises of his chieftain, buries him like a dog and remembers him no more. But to forget is impossible for if we would forget, the story distorted by those who would not then believe any good of us, and who cannot refrain from a blow whenever it can be administered even yet, is often repeated in such a manner that for the sake of truth we must speak. A dozen examples could be given to show why we ought to see that at least one little stream of truth should flow, where so many impure rivers of false statements empty. And the writers of these stories seem so sincere and attractive to our young people who form opinion by reading.

Take for example the *Saturday Evening Post*. It enters nearly every home in most of our towns. Last week's issue began an autobiography of Clara Louise Kellogg, who began to be a great singer in the sixties. It seems to us that she strained a point to deliver a slap at Mrs. Jefferson Davis when she recounts her own experience as a girl of seventeen on a visit to West Point. Also, she tries to show how Mr. Davis conspired to prepare for war by having ammunition sent to Southern forts. The truth is that Congress had provided that ammunition should be divided equally among all the forts in the United States, and Mr. Buchannan, who was president, only executed a law that had been in existence for some time, by sending a due portion to the Southern forts, and not "all the ammunition in the country" as Kellogg asserts. However, her assertion is printed, her criticism has come into our homes. Her adroit thrust at Davis has been recorded for the eyes of our children to read, and it will leave its impression even though it is only the opinion of a girl of seventeen when it was formed. But this is only one little instance of how our children are taught by the literature that reaches our homes.

Gradually the fine things published about Lincoln whether true or not, have crystalized into an ideal that is without human faults. Something to be adored with unquestioning worship, much as the heathen Greeks and Romans worshipped their heroes to whom they gave superhuman attributes.

Listen to this, from a public speech on Lincoln's birthday, by J. E. Burton of Chicago:

"If all men were like Lincoln there would be no need of heaven."

The oration goes on to compare Lincoln to Christ, and expresses a fear that "In some wild burst of enthusiasm men will declare him the Christ."

Insane, say you? No matter, it is printed in books and the books are in our homes. Shut your eyes and ears to this if you dare.

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The United Daughters of the Confederacy in an organization that exists throughout the United States wherever there are enough descendants of the men and women who resisted the invasion of the South in the sixties, to form themselves into a chapter. It is a patriotic organization like no other that has ever existed on earth. Its object is to honor the memory of those who died to vindicate their belief in the rights of the States of the Union under the Constitution of our fathers, before its amendment by the Northern States under the administration of Abraham Lincoln. The organization is pledged to preserve as far as possible the true history of the Confederacy, and to see that the children of the South are not ignorant of the truth concerning the principles of their fathers.

Each state has an organization of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, which is a division of the General U. D. C. It makes laws to govern and control the work of the state. Each division has chapters composed of descendants of men and women who in any way served the Confederacy. The State chapters meet in convention once a year and transact the business of the state. This convention is composed of delegates sent by each chapter to represent it in the assembly. Representatives from the several State Conventions meet in general convention once a year where they unite their strength for the general business of the cause which they represent, such as, for instance: a monument at Arlington, another at Gettysburg, Shiloh, etc. Also these conventions are doing much to educate sons and daughters of veterans. The state division through its chapters is erecting Confederate monuments in the state, and co-operating with the state in maintaining Soldiers Homes and homes for destitute women of the Confederacy, etc.

North Carolina's convention this year will be held at Tarboro. The general convention will meet at New Orleans. The work of the Daughters of the

Confederacy has been done so quietly and modestly that the general public has no idea of its magnitude, nor of the energy and patriotism involved in its execution. In detail it seems small and unattractive, but as results show the work, it challenges the admiration of the world. The descendant woman of the Confederacy is worthy of her ancestors, and she is quietly doing more for history than any other force in this country.

# SIDELIGHTS

A veteran of Kinston speaking of Colonel Cowles said: "He was an ideal cavalry man, merry and ready for any danger. He did not seem to be afraid of death nor hell. I saw him many times. The last time I saw him he was so wounded in the head that it did not seem possible for him to recover. Looking back I wonder how we endured what we did, but it is a fact that after the bloody battle of Gettysburg, I heard the soldiers speak of it, not from the standpoint of their own losses, but as if they had succeeded in inflicting a severe punishment on the 'Yankees.'"

Compare this with the clause in Lincoln's letter to Seymour. "Driven like bullocks to a slaughter pen."

The Confederate soldier gave himself to the cause. The records show that the idea of butchering came from the "Yankees," especially as to negroes, and foreigners.

James B. Gordon's Regiment camped at Kinston on Dibbles Field, East Kinston. He was then Major Gordon. Said a veteran: "I saw Gordon standing under a large hickory tree just in front of the place now occupied by the store of L. Harvey & Son. He was a handsome soldierly looking man and reminded me of General Gordon of Georgia."

Gordon's Regiment was called the "Bloody First," and several Kinston men noted for their bravery belonged to that regiment. There was George Jackson, as gallant a soldier as ever lived, and there were Jim Tucker and Elias Abbott. All were noted for their bravery at Gettysburg, and they were at Appomattox.

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Executive Mansion,
Washington, D. C.,
August 7, 1863.

His Excellency Horatio Seymour,
Governor of New York:

. . . . . .

I do not object to abide a decision of the United States Supreme Court, or of the judges thereof, on the constitutionality of the draft law. In fact, I should be willing to facilitate the obtaining of it, but I cannot consent to lose the time while it is being obtained. We are contending with an enemy who, as I understand, drives every able-bodied man he can reach into his ranks, very much as a butcher drives bullocks into a slaughter pen. No time is wasted; no argument is used. This produces an army which will soon turn upon our now victorious soldiers already in the field, if they shall not be sustained by recruits as they should be. It produces an army with a rapidity not to be matched on our side, if we first waste time to experiment with the volunteer system already deemed by Congress and palpably in fact, so far exhausted as to be inadequate; and then more time to obtain a court decision as to whether a law is constitutional which requires a part of those not now in the service to go to the aid of those who are already in it; and still more time to determine with absolute certainty that we get those who are to go in precisely legal proportion to those who are not to go. My purpose is to be in my action just and constitutional, and yet practical, in performing the important duty with which I am charged—of maintaining the unity and the free principles of our common country.

Your obedient servant,
ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

[At the time this was written, the Servile Insurrection was being prepared. So that when the negroes began to commit crimes in the South there would be no question of victory. The negroes were not inclined to rise.—EDITOR.]

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## DAVIS' MESSAGE CONCERNING THE PEACE CONFERENCE

Richmond, Va.
March 13, 1865.

The Senate and House of Representatives of
The Confederate States of America:

It has become certain beyond all doubt or question that we must continue this struggle to a successful issue or must make abject and unconditional submission to such terms as it shall please the conqueror to impose on us after our surrender. If a possible doubt could exist after the conference between our Commissioners and Mr. Lincoln, as recently reported to you, it would be dispelled by a recent occurence of which it is proper you should be informed.

Congress will remember that in the conference above referred to our Commissioners were informed that the Government of the United States would not enter into any agreement or treaty whatever with the Confederate States, nor with any single state; that the only possible mode of obtaining peace was by laying down our arms, disbanding our forces, and yielding unconditional obedience to the laws of the United States, including those passed for the **confiscation of our property** and the constitutional amendment for the abolition of slavery. It will be further remembered that Mr. Lincoln declared that the only terms on which hostilities could cease were those stated in his message of December last, in which we were informed that in the event of our penitent submission he would **temper justice with mercy**, and that the question whether we would be governed as dependent ter-

ritories or permitted to have a representation in their Congress was one on which he could promise nothing, but which would be decided by their Congress after our submission has been accepted.

It has not, however, been hitherto stated to you that in the course of the Conference at Fortress Monroe a suggestion was made by one of our Commissioners that the objection entertained by Mr. Lincoln to treating with the Government of the Confederacy, or with any separate state, might be avoided by substituting for the usual mode of negotiating through commissioners or other diplomatic agents the methods sometimes employed of a military convention to be entered into by the commanding generals of the armies of the two belligerents. This he admitted was a power possessed by him, though it was not thought commensurate with all questions involved. As he did not accept the suggestion when made, he was afterwards requested to reconsider his conclusions upon the subject of a suspension of hostilities, which he agreed to do, but said that he had maturely considered of the plan and had determined that it could not be done. Subsequently, however, an interview with General Longstreet was asked for by General Ord, commanding the enemies' army of the James, during which General Longstreet was informed by him that there was a possibility of arriving at a satisfactory adjustment of the present unhappy difficulties by means of a military convention, and that if General Lee desired an interview on the subject it would not be declined, provided General Lee had authority to act. This communication was supposed to be the consequence of the suggestion above referred to, and General Lee according to instructions, wrote to General Grant on the 2 of this month proposing to meet him for conference on the subject and stating that he was vested with the requisite authority. General Grant's reply stated that he had no authority to acceed to the proposed conference; that his power extended only to making a convention on subjects purely of a military character, and that General Ord could only have meant that an interview would not be refused on any subject on which he (General Grant) had the right to act. It thus appears that neither with the Confederate authorities nor the authorities of any state, nor through the commanding generals, will the Government of the United States treat or make any terms or agreement whatever for the cessation of histilities. There remains then, for us no choice but to continue the contest to a final issue, for the people of the Confederacy can be but little known to him who supposes it possible they would ever consent to purchase at the cost of degredation and slavery, permission to live in a country garrisoned by their own negroes and governed by officers sent by the conquerer to rule over them.

Having thus fully placed before you the information requisite to enable you to judge of the state of the country, the dangers to which we are exposed, and the measures of legislation needed for averting them, it remains for me to but invoke your attention to the consideration of those means by which, above all others, we may hope to escape the calamities that would result from our failure. Prominent above all others is the necessity for earnest and cordial co-operation between all departments of government, State and Confederacy, and all eminent citizens throughout the Confederacy. To you especially, as Senators and Representatives, do the people look for encouragement and counsel. To your action, not only in legislative halls, but in your homes, will their eyes be turned for the example of what is befitting men who, by willing sacrifices on the altar of freedom, show that they are worthy to enjoy its blessings. I feel full confidence that you will concur with me in the conviction that your public duties will not be ended when you have closed the legislative labors of the session, but that your voice will be heard cheering and encouraging the people to that presistent fortitude which they have hitherto displayed, and animating them by the manifestations of that serene confidence with which in moments of public danger is the distinctive characteristic of the patriot who derives courage from his devotion to his country's destiny and is thus enabled to inspire the like courage in others.

Thus united in a common and holy cause above all selfish considerations, rendering all our means and faculties tributary to the country's welfare, let us bow submissively to the Divine will and reverently invoke the blessing of our Heavenly Father that, as He protected and guided our sires when struggling to a similar cause so He will enable us to guard safely our altars and our firesides, and maintain inviolate the political rights which we inherited.

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

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## ON THE PEACE CONFERENCE AT HAMPTON ROADS.

Executive Mansion,
Washington, D. C.,
January 31, 1865.

Hon. William H. Seward,
Secretary of State:

You will proceed to Fortress Monroe, Va., there to meet and informally confer with Messrs. Stephens, Hunter and Campbell on the basis of my letter to F. P. Blair, Esq., of January 18, 1865, a copy of which you have.

You will make known to them that three things are indispensable, to-wit:

1. The restoration of the national authority throughout all the states.

2. No receding by the **Executive of the United States** on the slavery question from the position assumed thereon in the late annual message to Congress and in preceding documents.

3. No cessation of hostilities short of an end of the war and in the disbanding of all forces hostile to the Government.

You will inform them that all propositions of theirs, not inconsistent with the above will be considered and passed upon in a spirit of sincere liberality. You will **hear all they may choose to say and report it to me.**

You will not assume to definitely consummate anything.

Yours, etc.,

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

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On the day of its date, the following telegram was sent to General Grant:

War Department,
Washington, D. C.,
February 1, 1865,
(Sent at 9:30 a. m.)

Lieutenant-General Grant,
City Point, Va.:

Let nothing which is transpiring change, hinder or delay your military movements or plans.

A. LINCOLN,
(War Records)

[Lincoln's report to Congress of the Peace Conference. Note the reference to Blair and the Monroe doctrine.—EDITOR.]

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Headquarters Camp,
Orange Court-House,
August 22, 1863.

His Excellancy Jefferson Davis,
President Confederate States, Richmond:

Mr. President:—I have read with attention your letter of the 11th instant, and am grateful for your kind and partial consideration of my feeble services. I confess I am disappointed at your determination, but since you have so directed, I shall not continue the subject, but beg that whenever in your opinion the public service will be advanced, no matter from what cause, that you will act upon the application before you. I am as willing to serve now as in the beginning in any capacity and at any post where I can do good. The lower the position, the more suitable to my ability, and the more agreeable to my feelings. Beyond such asistance as I can give to an invalid wife and three houseless daughters, I have no object in life but to devote myself to the defense of our violated country's rights.

With great respect, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE,
General.

[General Lee's wife and daughters found shelter and warm hearts in North Carolina. Mildren Lee was at school at Saint Mary's, Raleigh. Annie Lee died at Warrenton, N. C., and was buried there. General Lee so much appreciated the sympathy and love that was expressed for him in his bereavement that he determined never to have the body of his daughter removed from the state. Her grave is at Warrenton, and Lee visited it after the war—EDITOR.]

# ORATION ON JAMES B. GORDON

ADDRESS BY HONORABLE WILLIAM H. H. COWLES, DELIVERED MAY 10, 1887

*Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen of the Memorial Association of North Carolina*:

Allow me to express to the ladies of this Association—speaking for myself and for the living soldiers of North Carolina—my thanks and appreciation for the fidelity and devotion displayed by them in maintaining the observance of this day in memory of our dead comrades. No more worthy work can be performed by more worthy hands. Love of the homes which you adorn and memory of your beauty, gentleness and grace was the source of our inspiration and the strength of our arms.

With many of my audiences today I have not the pleasure of personal acquaintance, yet, as North Carolinians claiming and equal birthright in all that appertains to her honor and glory, I feel that on this occasion, as we are gathered around the family altar of our good old State to indulge in manifesting the love, honor and respect in which we hold the memory of our Confederate dead, we should be drawn together in the closest bonds of brotherhood. It was love of North Carolina that called them forth, and it is love of North Carolina that binds our hearts together today; with their life-blood this altar is sprinkled, sealing the truth, sincerity and patriotism of the principles which gave action to their arms.

It is far from my purpose in any allusions which I may make today to the causes that led to the way, to renew the antagonism and bitterness which prevailed at that period, for I sincerely hope that peace between all sections of our country may endure forever, and that Time, the great healer, as he subdues prejudice may continue to increase our mutual confidence and good-will, and I earnestly believe this to be the sentiment of the people of North Carolina. But I repel as false the theory that some seek to ingraft on the populace mind that the war was waged on the part of the South solely for the purpose of maintaining slavery. The right of property in slaves existed in this country before the formation of the state governments and at that time was universal throughout the Northern colonies as well as the South, though with regard to each other the original colonies were separate and distinct governments. The slaves were principally introduced and, I speak it as a historical fact and with no desire to arouse feeling, by means of vessels fitted out in the New England colonies and States, after they became such, it was quite a remunerative traffic to them. When the articles of Confederation were agreed to and the colonies were first erected into free and independent States it was maintained in all, and when "for the purpose of forming a more perfect union" the Constitution of the United States was adopted, the right of property in slaves was recognized by that instrument and protected by its provisions. Other questions in our history have from time to time brought imminent peril of open strife and national disruption. In Pennsylvania at one time it was the whisky tax. In New England at another time and during the latter part of the war of 1812 it was because, as they conceived and alleged, the policy of the general government was prejudicial to their peculiar interests and commerce. And they proceed so far as to call a convention of delegates from five states, which met at Hartford, Conn., on the 15th of December, 1814, clearly with the view of asserting their independent rights as

States and of taking such steps as seemed to them advisable for the preservation of their own interests. The war ending soon, no decisive action was taken. And again in South Carolina, in the assertion of the same right, it was the "nullification" of the tariff act of 1832. I cite these instances merely to show that the doctrine of States' rights has not always been peculiar to the South alone, but that we had some illustrious examples from other sections of our country. But underlying this question of slavery and its abolishment without the consent of the States where is existed, were all the great questions of civil and religious liberty guaranteed to us by the Constitution of our fathers, under whose broad aegis we were entitled to equal protection in all rights of property which we held and all the liberties and privileges of person that we exercised, and menaced or infringed upon, these sacred rights were menaced and infringed in all, and it was for this we fought. The slaves would have been ultimately and peacefully emancipated and we would have been spared the convulsions of civil war and all of its attendant evils of destruction, misconstruction and reconstruction, had not war been precipitated by the undue agitation of this question and questions growing out of it by those over-zealous reformers, who, in their desire to take the lead, can never wait God's own time for unfolding his mysteries and accomplishing his ends. The soldiers as a mass were on either side neither fighting for the maintenance of slavery or its abolishment, and a vast majority of the soldiers of the Union army will tell you today that had it been announced, or understood that the war on their part was being waged solely for the purpose of abolishing slavery, the cause would have failed for the want of men and support; and had it been announced on our side that it was being waged solely for the perpetuation of slavery the same result would have followed, for the proportion of men in arms, or I may say of the white population, who held any slave property was very small in proportion to those who held none; but the right of property in slaves was co-existent with all other rights of property, and we could not suffer it taken away without our consent and satisfactory compensation by those claiming to be governed by a "Higher law than the Constitution" without a virtual surrender of our manhood as a people as well as an abandonment of our constitutional rights, and as good patriots as fought in the days of '76 saw no hope for preservation save in self-defence.

At this period of intense national excitement North Carolina behaved with her usual prudence and moral courage—she was not swayed by this faction or by that—she was neither to be hurried by taunts or deterred by threats from the path of her duty as she could see it through the smoke of the coming conflict—not until war was virtually declared and seven of her sister States had organized the Confederate government—not until the President of the United States had by proclamation called for 75,000 troops to coerce these States, demanding of North Carolina her quota of this number—not until Virginia had seceded and it became apparent to all that war was inevitable and no power on earth could stay it, did she, with dignity and with unanimity on the part of the delegates chosen by her people in convention assembled, sever the tie that by her own act bound her to the Federal Union; and on that memorable day upon which eighty-six years previous she had seceded from the crown of Great Britian, she stepped to the front and took her position upon the line dividing the two great sections of this country and upon the side to which she naturally, socially and of her own interests and sympathies belonged.

From that morning in May forward, to the end, no fairer brow, no braver heart, no truer or more loyal faith was pledged to the cause of the South than that of North Carolina. She sealed it with the best blood she had to give, and as proof of the gallantry and devotion of her sons, she left more dead upon the battle fields of Virginia than any other State of the Confederacy.

She was slow to act because she wished, if it were possible, to obtain an amicable adjustment and guarantees for the protection of her constitutional rights; but all efforts failing, when she did act no people responded with more promptness to make good every responsibility and obligation which they had assumed toward the new government than did the people of North Carolina; and among the first to tender services and aid in this her hour of peril and need was James B. Gordon, of Wilkes County. From the first, should war become inevitable, Gordon was in favor of North Carolina taking her position with the South, and opposed to any neutral ground. In fact, there was nothing neutral in his character. Clear and positive in his convictions, he never failed to have the courage to maintain them. His opinion was that should North Carolina attempt to maintain a neutral position, her soil would be drenched with the blood of both sides, and her own precious heart would be torn out by contending factions of her own people. Our good old mother never had a son that loved her better, nor one that would sooner have laid down his own life to protect her from violence or outrage.

At the first call to arms he stepped forth a volunteer in the "Wilkes Valley Guards." Upon the organization of the company he was chosen First Lieutenant. With Montford Sidney Stokes as Captain. The company was at once accepted by the Governor—went into camp at Warrenton, N. C., and upon the organization of the first regiment of State

troops it was made Company B of that regiment, with Capt. Stokes as Colonel, and Gordon was promoted to captain of the company. And now before entering upon his active military career I will endeavor to give you a short sketch, imperfect though it be, of this man who, from the first engagement in which he participated to the last, proved himself to be one of the brightest and best soldiers that North Carolina or any other State sent to the front. He was the son of Nathaniel Gordon, who for several years was chosen and served as representative of Wilkes county in the General Assembly of North Carolina. He died when James was about five years old. James was born November 2nd, 1822, and at the age of ten years was placed at school and under the instruction of Peter S. Ney, who at that time taught on Hunting Creek, Iredell County, near the residence of Samuel Young, Esq., with whom James boarded. Ney, to say the least of him, was a remarkable man, of scholarly attainments and soldierly bearing, and evidently had a large experience as a military man. He was also renowned for his intense love of country, from which he seemed to be, for some political cause, an exile. He must have been a man of great personal magnetism, for he rarely failed to gain their love and a lasting influence over the minds of his scholars. This early association doubtless tended to stimulate, in the mind of his young student, the growth of those sentiments of patriotism and martial pride and ambition for which he was so much distinguished in later life. At this period the health of our young student was not robust, and at the end of two years he was taken from school and placed upon the farm, where in the performance of such light labor as was suited to his age and strength, he grew up, developing into a finely formed young man. At about the age of eighteen he entered as a student at Emory and Henry College, Va. Here he did not take the regular course, but remained some two or three years, and returning to Wilkesboro entered into business as a merchant. He continued in his business and in the superintendence of his valuable farm, which was the gift of his father, occasionally mingling in politics, representing his county in the Legislature of 1850, and always active when his services were required by his party or friends until the breaking out of the war. At this time he was a model of manly beauty, tall, well formed, with erect, manly bearings, handsome features, eyes of dark gray or hazel, with an expression in which the resolution of mind and kindliness of heart were happily blended. Courtliness of manner was natural to him; yet he was only too proud to countenance a mean action, and gave with a liberal hand to the deserving poor. The humblest soldier in the ranks, after he became one, had in him a stanuch friend, and those who still live, and who were once his slaves, remember him as the kind young master of whom they were proud, and the love and respect they felt for him as such awakens even now their kindly sympathy and regret at his loss. His grandfather, George Gordon, came to this state from Spottsylvania County, Virginia, and acquired a settlement in what was then known as "Mulberry Fields," near the present site of Wilkesboro. This was the brother of the great-grandfather of that distinguished soldier and now eminent statesman, Gen. John B. Gordon, of Georgia. The great-grandfather and great-great-grandfather of Gen. John B. Gordon are buried in the family burying ground on the estate now owned by members of the family at Wilkesboro. The father of George Gordon, John George Gordon, the great-grandfather of James B. Gordon, when quite a young man, came to this country from Scotland, about the year 1724, landing in the colony of Maryland, where he remained a few years, and whilst there, according to the family traditions, his good looks and prepossessing appearance were too much for the heart of fair young Mary Chapman, and in spite of the opposition of her wealthy uncle, Dr. James Chapman, who contemplated making her his heir and had other aspiration for his pretty neice than the hand of the adventurous young Scotchman, yet in this case as in many others the course of true love proved too strong for the plans of age, and the young couple were married and at once removed to Spotsylvania Count, Virginia, near Fredericksburg, where they reared a large family. These genealogical facts and traditions of the family trace their lineal descent back to the ancient family of Gordon, so conspicuously known in Scottish history, the same family names recurring all along the line, and the courage, patriotism and fidelity to their convictions of right for which they in their day were so renowned have been most splendidly exemplified in the career of him to whose memory these exercises have been especially set apart.

During the encampment of the 1st regiment of infantry of North Carolina State troops at Warrenton, N. C., the 1st North Carolina cavalry (9th regiment of State troops) was ordered to rendezvous near Ridgeway, Warren County at a point that we knew as "Camp Beauregard," and, upon the organization of the regiment, Gordon received without a murmur of dissent the commission of Major and joined the first cavalry at that point. Here his active military career commenced. He marched with the regiment to Virginia, and at Richmond upon review before President Davis, the regiment, from the "lowest private in the rear rank" to the colonel at the head, received the compliments of that excellent judge of military requirements for material, drill and discipline as being one of the best regiments and the very best volunteer regiment of cavalry that he had ever seen. As evidence that this was not an idle compliment, in the great cavalry review which two years later occurred

near Culpepper Courthouse, Virginia, as the head of the column approached the stand of the reviewing officer, Gen. Stuart, turning to our great commander, Lee, and pointing with pride to the regiment, said: "General, there comes the first North Carolina Cavalry, than which there is not a better regiment in either army." The regiment had served with Stuart all the time, constituting the 1st Regiment of the 1st Brigade of Cavalry organized in our army, and to the command of which Stuart, upon his promotion to Brigadier General, had been assigned. This compliment being the spontaneous, candid expression of one great leader to the greatest military leader of the age, and both of them old army officers and Virginians with the best Virginia troops before them, I have always appreciated as of the highest, but at this time the name of "Tar Heel" had become synonymous with sticking close to a fight, and the slurs and slings that our people had received, never from such men as these, but smaller men, before and in the beginning of the war, had been completely put to shame by the brilliant courage they had displayed on every field. Marching from Richmond to the seat of war we went into camp near Centreville and were immediately placed upon outpost duty, and it was not long before Major Gordon had the honor of leading our first charge upon the enemy in the engagement which occurred near Vienna, Halifax County, Va., which was gallantly done and won for him the compliments of the Colonel commanding and increased confidence and admiration of the men. From this period the 1st North Carolina Cavalry continued a portion of the army of Northern Virginia and participated in all the active campaigns and engagements of that army, and when not thus employed was kept constantly on outpost duty and nearest the enemy, which position it may be truly said to have kept during the war with credit to its own organization and each member thereof, and to the everlasting glory of North Carolina and the courage and devotion of her sons. In all the campaigns and battles that followed Gordon was a conspicuous figure, beloved and respected by the men and with the confidence of his superior officers.

In the spring of 1862, upon the promotion of Col. Ransom to be Brigadier-General and Lieutenant-Colonel L. S. Baker to be full colonel, Major Gordon was made Lieutenant-Colonel of the regiment. With a strong natural adaptation he had readily acquired the details of military knowledge, and by his kindness and consideration both toward men and officers he won the hearts of all; whilst he required the full performance of their duty as soldiers, he was both careful and proud of their reputation as such. These traits, coupled with the ability to lead and direct them, and a habit he had of always keeping in front and participating in the danger, drew all men by that sympathy born of courage and mutual peril which to be known must be experienced, toward him and made his name a tower of strength in the command. That Gordon led was enough for every man to be willing to follow. With confidence in his discretion they knew that only in the performance of duty would they encounter danger, and from that, thank God, they never shrank.

In the spring of 1863 he was promoted to the colonelcy of the 2nd cavalry, which regiment he commanded until the 28th day of September, 1863, when he was commissioned by the President brigadier-general and assigned by General Lee to the command of the North Carolina cavalry brigade composed of the 1st, 2nd, 3rd and 5th North Carolina regiments of cavalry.

This greatly enlarged the field of his operations and for the exercise of those rare capacities to command with which he was so richly endowed. It was like loosing a cord that had bound an eagle—with his course always upward he at once was accorded a position among the most trusted and competent of the brigade commanders. Addressing himself to the promotion of the efficiency of the command, he brought about the highest state of reliance among the regiments in each other until their mutual confidence, drill and discipline became such that the strength of one was the strength of all. He could hurl them on the battle field against any odds, and under him they were always invincible.

Ah! that grand old command, the North Carolina cavalry brigade, as we remember it in its glory of strong arms, brave hearts and bright hopes, with Gordon, the peerless, gallant and true, riding at the head of the column—and then think how it was shattered and torn at the last. Of those sad, sad days when our thin line was vainly stretched to extend in front of the overwhelming numbers of the enemy. Jackson dead—Stuart dead—Gordon dead—Ramseur dead—Pettigrew dead—Pender dead—and with them hosts of others; gallant and true men in whose courage and fidelity we could rely to the utmost—all dead! And the cheerfulness of hope gone from our hearts and our coming fate, like the cry of Poe's Raven, continually sounding in our ears, nevermore! nevermore!

I remember those who were but private soldiers and non-commissioned officers, the splendor of whose courage and gallant conduct, on many fields, has earned for them a place high upon the roll of fame; and each individual soldier, may and should feel proud that his deeds, in the honorable discharge of his duty, are inseparably with every gallant and worthy deed performed by himself or comrades during the war from the Commander-in-Chief down to the soldier in ranks; and goes to make up that brilliant halo of glory which to us now appears in memory like the

glowing beauty of a sunset, but which, unlike the sunset, can never fade so long as history speaks the truth, or fidelity to principle and valor in its defence are appreciated by men.

At Auburn, in October, 1863, the brigade was with Stuart, when in eagerly pushing his reconnoissance of the enemy, that portion of his command with him became enveloped by three corps of Meade's army moving on different roads and all night long we lay keeping the horses and men as quiet as possible between the friendly hills, from the crest of which we watched their dark moving column as it crossed the rocky ford of Cedar Run within a short distance of us. The noise of their artillery and wagons, with the tramp of their men, helped to keep their unsuspecting ears from hearing the neigh of a restless horse or the rattle of a sabre or canteen which we vainly endeavored to suppress. At dawn we were mounted and Stuart opening upon them with artillery the enemy quickly formed line of battle and moved upon us. Our only way out was to the left and rear of the enemy's column. Gordon was given the charge of keeping this open. He directed Col. Ruffin to charge with the 1st North Carolina cavalry the advancing line of the enemy's infantry in open field, which was done in gallant style, checking the enemy until our forces could safely pass. In this action, among others we lost the gallant Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas Ruffin, who fell shot through the head leading his regiment in the charge, as brave an officer as ever drew sabre. As Ruffin fell Gordon was seen to reel in his saddle, and on approaching him he said: "It is nothing but a scratch, take the men off, our object is accomplished," and looking down the valley of Cedar Run our column could be seen wending its way in safety and Gordon followed, guarding well the rear. His wound, though slight, bled profusely, the bullet in passing cutting the side of his nose. The concussion was so great as to cause the blood to settle about the eyes for several days. This was the only time he was ever struck until the fatal shot came. He never lost a moment from duty on account of it and was an active participant in all the engagements that fall. He never looked more superb than when on the day previous to the engagement at Mine Run, which closed the campaign of 1863, Stuart was opposing at close quarters the advance of a large body of the enemy's cavalry on the road leading to the right of our lines, and Gordon at the head of the 1st North Carolina cavalry had position in the road and with drawn sabre under the fire of the enemy's guns in readiness to charge. Men and horses were shot and fell away from the head of the column and yet he sat his iron gray charger with erect bearing amidst the thunder of the guns, determination plainly written in every line of his face as he watched with satisfaction the admirable behavior of the men.

In the latter part of the winter of '63 and '64 Gen. Gordon made his last visit home, and those who saw him then—his relatives and friends with whom he was most intimate—noticed and will remember that there was an unwonted expression of sadness that would come into his face, and that his conversation was mingled with a gravity and seriousness which, in the natural joy of reunion with them, he vainly endeavored to throw off.

Every soldier who had remained true to his post up to that time, and looked the future square in the face and resolved to do his duty even unto death, need not be told why this was so. All knew that our desolated country was well nigh exhausted both as to men and means; that we were forced to call for the tender boys to come with their fathers, the old men, to fill up our thinned ranks, while the resources of the enemy were comparatively unlimited as to men, rations and munitions. It was a brave thing to fight and meet death in defence of principle at any period of the war, but after Gettysburg, and especially after the winter of '63 and '64, with knowledge of the extensive preparations and overwhelming numbers on the part of the enemy for the coming campaign, it was the crystallization of courage and patriotism, pure as the diamond, that kept men at their posts. Gordon knew, as we all did, that the death struggle was coming and near at hand, and that many would be unable to stand this crucial test.

His brave heart that never knew what it was to falter, with manly strength overcoming the ties of nature, subordinated all loves to that of country; and the sadness upon his brow, the time of melancholy in his manner, was all for country and not for any fate that might await him in the discharge of his duty. Of commanding presence, and at this time, as to the last, the very type of physical health and strength he felt assured that the most probable fate that could await him was death upon the field, or from wounds received in the discharge of duty, and this he was prepared to meet at any and all times. Whilst at home this time he took occasion, in conversation with his near relatives, to speak of certain special dispositions of property that he intended to make in such a manner as they would recollect, but not to create any impression that he suffered apprehension of evil to himself.

Between his mother and himself there always existed the tenderest love of parent and child, and strong man, hardy warrior as he was, his manner and devotion to her was always the same as when, a little, fatherless boy, he received the instruction at her knee that never failed to influence and direct him in after life. A dutiful son, a moral, upright, high-toned gentleman, the darling of her young womanhood and the pride of her age, it was hard for her to give him up, and especially so since she had lost

among the dead upon the field of Oak Hill, near Springfield, Missouri, the eldest of her two sons by her second marriage, the distinguished young Capt. Hugh Thomas Brown, and the other and younger, all the son she had save James, was then Colonel of the 1st North Carolina Infantry, and distingnished for an impetuosity of conrage that exposed him to imminent peril in every battle. It was thus the mothers of the South gave up their all and dearest ones, and the continued suspense and agony which they suffered was one of the most sublime expressions of patriotism and sacrifice that the world has ever known, and deserves to be commemorated in history with the deeds of their gallant sons.

The mother of Gen. Gordon is still living at the advanced age of ninety-seven years; passing her time at her own pleasure with either of her three daughters, who all reside within view of her old homestead near Wilkesborough. She is beloved and respected by all as the representative of a generation that has passed away, and the sweetness of her dignity lends a charm to a life and character that is a light and an example to all who know her. She calmly sits on the outer verge of time, listening with a Christian's hope for the summons that is to reunite her with those who have gone before; and still her hands, though feeble with age, are never tired of doing good, and her voice is ever ready to encourage or comfort three generations of her children by whom she is surrounded—her living religion a better sermon in her Master's cause than the most eloquent words that man can speak.

Gen. Gordon remained at home but a short time on this last visit. On his return trip to the army he met for the first time General Morgan, the distinguished leader of cavalry in the western army, who had recently been a prisoner in the enemy's hands and had escaped, and the conversation between these two gallant soldiers, both so soon to be numbered among the dead, soon dispelled all other thoughts save that of duty and war. On arriving in Richmond, Gen. Gordon, in company with one or two friends and brother officers, called on the President and unexpectedly met Gen. R. E. Lee. The result of the conversation was that a decisive movement on the part of the enemy, opening the campaign, was imminent at any time. This worked a most important change in the plans of Gen. Gordon that were personal to himself, as he had arranged in a very short time to be married to one of the fairest and best of Virginia's lovely daughters and one whom he loved with the devotion that only such natures as his could feel, but yielding to the call of duty, he laid aside his own happiness and went directly to the front to take his command well in hand before the coming conflict. In a very short time commenced the memorable campaign of 1864, and Gordon's outposts were the first to meet the enemy as they crossed the Rapidan near the Wilderness. This was on the morning of the 4th of May, 1864, and from that time through the 5th, 6th and 7th, war, the most terrible that man has ever been called upon to face, raged through the dismal region of the Wilderness. On the night of the 7th Gen. Grant commenced to move his army by the left flank in what has been called his "sidelong movement" towards Richmond. At this juncture the cavalry was the hope of our army to interpose by rapid movement and check the enemy's course, and harder fighting and against greater odds no troops encountered during the war; pitted against infantry or cavalry, as the chance might be, they gallantly hedged about his advancing columns, engaging the enemy on all the avenues to Richmond until great chieftain, Lee, could, by a series of the most magnificient maneuvering that has occurred in modern history, checkmate his adversary and place his own army in position between the enemy and our capitol.

During this time our brigades and divisions were necessarily somewhat separated, and on the evening of the 10th of May, Stuart and Fitz Lee were hastening with Lomax's, Gordon's and Wickham's brigades to intercept the enemy in their march toward Richmond. Leaving Gordon's brigade to follow the rear of the enemy, Stuart moved toward Hanover Junction and thence to Yellow Tavern, Gordon having a spirited engagement in which he drove the enemy at Ground Squirrel Church on the 11th and attacked Sheridan on the Brook road near Brook Church, almost in the suburbs of Richmond, on the morning of the 12th. It was the most critical period of the war, and a few hours must decide whether our army or the enemy would first reach Richmond, which was in a very defenseless condition.

Stuart had fallen late on the evening before at Yellow Tavern, whilst fighting like a lion against the terrible odds of Sheridan's overwhelming numbers, preferring, as he said himself during the engagement, "to die rather than let him pass." Between Stuart and Gordon there always existed the warmest sympathy and friendship. Stuart admired the gallant civilian for the manliness, high courage and soldierly qualities he possessed, and Gordon loved Stuart as a bold, dashing leader, who, under the hat and feather of the gayest of cavaliers, carried a cool head and discreet judgment.

At a late hour of the night previous to the battle at Yellow Tavern, Stuart had occasion to send a message to Gordon, among the last, if not the very last, he ever sent. It concluded with the words: "Tell Gordon every man must be a hero tomorrow. I know that he will do his duty." This was said as he lay upon the ground making a pillow of his field glasses, with his large cape thrown over him and no other canopy between him and the stars. He was evidently much worn and fatigued and felt the heavy

responsibility upon him. On the next evening, during a lull in the action which preceded the final struggle in which Stuart fell, on the receipt of a message from Gordon, he said, speaking more to himself than to those around him: "I wish Gordon was here." Alas! they were never to meet again on this side "fame's eternal camping ground—the bivouac of the dead."

During the entire engagement at Brook Church, on the next day after Stuart fell, Gordon sustained the heaviest pressure. The enemy knew that Richmond was almost in their grasp and Gordon knew that if they succeeded in passing over him that the city would be captured, and resolved, as Stuart had done the day previous, "to rather die than let him pass." He adroitly kept his little command so disposed as to completely deceive the enemy with regard to his real strength, or we would have been overwhelmed by superior numbers and Richmond would have fallen. In the hottest of the fight, though his command was dismounted except that portion held in reserve, he remained mounted and upon the front line, and when urged to dismount by one of his officers that he might be less exposed he replied, "No, we must set the men an example of gallantry today." This was a short time before his wound, which occurred just before we were relieved by our infantry, late in the evening. His wound was by a minie-ball, which struck him in the arm, ranging out at the elbow, and at first was not thought mortal, but he lived only a few days, dying at the officers' hospital at Richmond, on the 18th of May, 1864.

His remains were carried home and interred at the Episcopal Church in Wilkesborough, where he awaits the summons of the final reveille. His death filled the entire command with grief and consternation, and though the brigade sustained its reputation to the last, yet it never recovered from his loss. We fought afterwards like well trained machines, but the *esprit du corps* was gone, and the croaking of the raven became louder.

It has not been possible in the short compass of this address to do justice to the life and services of one who in the severe trials of war and amid so many perilous situations, constantly on duty with the van of our army, always bore himself well—many battles, campaigns, "raids, hot charges, shocks of war," must be left to the wider field of the biographer or historian. We leave him where he rests, in the bosom of the lovely Valley of the Yadkin, environed north and west by the tall peaks of the BlueRidge and southward by the pretty range of Brushy Mountains, beneath a marble shaft erected by loving hands, his slumber lulled by the ever murmuring waters of the beautiful river just across which and in full view of the tomb is the home of his birth, where in childhood and boyhood he played beneath the shade of the oaks that now are fresh and green as if in everlasting strength.

The end of all came at last, and the toiling, starving, hard-fighting veterans of Lee, reduced to a handful, still confronted with fixed bayonets the hordes that poured through wood and field and pressed them on every side. More sublime courage the world has never witnessed; they only surrendered at the command of their chief.

It is not necessary to our loyalty now that we should be unmindful of our own traditions. The Confederacy is no more—it is numbered among the regions of the past—yet the limit of its short existence is full of tender memories and evidences of the highest standard of manhood; no stain of dishonor has ever rested upon the broken shield that covers the grave.

"Ah, realm of tombs, but let her bear
This blazon to the last of times,
No nation rose so white and fair
Or fell so pure of crimes."

"The widows' moan, the orphan's wail,
Come 'round thee; yet in truth be strong.
Eternal right, tho' all else fail,
Can never be made wrong."

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We've waited long the shaft to rear;
'Tis well our braves unconscious sleep,
Or eyes that cannot know a tear
O'er man's ingratitude would weep.
Ah! but for woman, brave and pure,
How long would Southern fame endure?

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VOLUME 1 KINSTON, N. C., SEPTEMBER, 1913 NUMBER 7

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## The Yankees' Description of Washington Upon Their First Entrance

In a history of the 44th Massachusetts Infantry, Charles F. McIntire, Co. G., gives the following description of Washington upon their first entrance. The Federal troops left New Bern on Thursday, October 30th, 1862, ordered to Tarboro by way of Washington.

"Disembarking about noon, we marched through the principal street, wide and shaded with fine elms, to an open cornfield on the east side of the town, where we stacked arms and encamped to await the arrival of the forces coming by land. The field and staff took possession of an old saw-mill on the field of our encampment. This town, the capital of Beaufort County, about 40 miles from the sound, we found neat and pretty. Its streets ran at right angles, were broad and well shaded, and bounded by many old fashioned, pleasant houses with fine gardens of ornamental shrubs and trees. In abundance were fig aloe, Spanish bayonet, mulberry, magnolia, and large rose trees, and English Ivy gave a cosy and charming effect to many of the dwellings. One house was approached by a romantic arbored walk over three hundred feet in length, of red cedars, the branches of which were so closely interlaced as scarcely to admit the rays of the sun. The place was garrisoned by a small number of Union soldiers supported by gunboats which were anchored in the river.

Quite a number of buildings bore evidences of the recent Rebel Raid, being seriously marred by shot and shells, and at certain distances the streets were now barricaded by chevaux-de-frise to guard against a sudden dash of Cavalry".

### Burning of the Town With Its Churches

On April 30th, 1864, the Yankees, on the eve of their evacuation, kindled the first fire at Havens' wharf, by order of Capt. Renshaw, of the gunboat Louisiana, anchored there. This was to destroy naval stores, cotton, etc., to prevent falling into hands of confederates. The fire rapidly spread north across Main Street down Van Norden, consuming everything to Fifth—the last in the town. It destroyed all of Main Street, east, to S. R. Fowle's store on the south side to the Bank of Washington on the north side; then north the length of Gladden and Respass streets.

The bridge was fired at the same time, this fire consuming all on the south side of Main street, west, to Washington Street. Every house on Bridge street went down, except the DeMille home, (Mr. J. K. Hoyt's) and the old Academy, now the site of City School.

Beyond, was the home of Mrs. Winnie Balance. She, fleeing for safety, forgot something very much desired; so ran back for it. The fire rushed so madly in the brief space that when she attempted to cross the street she was enveloped by the flames from both sides—thus she died.

Furiously, it raged from Bridge Street down to Second, sweeping everything in its path to Respass street. Strange to say, here it skipped the homes of Mrs. Redding (Mrs. Bangham's) and Mrs. Kate Blount; crossed Union Alley; and burned every house on the south side of the street, not one on the north side. Chimneys were all that was left of pretty homes where were only defenseless, though brave, women and children. In this awful conflagration the Methodist, Roman Catholic, Presbyterian, and colored Methodist Churches were reduced to ashes.

When the Yankees first came the Presbyterians took from their church the records, the Bible, and the cushion on which it rested and carried them to S. R. Fowle's home (Corner Main and Respass Streets) where the communion service was always kept. Mr. Fowle was the senior elder. Nothing was saved from the other churches. People were powerless, with fire in every direction, and the terrible explosion of bombs on all sides.

To the east of the town, near Ft. McKiblen, were the Yankee barracks, which were fired at the same time by Quartermaster Wheeler. No houses near, this fire did not spread.

The second fire was May 9th, the same year. It originated—how, was never known—on the Wiswall property, at the rear of what is now Dr. E. M. Brown's Drug Store. From here it burned both sides of Market Street to second, leaving only the old bell-tower and the Court House—again it was saved. Skipping Mr. E. S. Hoyt's home, where is now the Federal Building, it swept everything before it on East Second street to the home of Mr. Fenner Satterthwaite, corner Second and Harvey, which was next to the last house. At the same time it was raging on East Main Street. Every building from

Market Street to the home of Mr. T. H. B. Myers, corner Main and Harvey, on the south side, and to the old Hyatt home (Mr. J. G. Bragaw Jr.) on the north side went down. Among these, was the Episcopal church, then facing Main street. By the strenuous efforts of Mr. and Mrs. Eli Hoyt, aided by a few brave "boys in Gray"—one, Mr. McRae now a veteran of Jackson, N. C.—and a faithful old colored man, Abram Allen, the chancel furnishings were saved. They were kept in the Myers' warehouse until placed in present church. The chandelier lay for a while on the side of the street near the "old Episcopal pump." The same chandelier now hangs over the chancel, its candles having since shed their soft lustre over many happy brides and grooms. The same font is still used.

While the church was burning, the bell tolled until it fell, supposed to be by the vibration of the tower. Being brass, it melted. As soon as the ashes cooled sufficiently, old Abram searched among them, finding the melted brass, taking it to his home (on lot where Mr. W. R. Bright now lives) in a wheelbarrow, and kept it in his wood house until the war was over. He then gave it back to the Church, and it was sold, the money used in rebuilding.

The Missionary Baptist Church was the only one left standing—some years ago being remodeled into the attractive one it now is. "Thus was Washington after the war." Can one picture the sad ruins?

POLLY A. ELLISON.

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## The Making of the Flags

When we heard that Fort Hunter had fallen, the greatest excitement prevailed. Anticipating the secession of our own state, it came like a call to arms. All ordinary business was forgotten while our young men hastened to volunteer. Company after company was formed. I shall never forget the drilling on the old Academy green where the ladies crowded with enthusiasm to greet the heroes who were going so bravely to defend our rights. *That* was the romantic side of war, later we were to learn its sad realities.

We soon discovered that more than enthusiasm was necessary. Much work must be done to prepare our heroes for the Field.

A meeting was held by the ladies. I think it was at Mrs. W. B. Rodman's that we met. It was resolved that we make and present to the companies who went from Beaufort county, handsome flags to be borne on their battle field and remind them of the loved ones at home who were working and praying for them.

A committee was appointed to buy the silk for these flags. The blue silk was found at Mr. Parmelee's. The white at Mr. Warwick Telfair's store. Of course the ladies paid for it. Another meeting was appointed at my father's house. Captain Daniel Reid designed the flags and they were cut out on my old piano. No machine work marred the loving associations which were woven with every stitch on its surface. The work was divided and companies of girls and older ladies met at various places to complete the work. It was decided to present these flags *with* appropriate ceremonies. The other flags were presented by letter to the following companies: Capt. Carmer of the Jeff Davis Rifles. One was given to Capt. Thomas Marsh of South Creek, Captain of The Pamlico Rifles. He fell on the bloody field of Sharpsburg.

I don't know what became of his flag. I think there was another flag given to an Artillery Co., Capt. Jones, but my memory is not good and I am not sure. I think Lieutenant Samuel Waters was connected with that company. I met him at Ocracoke some years ago and he told me he had their Flag and intended to be buried in it. I don't know what became of the other flags.

MARTHA M. WISWALL.

Washington, N. C., September 13, 1913.

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### Copy of Letter to Captain J. R. Carmer Presenting Him With the Flag

*Captain J. R. Carmer,*
*Of The Jeff Davis Rifles,*

DEAR SIR:

It is our pleasant duty to present you and your gallant company with the accompanying Flag. The ladies of Washington have made it for you. With every stitch has been woven thought of the gallant men who are so soon to risk their lives in our defense, perchance some silent tears have spoken of feelings too deep for utterance, but think not, our tears flow from any cowardly wish to withdraw those we love from this glorious contest. Not so, our hearts may be wrung with sorrow but the ladies of Washington, believing that their cause is a righteous one, and trusting in God for his aid and protection, would urge you on, by every call of honor or duty, by every tender tie, by your duty to your God and to your country, by your love for your mothers, wives and children, to protect our homes and our rights. We do not say, "Protect our Flag, Let it not be disgraced:" we have no fear for that; in giving it to you, we know that it will be preserved with honor, and we look forward with pleasure to (we hope) the not far distant day, when you will return to us, and we only claim the privilege of wreathing it with the laurels which we know you will win for it.

And now in bidding you farewell, we would pray that "The Lord of Hosts be 'round about you as a

wall of fire, and shield your heads in the day of battle."

In behalf of the ladies of Washington,

Mrs. T. H. B. Myers,
Miss Annie C. Hoyt,
Miss M. M. Fowle.

Washington, June 12th, 1861.

## Marching to War

Early in May we heard that the Washington Grays, Captain Thomas Sparrow commanding, with companies from Hertford, Greenville, Plymouth and Williamston were ordered to Portsmouth to defend the Inlet there and they would leave on May 20th.

Our older citizens well remember the little school house which stood near the gate of the James Grist place. On its porch eleven young girls represented the eleven Southern States, stood around our gifted speaker, Miss Clara B. Hoyt, who presented the Flag to The Washington Grays, in well chosen words of patriotic zeal and love. I represented North Carolina and had the honor of holding the State Flag which waved in beauty above us and reminded us that our loyalty and devotion must be given to her in the struggle just beginning. Of conrse there was a band to cheer us. The boat was waiting at the wharf and after the exercises were over, there were hurried "*goodbyes*," as the order "Forward March," was given. But we could not part with them here, we followed to the wharf, where we met also friends from Greenville and were happy to form new acquaintances with the young men from other counties represented.

Flowers were showered upon the young men, dainty lunches were provided and with many a prayer that they might return in safety with tears and smiles we let them go. They were stationed at Portsmouth which became a very popular resort for the young ladies of our town. Of course wives of officers wanted to be near their husbands and chaperoned young girls who wished to enjoy the novel experience. A limited number of girls with five companies of young men to amuse and be amused! My sister and myself were among the favored few. I have not time to tell of the pleasures of those weeks but must go on to more serious things. We returned only one week before the fall of Hatteras. Can you imagine the excitement, the dread and fear of the result when we heard that Butler had attacked Hatteras. There big warships could ride safely three miles away and throw shells into the poor little fort which had but one gun and that was not mounted and would not reach the ships if it were! It was a big mistake sending our men there where they must be taken prisoners. The night before this sad affair, ladies met at Miss Clara B. Hoyt's to fill cartridges. A young man who knew how to do it gave us instructions and till 1 a. m., we worked steadily. The Post boy Captain Hanks, was to leave at 2 a. m., and take supplies and ammunition to the Fort. We were not the only ones at work that night. At the Henry Ellison's the older ladies scraped lint and made bandages and many other cooked provisions or did other work. Alas! The Post Boy was too late, but in one sense it was best, for the cartridges and ammunition were saved and the provisions helped the poor boys, a mere Corporal's Guard of the sick, who were left at Portsmouth, and brought back on the boat. The whole town was gathered to meet them, with sobs and tears we greeted the unhappy few, who would rather have gone with their comrades than face their friends. Our boys were carried to Johnston's Island and afterwards to Fort Warren in Boston Harbor. Being the first acknowledged prisoners of war they were treated fairly well and were soon exchanged. Captain Sparrow, now Major, gathered up his companies and marched them to Virginia where they bravely did their part during the rest of the war. Their beautiful flag, battle-scarred and torn, is in the possession of the Daughters of The Confederacy and still waves over its enthusiastic members on special occasions.

## The Falling of Hatteras

The Washington Grays, the company to which I belonged, was stationed at Portsmouth, N. C., awaiting transportation to join the Second North Carolina Regiment then in Virginia, to which place it had been assigned after volunteering for the war. On August 28, 1861, it was ordered to reinforce Hatteras in company with Tar River Boys under Captain Johnston; Morris Guards under Captain Gilliam; and Hertford Light Infantry under Captain Sharp. We proceeded from Portsmouth to Hatteras in lighters and arrived there a little after sunset and landed under a heavy fire from the Federal fleet.

Fort Clark was evacuated by the Confederates under Colonel W. F. Martin, and its garrison had fallen back to Fort Hatteras. The land forces of the Federals were on the beach. Immediately after our landing the Federals ceased firing and withdrew for the night. The Federals were commanded by Commodore Stringlearn and General B. F. Butler. We slept on our arms all night and at sunrise next morning the Federal fleet aproached and after maneuvering, opened fire upon Fort Hatteras. The position occupied by the fleet rendered it possible to bring only one or two guns of the Fort to bear upon it. These were smooth bore 32-pounders. Most of our guns bore upon the Inlet. The land forces kept beyond our range. During the first hours the fire of the fleet was at random doing little damage to the

Fort; later on, having secured perfect range and having brought all their guns to bear, their fire became more serious, and for the last two or three hours the bombardment was terrific. Most of our guns were disabled and about 1 o'clock Commodore Barron commanding the Confederates, ordered the white flag hoisted and we surrendered soon after. Our force was about seven hundred. The Federal land forces made no demonstration upon our works. The garrison was taken upon the Federal Flag Ship, Minnesota, to Governors Island, New York Harbor. No lives were lost but several wounded. In addition to the other troops mentioned were The Roanoke Guards under Captain Lamb and a company from Lenoir under Captain Sutton.

W. H. Patrick.

Washington, N. C., April 28, 1898.

## Occupation of Washington by the Yankees

Shortly after the battle of New Bern, and the occupation of that town by the Federal forces, a small force was sent by water to the town of Washington which had been evacuated by the Confederates. This body of Union troops landed without opposition and marched to the court house preceeded by a brass band playing national airs, where they raised the stars and stripes. They then proceeded to what is now known as Farrow's ship-yard, where they destroyed an iron clad steamer which was in course of construction.

Without committing any further depredation and making no attempts to garrison the town, they then embarked upon the steamers lying in Pamlico River, and after a short time returned to New Bern. About two months after this the Federal forces returned and garrisoned the town; which they at once partially fortified.

In the following September (6th), 1863, a Confederate expedition organized under the command of General James G. Martin, made an attack upon the town, entering the west end from the Greenville road, and would have captured it but for the gunboats which aided the garrison with shells thrown from the river. One of the Gunboats, The Picket, was fired upon by Adams Battery of Light Artillery and blown up with all on board. The Confederate forces then returned to Greenville leaving about 17 of their dead in the hands of the enemy.

### Fortifications of Washington

The Federal forces then proceeded to fortify the town, building a large fort on the east end of the town near the river, named Fort McKibben. From this point a line of breastworks was continued around the town to the river at the west end. About the middle of the breastworks was a large Fort called Fort Washington. On the line of fortification between Fort McKibben and Fort Washington where the Plymouth Road enters the town, was another large Fort called Fort Hamilton. At the left of Fort Washington another large Fort was erected, named Fort Gouraud, for the Major of the Third New York Regiment. On this line of Fortifications were four block houses.

Respectfully,

Rev. N. Harding,

*C. S. A.*

## The Engagement at Washington, N. C.

September 6, 1862.

On the 5th of September, 1862, the 17th and 55th Regiments North Carolina State troops were stationed at Falling Creek, about 8 miles from Kinston, N. C. The two regiments formed in line, the commanding Colonels of each regiment called for 200 volunteers to go on hard duty. The number asked for volunteered with a surplus. Only 200 from each was accepted. The 400 was divided into 4 companies each in command of a captain and other company officers. They left camp about 12:30 p. m., under the command of Captain Norman, the Sr. Captain, but after leaving were taken in charge and command of the Brigade General, who marched them via Tranters Creek Mills to Cherry's Run. Here the commanding General stopped, sending the men on to and into Washington, N. C., which place they entered on the morning of September 6th, 1862. Here they were joined by some cavalry and a few artillery men. On their march just before entering the town they were halted by the out line picket who at the same time, opened fire on the advancing guard, then dashing into town surprised the company of artillery in the Barracks, capturing from them 4 pieces of brass artillery, which was used by them upon the Army Gunboats, blowing up and sinking the Gunboat Picket lying above the bridge, of which the commander and 18 men were lost. So reported.

Colonel Potter with his regiment of Union Volunteers, Infantry, was said to be in motion with Colonel Mix Cavalry, for Plymouth, but hearing the firing they returned to town, making an attack on the Confederates. For an hour or more the fighting was vigorous. Captain Norman was wounded. Captain P. M. Mull was wounded with ball through the left lung. The men not knowing whose orders to obey, finally retreated, calling off prisoners and captured artillery. A large number of the Union volunteers were killed and wounded. The Confederates lost eleven killed and about the same wounded, the wounded all recovered. The Confederate dead were buried without coffins, all thrown into one pile by the Feder-

als, on the lot where the Fowle Memorial Hospital stands today.

The killed were four from the 17th, and four from the 55th, regiments, the other three from the cavalry.

The object and purpose of this expedition I never knew, and why it was organized and sent off without regimental officers I never learned.

The blood-shed there on that day seemed to me a useless sacrifice.

Respectfully,

W. J. Bullock.

## How the Yankees Found Tar River

When the Confederates were preparing to evacuate Washington, N. C., in March 1862, they sent men to destroy all cotton and naval stores that would be likely to fall into the possession of the enemy. At Taft's store they found about 1,000 barrels of tar and turpentine, and as they could not burn it without burning several houses, they rolled the barrels to the river bank, cut the hoops in two and dumped them in the river. In June of the same year I was going up Tar River on a steamer, Governor Morehead. At Taft's store we met the steamer Colonel Hill with two flat boats carrying four hundred Yankee soldiers from the prison at Salisbury, North Carolina to Washington, N. C., to be exchanged. The Colonel Hill had tied up at dark and the prisoners, wishing to take a bath, the officer in command had stationed guards with torches on both banks of the river and gave them permission to wade in, which they did, and stirred up the tar and turpentine from the bottom of the river, and they got well smeared with it. When we came up to them each man had his rations of meat in one hand and a small piece of stick in the other, greasing and scraping for dear life. We shut off steam and I hailed them with, "Hello boys, what's the matter?" The reply was, "We have heard of Tar River all our lives but never believed that there was any such place, but damned if we haven't found it, the whole bed of it is tar."

J. D. Myers.

# A SKETCH OF ADAMS' BATTERY

By One of Its Number

We enlisted May, 1861, in the Respass yard, at old Broad Creek, lower part of Beaufort County. Others joined in Washington. C. P. Adams, A Methodist minister (in Washington) was our first Captain; Zachariah Thomas Adams, our 1st Lieutenant.

Adam's Battery helped to defend the town, participating in the fight of September 6th; blew up boat (Captain Renshaw he thinks) at the bridge; captured four pieces of artillery at Academy yard—Cannon—8 pounders; got Yankees down to Runyan's Mill. Captain Booth was wounded so the Battery retreated to Dauter's Creek; to Goldsboro; then to Richmond. There were one hundred and thirty-six men in it. There were four horses to a piece of artillery; sixteen horses to half a battery.

At Kinston it (battery) was examined by General Hoke, Captain Jones did not like it, so resigned and returned to Washington, if I am not mistaken. He began making soap, which occupation he followed during the remaining time of the war. It—the battery—was sent to Fort Fisher, where Yankees attacked it. Thirty-five men volunteered to go in to take charge of a couple of guns at Southport, entrance to the fort. The Yankees captured it; all were taken prisoners and kept until the surrender.—*Dictated by* Mr. Gaylord Shavender.

[Mr. Stephen J. Roberts of New Bern was a member of this battery. He says when the infantry charged into Washington the battery charged with them. It was the only battery charge on record. He said it was composed of Washington men and they were so glad to get home that they could not wait. The battery was sent to Fort Fisher to protect the salt works near Wilmington and was captured there. —Editor.]

Mr. Wm. P. Ellison of Washington was a member of the Convention that signed the Secession ordinance. He died while a member of the convention. Although he signed the ordinance before he died, his name has not always been published among the signers. This should be attended to now while living friends can bear witness to the fact that he did sign the ordinance.

Don't be too modest about your own people. Tell the truth about them and sign your name.

Mr. William Rumley, a member of Adam's Battery, died at Tarboro 1863, and was buried in the Episcopal Church yard. He was in service at the time of his death, having joined the Battery at Washington in 1861. It is said that his name is not on the Roster. This is the best time to see that the name of this Confederate soldier is in its place.

The pen is mightier than the sword. The pen has done the work for fifty years—*For the Northern side.*

# Carolina and the Southern Cross

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

L. V. ARCHBELL . . . . Editor

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ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE IN KINSTON, N. C., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER


The Pamlico Chapter has so many interesting articles in this issue that the serial story "Phyllis" is crowded out. Also many interesting letters will have to wait for another issue.

Phyllis will appear in October issue.

□□□

A gentleman came South and stopped at a boarding house. He was very desirous to know more about the South and asked for magazines. He was given the magazines usually found in Southern Homes. He said: "Why all these are already known to me. I desire to see Southern magazines." It is needless to say that he did not find them.

□□□

In "Hart's Essentials of U. S. History." one of our Southern school books, we read: "The man for this crisis was Abraham Lincoln, the *one* indispensable figure in the Civil War.

"Patient in defeat, calm in victory, Abraham Lincoln came to be recognized as a true father of his country.

Of Jefferson Davis it says: "After the election of Lincoln, Davis used his place and influence, before resigning from the Senate of the United States, to bring about a dissolution of the Union. During the war he was almost a civil dictator, acting through his influence on the Confederate Congress. He simply accepted as a matter of course, not subject to argument, that negroes were no part of the political community; he tacitly assumed that the ruling class, of which *he* was a member, were entitled to govern their fellow white men. He was a type of the resolute slaveholder statesman."

There is no mention made in this history of Davis' farewell speech to Congress, and its effect on even his bitterest opponents who gave him credit for his honesty. There is praise and approval of everything that Lincoln and his Cabinet did.

From the same school book, I quote: "After Richmond fell, Lincoln took pains to notify General Grant that *he was not to make any pledge for the future of the South.*"

U. D. C. mothers are urged to read this history which is used in so many of our schools. This book calls Davis a *dictator* and Lincoln the father of his country. Every sentiment of the book influences the mind of the veteran's child that he was a traitor and a rebel.

□□□

In general Orders No. 2, we see that the Yankees began to teach Southern children. The "School Ma'am" was everywhere by the close of the war. In No. 2, note why these children were taught "To keep history pure."

At a meeting of a G. A. R. camp in the West some resolutions were passed last fall to compel the Southern people to teach true history. The Southern people would heartily endorse the resolution. They want the truth in history and nothing else. The truth! Think what it would do for some of our school books.

□□□

We should remember that our teachers are employed to teach, not to write text books. The teacher is often censured for teaching a text book when the party who finds fault has no substitute to offer.

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Natives of Virginia seem more appreciative of this magazine than North Carolinians.

□□□

So many dollars are spent for other magazines that we have no room for a state product.

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We are too prosperous to take heed of the trend of modern thought. Some dire calamity that takes away the money, will arouse our patriotism.

□□□

Monuments and arches are good things to teach the veteran's child, but the printed truth, visiting the home of the child every month could be made to reach those even who never see a monument.

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No one can place CAROLINA AND THE SOUTHERN CROSS in the homes of the state except the Daughters of the Confederacy. Now is our opportunity to plant the seed.

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The future will reap the harvest. What shall the harvest be Women of North Carolina? Be not deceived. We shall reap that which we sow, or allow to be sown in our state.

# SIDELIGHTS

HEADQUARTERS, ARMY AND DIST. OF N. C.,
New Berne, N. C.,
March 11, 1864.

*General Orders, No. 32*

1. Mainly through the philanthropy of Northern hearts, ample and liberal means have been provided for the moral and religious training of the colored children of North Carolina.

No portion of this bounty has been diverted for the education of the poor white children, and thousands are within the lines growing up in vice and ignorance. *Unless they are properly instructed, the American people have no guarantee that they will not in the future attempt to revolutionize the Government and destroy its noble institutions.* History will record that the lack of that knowledge which results from a general system of education was one of the leading causes of the existing revolution.

2. It is ordered that free schools be organized at once in New Berne, under such female teachers as may from time to time be authorized. The provost-marshal will procure suitable rooms. The expenses will be paid from the civil fund on orders from these headquarters.

3. Rev. J. Hill Rouse, hospital chaplain; Prof. W. H. Dougherty, and Surg. D. W. Hand, medical director, are appointed as inspectors of schools without compensation. They will report at least monthly upon their condition, making such recommendations as will promote the object in view.

4. At an early day schools will be open in Washington, Beaufort, and other places.

By command of Major-General Peck.

BENJ. B. FOSTER,
*Assistant Adjutant-General.*

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102 N. Fulton Street,
Salisbury, N. C.
September 10, 1913.

*My Dear Mrs. Archbell*:

I am now enclosing money order for $2.00, in payment for the year past, and also for that which is to come. And with this I wish to add my most sincere congratulations on the valuable and admirable work you have accomplished in preserving history, and my best wishes for your success in efforts which should be well sustained by our people.

Believe me, with kind regards,

Very sincerely yours,
FRANCES C. TIERMAN,
*(Christian Ried.)*

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Money is the severest test of patriotism. Few people are willing to make a sacrifice.

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Praise from Mrs. Tierman (Christian Reid) who is considered by competent critics, North Carolina's best writer of fiction, is much prized by the editor.

CAROLINA AND THE SOUTHERN CROSS will be sent to any subscriber from October to March for 50 cents.

# REMINISCENCES 1861-62

In March and April, 1861, when the whole South was aroused to action by the call of Lincoln for troops, a company was formed in this town of some of its best young men and that of the adjacent country. We had representatives of all trades and professions and this company was called "The Washington Grays" and our noble patriotic citizen, Captain Thomas Sparrow, was unaminously called to its command and never was an officer more beloved by his men than he was.

On May 20th, the company, having been daily drilled for more than six weeks, was called to coast defense of our state and received marching orders *at once*. We were assembled at the Grist premises at the west end of Main street, and drawn up in line to receive a beautiful flag which was made and presented by the ladies, through Miss Clara Hoyt, who delivered an admirable address full of patriotic sentiment.

She with twelve other ladies of the town, (noted then as now for its beautiful women) represented the thirteen states of the Confederacy and were dressed in spotless white, sashes fastened by rosettes typical of the state each represented, and, at the close of the presentation, each lady gave her rosette to some soldier boy. I had the pleasure and pride of reciving the rosette from the lady representing the state of Georgia, and which I still have, and treasure as a momento of those days. Though most of the ladies have crossed the river, the representative of Georgia (Mrs. Sheffry,) still lives among us honored and beloved by all. We were then marched down main street to the steamer which was to take us to Portsmouth and each man's bayonet was surmounted by a

lovely bouquet of flowers. We were escorted to the boat by the company of home guards, composed of the older men of the town, many of whom were armed with any old thing in the shape of fire-arms they could procure, and Sam Wiggins Williams always declared that the venerable John Orkney had fastened a small brass padlock to his musket in place of a missing lock. It was a grand sight to see these old men stepping to martial music with heads erect and hearts inspired with patriotic zeal. They have all passed away and nothing but loving memories remain of them.

We left Washington on that beautiful May day about 10 a. m., and the steamer was soon plowing its way through Portsmouth, N. C. The most trying feature of my departure for camp was, as the steamer left the wharf, seeing the mail stage crossing the bridge from New Bern, bearing as I was sure, a letter from a very dear correspondent in New Bern, (Miss K. C. S.) for which I had to wait several days before it reached me by sail boat at Portsmouth.

Nothing of special interest occurred on the trip except occasional remarks might be heard that while pathetic were amusing. Two young men from the country who had never been more than a few miles from home before were on the hurricane deck looking homeward when about half way across the sound, and one said to the other, "Its getting cold and I suppose we are getting a long way towards the North where I have always heard it is much colder," and his companion replying to the question "How far do you think we are from home," said, "About 500 miles, and if I am lucky enough to get back to Old North Carolina, I will *stay* there."

At Portsmouth we were quartered in the old Marine Hospital with nothing special to vary the monotony of drilling, guard, and picket duty. Our company, having enlisted for the war was expecting orders every day to join the second North Carolina regiment, then preparing to go to Virginia. But, while awaiting these orders, a Confederate gunboat came steaming rapidly through the inlet on the 27th day of August, to announce to us that the Yankee vessels were preparing to bombard Fort Hatteras, and Fort Clark, a mile further up the beach, and we were instructed to immediately prepare to go to the defense of these points. Next morning, August 28th, we were embarked in open sail boats, and, the wind being light, it took nearly all day, and we arrived at Hatteras about sun down. We were in full view of the enemy's ships and a great number of shells and solid shot were fired across the beach at our boats, but all, providentially, passed over us. On reaching Fort Hatteras we learned that Fort Clark had already been evacuated during the day—August 28th. As we approached the wharf we saw, about 100 yards from the sally-port, an old negro man crouched behind some corded wood and, when we came near, the old man gave vent to his joy in seeing us by praising God. He was not "A negro *in* the wood pile" but "A negro *behind* the wood pile."

At dark, the ships retired further from shore and a picket guard was placed across the beach from Ocean to Sound, near Fort Clark, to avoid a surprise attack by land on Hatteras. We had orders, should the enemy appear, to fire an alarm and rally on the center. During the night we saw numerous signals from the ships. The night was "drizzly," dark and gloomy. Early next morning August 29th, the ships began preparing for battle. Before this, however, I took a little stroll, on the beach near the Fort, and, while doing so, saw the sand near disturbed once and again, and several bullets whistled near my head, and, looking towards Fort Clark, I saw a long row of blue-coats trying their guns on me as a target, so as I had about finished my walk I got back into the Fort and went for my Musket to return the compliment; but a superior officer said I was out of order and that my gun would not reach half way. About seven o'clock I think, the ships formed a line of battle to attack us. A few minutes before this Commodore Barron gave orders that all who were not at the guns or on "first relief" to retire to the bomb-proof. Soon the battle began, the ships firing "broad-sides." We had only one gun which would bear on the enemy, and, that being disabled early in the battle, we were completely at their mercy and after standing the bombardment for four or five hours, a council of war was held and it was decided to do the only thing possible under the circumstances—surrender.

We were marched out and ordered to stack our guns and having several rounds of cartridges, and, not wishing to waste them, a number of the boys put them into their guns before stacking arms. The papers publishing the account of the battle and surrender, stated that "Several of the Rebel guns bursted on firing them, injuring the men who fired them." *This* did not surprise me.

In the early part of the battle one of the soldiers was wounded and two soldiers started to carry him on a stretcher to the wharf to be put on board the boat, when a shell exploded over them, the man jumped off the stretcher and *ran* to the boat, leaving his comrades behind. During the severest part of the bombardment, when it really was an unhealthy place, a man from one of the North counties came up to where several of us were, and saying he was *very* ill asked to be assisted to the "Bomb-proof." Charlie Gallagher and I took each an arm to assist him and, when in an open space between the parapet and bomb-proof the shells flew so thick and fast, the man broke away and ran for life, and I shall never forget Gallagher's humorous remark. A little later a shell, with the fuse still burning, fell inside the fort, near the para-

pet, where about 20 soldiers were gathered, and Charles Gallagher without a moments delay seized and lifted it to top of parapet and, with powerful force, hurled it down the incline where it exploded immediately. This was a brave act by a brave man. On the afternoon of the surrender, we were conveyed to a transport for the night. We had no food for several long hours and, about 9 o'clock, a slice of white fat pork, half cooked, was given each of us without any bread and, having neither plate, knife, nor fork, we had to take it and eat it from our hands, but, feeling almost starved, it was a delightful repast and was enjoyed. But later in the night, while sleeping on a board on top of the coal with a yankee knapsack (belonging to the guard near me) for a pillow, I was awakened by a terrible case of indigestion. Next we were transferred to the U. S. Frigate Minnesota under Commodore Stringham, and taken to New York.

In transferring the luggage of the prisoners from the transport steamer Adelaide to the Frigate Minnesota, anchored at sea some distance from shore, several pieces were lost overboard, beyond recovery;— Let us by a stretch of imagination see the sportive mermaids at the bottom of the sea, donning the Confederate gray and disporting themselves for the amusement and pleasure of old Neptune, who had, we hope, more respect for the gray than did our captors. During the voyage only a certain number of the men were allowed to come on deck for a limited time, the others remaining down below with no light except that which came through the little round glass "Bulls eye" window. In these quarters we were fed and here we slept, or tried to sleep, which we had to do on the floor packed like sardines. One day I thought I would like to examine the hard-tack and cheese given us for food, but I was sorry that I did so.

Arriving in New York harbor it was filled with all kinds of craft to see the "D— rebel prisoners" whom some of the papers and people there said "Ought to be hanged, as an example and thus stop the war." Some threats being made by the soldiers, in the forts in which we were to be incarcerated, Commodore Stringham replied, that, if any attempts were made to do us violence or treat us otherwise than as prisoners of war, he would open a "broad-side" on the forts from his ship. *We were not hanged.* We were placed in Castle William, on Governors Island, in New York harbor, and, during our stay there, we were supplied with a burlap bag with a little hay for a mattress, "but the bed was shorter than a man could stretch himself on," and the hay was too scant to be felt, and for covering we had the ceiling. We had for places to sleep some boards nailed on cross pieces, like a vertical board fence laid flat, not much more than a foot of room for each man.

During these days, Captain Sparrow would come down from the "Officers Quarters," in Fort Columbus, a short distance away, and try to comfort us with encouraging words, and, when Miss Henrietta De Mille sent any delicacies over to him from New York, he always divided with the boys. The room where I, with forty others stayed, was in the third row of rooms. Many, many nights have I heard the tramp of soldiers, on the galleries, passing our rooms bearing a dead Southern comrade to the "Dead House."

You can imagine the saddening effect of this, especially on those of us in very poor health. Upon our arrival at Castle William, being without clothing and other things necessary for my comfort and protection from a severe cold climate, through the kindness of J. T. Bruce & Co. of New York, with whom I had had pleasant business acquaintances before the war, my order was filled for an overcoat, a heavy blanket, a change of garments and other comforts without which my health would have suffered more than it did.

Rev. Mr. Wall, formerly of New Bern, then living in New York, sent us some tracts, religious books, and also some song books and we often had some very sweet sacred music.

We were finally transferred to Fort Warren, Boston Harbor, arriving there during a storm and it was very cold. We were taken to a large room with cement floors, poorly heated by stoves and with two soldiers on guard in the dim light. It was a dismal scene, and the most disheartening experience, up to this time, of my prison life; every poor fellow was coughing and I was suffering severely from bronchitis and coughed incessantly.

We were changed there after a day or two, into other quarters where we had three tiers of bunks, sixty men being in a room and the room heated by a coal stove. Our food was hardtack or loaf bread with salt beef and coffee consisting, perhaps, of 99 per cent. chicory and the balance I don't know what. Occasionally we had some fresh beef, and I will never be able to convince our comrade, Henry Woolard, of Old Fort section, that an especially fine beef stew we had once was not the choice cuts from a large fat horse wounded by falling from the parapet and afterwards shot.

Our evenings were passed in singing, prayer services, and also in "holding court" and there was always a full docket. The judge was my friend, Irwin Godard, who died early after the close of the war. It was seldom that a defendant escaped the full penalty of the law, often sentences to heavy fines or long imprisonments, or both, on the most trivial charges.

My esteemed friend, Captain Wm. Patrick, was prosecuting attorney and was a good one, delivering

some of the most scathing denunciations I ever heard, even in real courts of justice.

During our imprisonment in Fort Warren, Senators Mason and Slidell, Commissioners from the Confederate states to England, were captured en route to that country and imprisoned in Fort Warren and could be seen any day taking a walk in the fort. They were afterwards released by the intervention of England.

Rev. Mr. Green, a state prisoner, preached every Sunday in one of the casemates, and I remember the seat I usually occupied was on a gun carriage.

I could recall many incidents that might be worth naming had I the time but must make mere mention of the escape of W. A. Parvin and Wm. Willis which is of thrilling interest.

After being in Fort Warren for some weeks, a number of the married men and the sick men were sent on home parole, and I was among the sick. We were sent in sailing ships to Hampton Roads, and were transferred to a steamer opposite Craney Island, and taken to Norfolk where we were treated with great hospitality by the citizens, we being the first prisoners captured in the war and I presume the first paroled.

In the ship which conveyed us from Fort Warren in Boston Harbor, to Fortress Monroe on our return from prison were the remains of several comrades of other companies who had died while we were in prison. The ship was fitted up with bunks and my bunk was shared by my friend and comrade the gallant John R. Potts who was afterwards killed in the battle of Spottsylvania Court House, May 8th, 1864. The bunks at our head and feet contained sick prisoners whose moanings were very distressing and aroused our deepest sympathy.

Captain Sparrow remained with the rest of our men at Fort Warren until they were sent home later. I remember most vividly and pleasantly the delivery of letters given me by Captain Sparrow for his family and which I concealed in a soldier's looking-glass and was fortunate enough to bring without detection, having been cautioned by the yankee officers not to bring any letters under penalty of being returned to prison. I recall that while at Fort Warren some turkeys and cakes were sent by ladies from Baltimore to the prisoners and in the cakes were concealed some english walnuts with kernels extracted and filled with slips of paper having patriotic sentiments written thereon.

But I must close this hurried and imperfect grouping of a few incidents of my war experience with an account of the warm reception our friends and citizens prepared to give the returned prisoners upon the afternoon the boat was expected to bring us home. But the passes given the soldiers called for their return through New Bern and when, the boat came through the bridge and a great concourse of people were gathered on the wharf to show their joy at our safe return, I alone had come by the Tarboro route and had the honor of receiving all the attentions that were to have been shared with my comrades. The two prisoners, Willis and Parvin, whose escape I have mentioned, were in the crowd with the company's flag, and my reception was so cordial I felt that the hearts of our people were indeed warm and enthusiastic toward all those representing our Southern Cause.

Respectfully,

THOMAS J. LATHAM,
*C. S. A.*

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### STARS AND BARS

The first flag displayed in Washington, N. C., was made at the house of Samuel B. Waters, by Mrs. S. B. Waters, Mrs. Claudia A. Benbury, Miss Jeanette McDonald and Miss Sarah Williams, and was flung to the breezes from the window over the door of the court-house on the occasion of a speech in favor of the doctrine of State's Rights and secession, delivered by William B. Rodman, and replied to by David M. Carter, in the fall of 1860.

REVEILLE.

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### APPOINTMENT OF A LADY.

We give a unique appointment as Clerk in Commissary Department, to Miss E. M. B. Hoyt; having been burned out in Washington, she sought refuge with her brother-in-law, Major DeMille, in charge of the Commissary Department, Greenville. Her pay, for faithful and effecient service, was in tobacco, which was exchanged for a barrel of snuff, and finally sold for twelve dollars in greenbacks.

SUBSISTENCE DEPARTMENT,
Goldsboro, N. C.,
January 6, 1864.

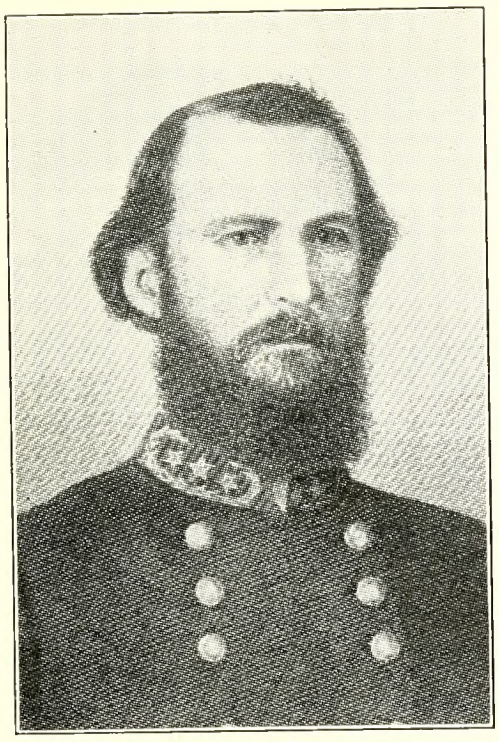
MAJOR:

As your application to appoint a lady clerk was the first ever made in my district, I concluded it was better to have it endorsed by Major Sloan. I forwarded it and wrote him, and he concurs with me in the propriety of giving them appointments when they are willing to take them.

I am Major, Yours,

Major W. E. DeMille, C. D.,
Greenville, N. C.

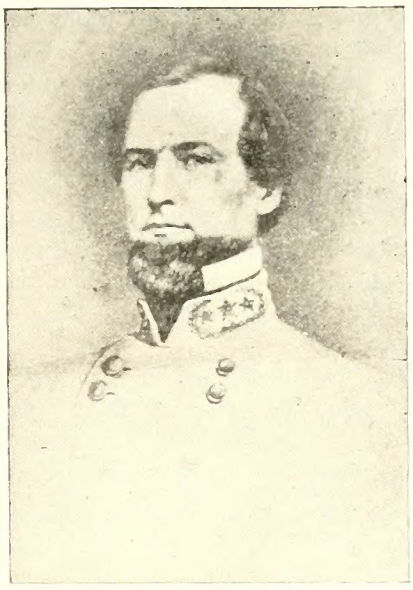
Wm. W. Morrison,
*Major and Chief C. D.*
L. R.



BRYAN GRIMES
MAJOR GENERAL C.S.A.
*"Last at Appomattox"*

The first veterans' camp organized in North Carolina took the name of General Bryan Grimes, whose brilliant career should be familiar to every man, woman and child in the State. The Camp at Washington is the Bryan Grimes Camp.

[The Pamlico Chapter sent so much copy, *all good*, that it is hard to discriminate about dividing it. It will all be published by the end of October. The battle of Blounts Creek Mill will have to give back but will follow in the next magazine.—EDITOR].



GENERAL L. O'B. BRANCH

General L. O'B. Branch married the daughter of William A. Blount of Beaufort County. His descendants still live in Washington. In the language of his biographer, a brief quotation gives a glimpse of his fame: "His bravery in fact was so conspicuous that he became a hero in the eyes of his troops. His brigade in the brief space of six months was engaged in more than fifteen pitched battles, besides skirmishes. The intense activity of this campaign is almost unprecedented, and can be better appreciated, when I say to you that, during that time General Branch averaged one battle for every twelve days.—*Extract by* J. D. HUGHES.

# BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

### COLONEL D. N. BOGART

Colonel Bogart was born in Washington, N. C., April 21st, 1847, where he spent his boyhood and manhood among a people who were ever drawn to him by the magnetism of his presence and nobility of his life.

When the turbulent days of 1861 called the sons of the South to defend her cause, Colonel Bogart, though but a youth, enlisted in the ranks, fighting for the Southland under the leadership of the immortal Lee. Brave, gallant, ever faithful to duty, he served his country until the surrender of 1865.

For a number of years he was Colonel of the First Regiment North Carolina State Guard, and was at his post of duty when the summons came. He was an active member of the ex-Confederate Association of Beaufort County.

M. J. P.

### CAPTAIN CHARLES KEWELL GALLAGHER

Charles Kewell Gallagher was born in Washington, N. C., April 24th, 1833, and died at that place February 11th, 1893.

In 1861, he enlisted as a private in the Washington Grays (Captain Thomas Sparrow) which became Company G., Tenth Regiment North Carolina State Guard. Detailed for special service he was at Fort Hatteras when it was attacked by the Federal forces.

When the fleet opened fire he volunteered and had charge of a gun in the fort with which he did most effective execution against the enemy. At the fall of Hatteras he was made prisoner and confined in the Rip Raps, and afterwards in Fortress Monroe.

In February 1863 he was made Captain of Company E., Fourth Regiment North Carolina State Troops, and was with this regiment in all the battles fought during the spring of 1863. Extreme deafness obliged him to resign service in the field, and he was then engaged in the salt works of the Confederate Government.

The Civil War developed few natures of finer mold. As Captain of Company E., 4th regiment of North Carolina State Troops, he was a gallant leader among men, whose hardy valor, heroic daring and ideal chivalry made them the keystone of the Army of Northern Virginia in the war for Southern Independence.

His name is placed on the long roll of our Confederate dead, and many an old veteran will feel the tear-drops welling as he recalls this soldier as one of the "Bravest of the brave," who, as volunteers in the Carolina legions, made the "Iron sides" of Lee's immortal band. As the old veteran recalls the prowess of the Southern soldiers he will most tenderly remember the deeds of the dead, and as a co-heir to a heritage of valor the world has never before known, he will in the holy of holies of his heart consecrate a shrine to the memory of his brother-in-arms, Charles K. Gallagher.

J. Bryan Grimes.

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### An Act of Heroism

During the bombardment of Fort Hatteras by the Yankee fleet, in August 1861, an unexploded shell with fuse still burning, fell inside the fort, near a group of soldiers, among whom was the lamented Charles Gallagher, who immediately took up the shell and threw it over the parapet, when it exploded. A brave deed by a brave man.

T. J. Latham.

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### Captain John R. Potts

Captain Potts was a brave, daring and generous son of Beaufort county; he early volunteered, and in January 1862, was made First Lieutenant of Latham's Battery. With this company, on hard fought battle fields of Virginia, he made a brilliant and enviable record, being promoted to Captain; and on May 8, 1864, yielded his life at Spottsylvania. He was the hope of an aged father and mother, but when the sacrifice was made, Abraham-like, their faith failed not.

M. C.

### Daniel Gould Fowle

This distinguished son of North Carolina was born in Washington North Carolina, March 3, 1831. He attended the Washington Academy, then he further acquired preparation for college at the famous "Bingham School" and graduated with first honors at Princeton College, New Jersey in 1851. Selecting the law as his profession, his studies therein were made under the guidance of Chief Justice R. M. Pearson, at Richmond Hill, N. C., and resulted in his being admitted to practice in the Superior Courts, December 31st, 1853.

He opened his office in Raleigh, N. C., May 9th, 1854, and rapidly rose in his profession until he stood at the head. Was rewarded with the judgeship and honored with the degree of L. L. D., conferred by three colleges.

When the war cloud burst upon us, this true-hearted son volunteered in the cause of his people, joining the "Raleigh Rifles" which company formed a part of the Fourteenth Regiment North Carolina State Troops.

Private D. G. Fowle was elected Lieutenant and then Major.

Major Fowle was detailed on special duty, which he performed faithfully, until several companies raised by his personal efforts united with others in forming the Thirty-First Regiment North Carolina State Troops, and elected Major Fowle Lieutenant Colonel of the Regiment. In this capacity he served at Fort Hill, on the sound, and at Roanoke Island. Here he united in the gallant defense of the Island; and when the small garrison was forced to yield to overwhelming numbers, Colonel Fowle, by special deputation, accomplished an honorable surrender.

October, 1862, Colonel Fowle was elected to the State Legislature and was the Speaker "pro tem" over the last hours of that Legislature at the surrender of the Confederate Army. For a time Colonel Fowle filled the high and responsible office of Adjutant General to Governor Vance, with the rank of Major General.

After the war, he freely drew up his time, talent, and energy for the liberation and elevation of his beloved State. His public record having been so honorable and excellent, and his personal influence so magnetic, he deservedly became exceedingly popular and he was triumphantly elected Governor of North Carolina in 1888. Most admirably did he adorn this high office, until April 8th, 1891, when he died suddenly; and was followed to the tomb, loved, honored, and mourned by a devoted people.

C. M. P.

### Lieutenant Thomas L. Perry

One of the most chivalrous young men that buckled on the armour in defense of his own Southland was Thomas L. Perry, a son of Mr. D. B. Perry, and brother of Mrs. R. W. Wharton. He was born and reared at the old homestead near this town (Washington), now occupied by Colonel Wharton.

He volunteered and was commissioned First Lieut. Company E., Fourth Regiment North Carolina State Troops, on the 16th, of May, 1861, and went to the front. The valor he displayed attracted the attention of Superior officers, and he commanded the respect of all the men under him. He was a man of valor; and realizing from his heart the honesty of the cause he had espoused, he fought to his death. After going through many of the most hotly contested battles, he fell wounded at Seven Pines, while gallantly acting as Adjutant of his regiment. His remains lie buried in Oakwood Cemetery, Richmond, Va.

Reveille.

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### Lieutenant William Barrow Windley

Beaufort County gave no braver, more gallant, son to the sacred cause of the Southland than William Barrow Windley. He answered the first call to arms, joining the Jeff Davis Rifles, which was Company 1, of the 3rd Regiment. He was soon promoted to Lieutenant. With the courage born of true patriotism, he faced the shot and shell of the enemy on Virginia's bloody fields, until, at the battle of Mechanicsville, he fell, shot just under the eye, by a minnie ball. He was left lying where he fell, as one of the mortally wounded. On the last round of the ambulance corps, they saw life still there. He was carried to the hospital in Richmond, where the battle between life and death was long and very painful. For weeks he was nursed by gentle hands, being fed with gruel through a quill. More than nine months after the ball was removed, and is now sacredly kept by his family. Unfitted for the hard service, he was given an unlimited furlough home.

Later, with the martial spirit still unbroken and the zeal for "the cause," just as strong, he joined the "Rangers" organized to subdue the "buffaloes" whose numbers greatly imperilled Hyde county, and the lower part of Beaufort. He was appointed 1st Lieutenant of this Company by Governor Vance.

As a citizen, public spirited, big hearted, he gave liberally toward the uplift of his home section. Useful to his county and the Democratic party, in his quiet way, he persistently refused positions of emolument they offered him.

The golden rule was his motto through life.

Contributed.

### Lieutenant B. Phineas Windley

B. Phineas Windley of Beaufort County, enlisted with the Star Boys, a Cavalry Company, which was Company G, 19th Regiment, Second N. C. Cavalry, Barringer Brigade. Of imposing appearance, with lion heart, manly strength, and courage "to do and dare," his unusual valor was soon recognized and he was made first Lieutenant. He seemed born for war, and loved the forefront of the hottest battles. Once when the flag bearer was shot down, he snatched it from the dust, bore it aloft and onto victory again, and no braver deed on field of battle—Alone dashed forward in the face of death and planted the flag on the enemy's breast work. At the command "follow" the soldiers did, and well.

One felt assured the most probable fate that could await him was death by the enemy's gun; but fever seized him and he fell the victim. He was sent from Orange Court House to the hospital in Richmond. Realizing his condition, he said to comrades when bidding them good bye, "I do not mind being killed in battle, but I do hate the thought of dying in hospital." This was a last good bye. He answered the last bugle call. Soon he "bivouaced with the dead."

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### Dr. David T. Tayloe

David Thomas Tayloe was born in Washington, North Carolina February 21st, 1826, and died there March 25th, 1884. He graduated with distinction at the University of North Carolina in 1846; and also gradnated from the Medical Department of the University of New York in 1849.

During the war he was surgeon of the Sixty-First Regiment North Carolina Troops, and was distinguished for a zealous performance of duty and rendered most valuable and efficient service in the hospital and on the field. Tenderly nursing the sick, cooling the fevered brow of the wounded or ministering to the dying wants of a fallen comrade, his kind heart and genial presence gave comfort to the weak and dispelled the gloom of the gathering shadows, and nobly exemplified those beautiful lines,

"The tender are the brave, the loving are the daring."

After the war he resumed his practice at Washington and attained eminence in his chosen calling. He was wedded to his profession and studied it with the ardor of a lover; he viewed it not in a sordid light—as a means of gain—but loved it as a noble science to ameliorate the sufferings of his fellow man. To his patients he was a faithful physician; an affectionate friend.

An ardent Southerner he ever held dear the sacred cause of Southern Independence, and was one of the chief promoters and first members of the ex-Confeder-

ate Soldier's Association of Beaufort County. A man of strong character and a leader of thought, he was always ready to lend his time, means and influence to the development of his section, and the moral, intellectual and industrial upbuilding of his people. His charity was broad and his bounty was only circumscribed by his means. His virtues endeared him to every one.

No man ever lived in Washington more esteemed, and his death was a grievous, personal affliction to hundreds who knew and loved him.

J. Bryan Grimes.

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### Judge William B. Rodman

William Blount Rodman was born in Washington North Carolina June 29th, 1871. His ancestors on both sides for generations were distinguished for learning, patriotism and influence in councils of State, occupying an eminently prominent place in Colonial and Revolutionary History. He early gave promise of inheriting, in a remarkable degree, those qualities of mind that form the intellectual giant and those graces of spirit that make the true and tender friend beloved by his fellow man.

He entered the University, at Chapel Hill, in 1832 at the age of fifteen, and graduated in 1836 with first honors at the age of nineteen. While at the University, he was foremost in all his studies, and was recognized as easily placed in belles letter attainments, and in after life kept up his elegant literary culture through all the exactions of a rigid profession, in which he rose to the highest rank at the bar and on the bench. He was a fine Latin and Greek Scholar; also reading with ease French and German, and was as well a keen student of the physical sciences, his inquisitive mind ranging through all the realms of ancient and modern literature.

After leaving college, he studied law under Judge William Gaston of New Bern, North Carolina, and was licensed to practice in 1838. He settled in his native town of Washington, where his talents and accomplishments enabled him soon to secure a large and lucrative practice; in those days the bar of Washington was composed of men whose lives and careers will ever be remembered as shedding a lustre and brilliancy un-rivalled in this or any section of the State.

Donnell, Shaw, Carter, Warren, Gilliam, Sparrow and Rodman—their names and memory linger with us, and right worthy were they to wear the laurel.

His legal ability, being early recognized, he was appointed to serve with Hon. B. F. Moore and Asa Biggs to revise the North Carolina Code. He was a Breckenridge Elector in the Campaign of 1860, and, on the election of Lincoln, strongly advocated the doctrine of State's Rights and Secession. His ideas on this subject are best expressed in an opinion delivered by him some years after, while a Supreme Court Judge, in which he uses this language: "The States must have jurisdiction to try offenses against their own laws, or they cease to be States. It is a power necessarily inherent in a State. It alone makes the States."

The *News and Observer,* of July 14, 1877, referring to the opinion, says: "He tells the whole story in those brief sentences that deserve to be written in letters of gold."

True to his convictions, when the State seceded, he raised a company of heavy artillery, of which he was Captain; John G. Leggett, First Lieutenant, John G. Blount, Jr., First Lieutenant, Ashley Congleton, Second Lieutenant, James B. Hancock, Orderly Sergeant. The Company was first stationed on the north side of Pamlico River, and afterwards participated in the Battle of New Bern, retiring with the army to Kinston, at which place Captain Rodman was appointed Brigade Quartermaster to Branch's Brigade with the rank of Major, and with the Brigade went to the Army of Northern Virginia.

Later, he was appointed by President Davis presiding Judge of a Military Court, with rank of Colonel, attached to the Army of Northern Virginia, and had jurisdiction to try all military offenses committed by persons below the rank of Brigadier General. His associates were Colonel John M. Patton, who had commanded the First Regiment of Virginia Volunteers; General Bradley T. Johnson, and, later, Colonel Boteler, of Harpers Ferry.

Upon the evacuation of Richmond, he went with the Army of Northern Virginia to Pamplin's Station; and, learning that General Lee would surrender, he left that Army and made his way on foot to Greensboro; reaching that point in time to surrender with General Joseph E. Johnston.

In the fall of 1865 he returned to his home in Washington, resuming the practice of his profession; and, though having suffered immense private losses from the reverses of war, he bravely determined to make "human endurance equal to human suffering."

Realizing the great importance of preserving the purity and conservatism of the laws of his native State, and seeing the great dangers threatening our jurisprudence from the party then in such absolute control of the State and its institutions, with no earthly hope of change in the near future; he braved the disapproval of some by permitting himself to be sent to the Convention of 1868 by the Republican party. He did what he thought best, and in this Convention he was distinguished for his conservative views, and his influence contributed to the defeat of at least some of the extreme and unwise provisions

sought to be engrafted upon our fundamental law. Judge Rodman was appointed by the Convention as one of the three Commissioners to prepare and report to the Legislature a Code of Laws of North Carolina; these were principally made by him, some of which were adopted and now form a part of the present Code.

He was elected Associate Justice of the Supreme Court in 1868, and served until the expiration of his Term in 1878. This is conceded to have been a strong court and second to none on the Bench; Judge Rodman was considered one of its ablest members. It may be said without fear of contradiction that the opinions of Judge Rodman were regarded by the profession as exceptionally able and a perusal of the Reports will illustrate the great services he rendered at this important period in the transition history of the State. Never a politician nor ambition for political honors, he loved the law and has contributed no little towards preserving the fount of justice and equity, pure and unsullied. He was a great judge and has left his mark upon the jurisprudence of his times. He was above and beyond the ordinary mould of men, the loftiness and elevation of his character were intuitively felt and acknowledged by all who knew him, but he was so modest and un-assuming that he did not claim what were often the just rewards of his genius. He ever defended the weak and unprotected, and would not willingly have caused pain or suffering to even the least of God's creatures. Plain, simple and dignified in all his ways, he had no respect for shams or mere observances, but retained the essence of truth in all things. He was essentially a great man and bore the impress of a noble life well spent.

He died March 7th, 1892 in the seventy-sixth year of his life, leaving a record of spotless integrity to be prized and honored by his family and fellow citizens.

R. E. T.

## Washington During the War Between the States

On March 14th, 1862, New Bern was captured by the Federal forces under General Burnside. The cannonade could be distinctly heard at Washington. Just before the battle at New Bern the bridge over Pamlico River at Washington was partially destroyed by incendiary fire, at night, to prevent the Confederates from uniting with the command of General Branch defending New Bern. Upon the fall of New Bern the town of Washington was evacuated by the confederate forces, which included a Georgia regiment, commanded by Colonel McMillan. All that part of Eastern Carolina adjacent to Pamlico and Albemarle Sounds and the rivers emptying into them passed under Federal control, and remained until the capture of Plymouth by the Confederates under General Hoke, a period of two years. The limit of Federal occupation, however, were closely confined to the sound and navigable streams and to the garrisoned towns upon them.

### The Entrance of Federals

On March 20th, 1862, The Twenty-Fourth Massachusetts, Colonel Stevenson, was sent from New Bern to Washington on the transport Guide, accompanied by the gunboats, Delaware, Louisiana and Commodore Barney. This expedition was stopped the next morning six miles below the town by the blockade which Confederates had placed across the river at Hill's Point. This blockade consisted of rows of piling driven into the bed of the river and sawed off about three feet below the surface of the water. The gunboat Delaware, passed the blockade and landed at the warves of the town. The transports and other gunboats remained at the blockade. At this time Washington had been entirely evacuated by the Confederates, and no resistance was encountered. The two companies preceded by the regimental band, marched from the wharves to the Court House and hoisted the Stars and Stripes. The band played national airs and the men cheered. They then marched through the principal streets to the gunboat, and the fleet returned to New Bern. These were the first Federal soldiers to enter the town. The Colonel in his report states that he saw some evidences of Union sentiment among the citizens of the town. It was probably confined to few individuals. Soon after the return of the expedition to New Bern a permanent garrison, consisting of cavalry, infantry and artillery occupied the town and held it until the spring of 1864. Gunboats were anchored in the river in front of the town. After the occupation of the town there were a number of affairs between outposts, including a spirited action at Tranter's Creek on June 5th, 1862, between the Forty-Fourth North Carolina, Colonel George B. Singletary, and eight companies of the twenty-fourth Massachusetts, Lieutenant-Colonel F. A. Osborn, one company of the Third New York Cavalry, Captain Jocknick, and two pieces of Marine Artillery, Lieutenant Avery.

The gunboat, Picket, Captain Nicoll, went up the river shelling the woods between the river and the Greenville road. She was too far distant from the scene of action at Hardison's Mill upon Tranter's Creek, to take part in it. Colonel Singletary was killed and several wounded on the part of the Confederates. Unfortunately there are no official Confederate reports of this action published in the War Records. The Federals lost 4 killed and 11 wounded, three of them mortally. From all accounts the Federals returned to Washington much demoralized.

After the death of Colonel Singletary, fearing a

landing of troops in the rear from the gunboat, the Confederates also retreated.

### The September Attack

About 4 o'clock on the morning of September the 6th, 1862, a Confederate force consisting of infantry, cavalry and battery of artillery, under command of General J. G. Martin, attacked the town. The Federal Garrison then consisted of five companies of the Third New York Cavalry, Colonel Mix, two companies of the Twenty-Fourth Massachusetts, and two companies of the First North Carolina (Union). Two gunboats, the Pickett, Captain Nicoll, and the Louisiana, Captain Renshaw, were anchored in front of the town. The Picket was just above the bridge, near the blockade, and the Louisiana just below the bridge, opposite Haven's warehouse. The Federal garrison, including the crews of the two gunboats, numbered about 1,000 men. The Confederates had about the same number of men. There are no official reports of the engagement published in the War Records, and their strength, composition and losses are not given. The battery of artillery was the Adam's Battery, raised in Beaufort County. Among the cavalry was the company commanded by Captain Rufus S. Tucker, raised in Wake and Johnston counties and recruited in Pitt county. There were detachments from the Seventeenth North Carolina and other infantry regiments. A number of citizens had moved away when the town was occupied by the Federals, accompanied the attack and acted as guides. The Confederates surprised the outer line of pickets, killing and wounding them, and dashing into the town, surprising a company of artillery in barracks at the academy, capturing 4 brass 6-pounders and some prisoners. These guns had been captured from A. C. Latham's battery by the Federals at New Bern. The Confederate Infantry aproached the town through the Grist field and entered at the west end. The cavalry and artillery entered by the Greenville road. Just before the cavalry turned into Bridge Street from the Greenville road, Captain Booth, commanding the cavalry was shot by one of the Federal pickets and was dangerously wounded. The command of the cavalry then devolved upon Captain Tucker. The attack was made with great spirit before daylight. There was considerable fog in the early morning which, together with the darkness, made it difficult to distinguish friend from foe. At the time of the attack there were some fieldworks and blockhouses, but the formidable chain of forts and intrenchments around the town were constructed later in the war. The Federals were surprised, but still were not unprepared. As the Confederates entered the town from the west, four companies of cavalry and a battery of artillery from the garrison had formed and were marching from the town at the east end for Plymouth to co-operate with the Federal gunboats upon Roanoke River in attacking Hamilton. This column was just emerging from the town as the firing began at the west end. The column counter-marched at a gallop, and one company charged up Main street encountering some squads of Confederate cavalry near Market street, driving them back upon the infantry, which by this time had advanced to Bridge street. The Federal cavalry were then repulsed with loss. Two companies of Federal cavalry charged up Second and Third streets but were driven back by the Confederates. Upon Second street the Confederates planted a piece of artillery in front of the Methodist Church and opened fire upon a Federal gun at the intersection of Second and Respass streets.

The elms were in full leaf and the streets between the two guns were filled with branches shot from the trees. On Main street squads of Confederate cavalry and infantry advanced as far east as Market street. Just after the fight opened the Picket blew up, killing her captain and 19 of the crew and wounded 6 others. The cause of the explosion was not clearly known, but was probably due to carelessness or accident in opening the magazine when her men were ordered to quarters. The wreck still lies in the river near the blockade. When Burnside's expedition entered Hatteras Inlet he had his headquarters upon this gunboat Picket. The Colonel Potter, the commandant of the post, planted at the intersection of Main and Market streets a 12-pounder, supported by his entire infantry force, and opened fire upon the Confederates between Main and Market streets and around the academy. The firing in this part of the town was very sharp and continued for nearly three hours, the combatants approaching within fifty or sixty yards of each other and firing across lots from behind houses and fences. A number of men were killed and wounded on both sides and two sets of gunners were shot down at the Federal gun. Both sides held on with great tenacity. The Federal infantry were driven back to the warehouses upon the wharves under cover of guns of the Louisiana but still kept up a hot fire. The Louisiana then turned her guns upon the town and threw shot and shell through that part from Haven's residence westward. Few houses in the line of her fire escaped and after the fight that part of the town presented a shattered and wrecked appearance. What is now the Satchwell residence was completely riddled. At times the fire of the gunboat was silenced by the fire of the Confederate infantry. Cavalry fighting in the meantime was going on in the outskirts and different streets of the town, extending as far east as Market street. The Federal cavalry made a dash down Bridge street and a hand to hand fight occured in front of the James W. Redding and the DeMille residence. Several men were killed and

wounded at this point and the Federal squadron driven back with loss.

Mrs. Redding, in the front room of her house, was wounded. The marks of this fight are still to be seen upon the porch of the house. Failing to surprise the garrison by reason of the detachment for Plymouth being already formed and upon the march and unable to silence the fire of the gunboat, the Confederates withdrew, carrying with them the four captured guns. It was a well contested action and creditable to the gallantry of both sides. The Federals lost 27 killed, 53 wounded and 4 missing, according to their report. They claimed to have found 12 dead and 12 wounded Confederates upon the streets and to have captured 20 prisoners. The Confederates carried off a part of their dead and wounded. It is probable that the loss on each side was about equal. Wm. O. Respass was severely wounded upon the porch of the Carraway residence, on West Bridge street, between Main and Second, while firing upon the Federal gunners serving the gun at the foot of Bridge street.

### The Seige

The Confederate forces under General D. H. Hill, beseiged the town of Washington on March 30th, 1863. The object of General Hill's movement in North Carolina was to collect supplies of corn, meat, and forage for the Confederate armies and to capture the town of Washington and its garrison. Unfortunately the Confederates had no gunboats or ironclads, as at Plymouth the next year, to effectually close and command the river. This was the weak point in the investment of the town and permitted the passage at night of vessels and transports carrying ammunition, commissary notes, and reinforcements to the garrison. The beseiging force consisted of the brigades of Daniels and Pettigrew, on the South side of Pamlico river, and the brigade of Garnett of Pickett's division, upon the North side of the river. There were a number of batteries of artillery and some cavalry. In all the force under General Hill, engaged in the seige, numbered about 9,000 men. The Confederates seized Hill's Point, occupied the old fort constructed by them at the beginning of the war and held in check the large fleet of Federal gunboats and transports endeavoring to force the passage of the river and relieve the garrison of the town. Rodman's quarters were also seized by the Confederates and a battery of Whitworth guns placed in position. The brigade of Daniel and Pettigrew, extending from Chocowinity crossroads to Blount's Creek, covered the rear of the forts and prevented the relief of the garrison by the Federal forces at New Bern. The Federal garrison consisted of eight companies each of the twenty-seventh and Forty-Fourth Massachusetts, two companies of the First North Carolina (Union) one company of the Third New York Cavalry and one company of the Third New York Artillery. The Gunboats, Louisiana, Commodore Hull, Eagle and Ceres were in front of the town. The garrison at the beginning of the seige numbered about 1,500 men. On the night of April the 13th, the transport Escort ran the batteries with the Fifth Rhode Island, raising the strength of the garrison to about 2,000 men. The fortifications around the town were well constructed and were of great strength. A deep moat, for the greater part, filled with water, ran along the front of the works. The woods had been felled around the town for a half mile or more in front of the fortifications to allow the play of the guns and to render the attack difficult. During the progress of the seige the Federals continued at night to strengthen their works. A fort was constructed inside the town at the foot of the bridge, to command the river road and the streets of the town. The fort was leveled after the war. They built forts upon the river front, above the bridge, and upon the castle Island, situated in the river opposite the town. The Confederates did not attempt to assault the works, hoping to reduce the town by seige. The fleet of gunboats below Hill's Point daily engaged the Confederates batteries without effect. Fearing to land and to attempt the capture of the fort by assault on account of the strength of the position and the supporting force under Pettigrew, the transports with the troops returned to New Bern. The Federals marched overland from New Bern under the command of General Spinola. The forces of Spinola, numbering over 8,000 men, were met by General Pettigrew on April 9th, at Ruff's Mill upon Blount's Creek and were driven back. The Confederates constructed a battery in the swamp at the foot of the old Ferry road, just opposite the town, and opened fire upon the gunboats but were unable to hold the position. Every day during the seige the Confederate batteries engaged the Federal forts and gunboats. Many shot and shell fell in the town especially from the battery of Whitworth guns at Rodman's quarters. Some of the citizens constructed bombproofs upon their lots, and when firing became hot, would seek their protection. Unable to effectually blockade the river, and in consequence of orders to dispatch a large part of the beseiging force to reinforce the army of Northern Virginia, the Confederates on April 15th, raised the seige of the town. The capture of the town by assault would not have justified the sacrifice of life required. To judge of the severity of the artillery fire, the Commodore Hull was hit in the first four days of the seige by ninety-eight shots from the battery of Whitworth guns. An act of great gallantry was performed by the Federal commander, General Foster. After the reinforcement of the garrison by the Fifth Rhode Island, General Foster at daylight on April 15, ran the Confederate batteries in the steamer Es-

cort. The steamer was hit forty times and the pilot at the wheel was killed by a rifle shot. The loss on both sides during the seige was small. The brigades of Garnett, Daniels, and Pettigrew were soon transferred to the Army of Northern Virginia. They formed a part of Lee's Army in the invasion of Pennsylvania and sustained great losses at Gettysburg.

### The Burning of the Town

The Confederates under General Hoke, on April 20th, 1864, captured the town of Plymouth with its garrison of nearly 3,000 men. It was a brilliant operation and reflected great credit upon General Hoke and his command. The ram Albemarle soon after the surrender of Plymouth was sunk by Lieutenant Cushing with a torpedo. Had it not been for this misfortune, it is highly probable that Washington and New Bern would have shared the fate of Plymouth and all Eastern Carolina been restored to the Confederacy. Immediately upon the fall of Plymouth General Harland, in command at Washington, was ordered to evacuate the town. On April 30th, the last Federal troops after firing different portions of the town, embarked. For the three preceding days the town was given up to sack and pillage. The plundering was not confined to the public stores and supplies, but was general and indiscriminate. General I. N. Palmer, who is still remembered by the citizens of Eastern North Carolina for his kindness and consideration as well as for his soldierly qualities, at that time commanded the district of North Carolina. He was an honorable foe. In the general orders issued after the evacuation, he thus characterizes these outrages: "It is also well known that the army vandals did not even respect the charitable institutions, but bursting open the doors of the Masonic and Odd Fellows lodges, pillaged them both and hawked about the streets the regalia and jewels.

It is also well known, too, that both public and private stores were entered and plundered, and that devastation and destruction ruled the hour.

The Commanding general had until this time believed it impossible that any troops in his command could have committed so disgraceful an act as this, which now blackens the fair fame of the Army of North Carolina. He finds however, that he was sadly mistaken, and that the ranks are disgraced by men who are not soldiers, but thieves and scoundrels, dead to all sense of honor and humanity, for whom no punishment can be too severe."

A board of investigation, presided over by Colonel James W. Savage, Twelfth New York Cavalry, among other things, reported as follows: "At about 11 p. m., on 26th, of April, 1864, Brigadier-General Harland, in command at Washington, N. C., received orders to evacuate that place, and in pursuance of his instructions the post was finally abandoned about 4 p. m., on the 30th. The intended evacuation seems to have become known, or to have been generally suspected, on Wednesday the 27th, of April. During the afternoon of that day there appears to have been instances of theft, and before morning of Thursday pillaging commenced, at first in the Quartermaster's store of the First North Carolina (Union) Volunteers, which during the day became general. Government stores, sutlers' establishments, dwelling houses, private shops and stables, suffered alike. Gangs of men patrolled the city, breaking into houses and wantonly destroying such goods as they could not carry away. The occupants and owners were insulted and defied in their feeble endeavors to protect their property. The influence and authority of officers, though sufficient to restrain these excesses when they were personally present, was forgotten or set at naught as soon as they were out of sight, and the sack was checked only by the lack of material to pillage, and ceased only with the final abandonment of the town. It is claimed and may be true, that some portion of these outrages arose from a general impression that a large amount of stores and property would, upon the abandonment of the place, either be destroyed or left to fall into the hands of the enemy, but this is probably not seriously regarded by any one as a justification or even a palliation, of the utterly lawless and wanton character of the plundering.

The fire broke out at 10 o'clock in the morning of April 30th, as the last Federal troops were embarking. It burned from the river through to the northern limits of the town, extending from Van Norden nearly to Respass streets and spreading both to the East and West as the flames advanced. The bridge was fired and destroyed, the fire extending to that portion of the town. Quite one third of the town was consumed. Other fires were kindled but extinguished by the citizens. No military necessity required the burning of the town. It was not necessary to cover the evacuation or to aid the escape of the garrison. No hostile force was then investing the town. The Confederates took possession in a few days and an accidental fire broke out and the flames, fanned by a high wind, consumed a large portion of the town east of Market street. After this baptism of fire the town was desolate and ruined. There were scarcely 500 inhabitants remaining of what had been an enterprising and prosperous town of 3,500 three years before. Many of its citizens left before the Federal occupation and sought refuge in the interior towns of the state and elsewhere. They remained where the chances of the war carried them, as their property and homes were destroyed. The entire colored population departed at the evacuation. The streets were deserted and the stores and most of the private residences were unoccupied. No work or bus-

iness of any kind went on in the town. The work of restoration has been slow.

For many years the chimneys stood to mark the path of the conflagation, and even now after the lapse of a third of a century, the waste places have not all been built up. No town gave more freely of its men and means and no town suffered more for the cause of the Confederacy.

C. F. Warren.

## Companies Formed in Washington and Vicinity in Order Named

*Washington Grays*—Captain, Thomas Sparrow; 1st. Lt., Wm. Shaw; 2nd Lt., James Whitehurst; 3rd Lt., Anthony Thomas.

*Southern Guards*—Captain, David M. Carter; 1st Lt., Tom Perry, killed near Richmond; 2nd Lt., Ed. Redding, killed at Seven Pines; 3rd Lt., ——Latham.

*Jeff Davis Rifles*—Captain, John R. Carmer; 1st Lt., Samuel B. Waters; 2nd Lt., Archabald Craig.

*Confederate Guards*—Captain, James H. Swindell; 1st Lt., Henry Harding; 2nd Lt., Frederick Harding; 3rd Lt., Charles E. Peterson.

*Pamlico Rifles*—Captain, Wm. T. Marsh, killed at Richmond; 1st Lt., Leonida Creekmur, killed; 2nd Lt., Bryan Bonner; 3rd Lt., Noah Tuten.

*McMillan Artillery*—Captain, Wm. H. Tripp; 1st Lt., Macon Bonner; 2nd Lt., Selby Hardenburg; 3rd Lt., Wm. H. Harrison.

*Jones Battery, afterwards Adams*—Captain, Charles P. Jones; 1st Lt., Z. T. Adams; 2nd Lt., Wm. Rumley; 3rd Lt., Joseph B. Bryan.

*Beaufort Plough Boys*—Captain, Henry Harding; 1st Lt., Thomas H. Satterthwaite; 2nd Lt. Wm. H. Stevenson; 3rd Lt., Decatur W. Jarvis.

*Bridges Artillery*—Captain, Wm. B. Rodman; 1st Lt., John Leggett; 2nd Lt., John G. Blount; 3rd Lt., Ashley Congleton.

*Star Boys*—Captain, S. E. Satterthwaite; 1st Lt., Samuel Whitehurst; 2nd Lt., Wm. S. Satterthwaite; 3rd Lt., Wm. Martin Nelson.

*Satterthwaite Artillery*—Captain, Charles Whitehurst; 1st Lt., Thomas Satterthwaite; 2nd Lt., Seth Bridgeman.

Other officers from Beaufort county were: Captain Thomas Robinson, Captain John G. Bragaw, Captain Flynn, Lt. Wm. Barrow Windley, Captain John K. Hoyt, Captain T. M. Allen, Lt. Wm. H. Patrick, Lt. John Wiley Blount, Lt. Samuel Forbes, Wm. Von Eberstein, Sergeant Major, Lt. Bryant Phineas Windley, Lt. Samuel Franklin Topping, Captain Howard Wiswall, Co. K., 17 N. C. Reg.

Soldiers from Washington in prison: Captain Thomas Sparrow, Fort Warren, Lt. Frederick Harding, Fort Norfolk, Captain Z. T. Adams, Mr. James H. Hoyt.

Among the officers from Beaufort county were: George H. Brown, Quartermaster; Captain John Potts; Major William A. Blount, Aide on the staff of General Branch; William A. Blount, Jr., Surgeon of Cavalry; Captain John Gallagher, Assistant Surgeon; David T. Tayloe, Surgeon of the 61st, Infantry, N. C.; Soloman S. Satchwell, Chief Surgeon Confederate Hospital, Wilson, N. C.

"More than a regiment of soldiers entered the southern army from Beaufort county, most of them in her own companies, but some in other companies, noticeably in the Branch Artillery, Craven County."

The only available death roll gives 170 men. Of these, seventy either were killed or died of wounds, two died at Elmira; one at Fort Delaware; one at Fort Warren; one at Pulaski; the others during their periods of service.

"On fame's eternal campaign grounds, their silent tents are spread."

"There with these who since have joined the Bivouac of the Dead, They await in peace the Archangel's Reveille."

Reveille.

The Confederate Reveille

Memorial Edition, published by the Pamlico Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy, Washington, N. C., May 10th, 1898.

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OCTOBER NUMBER

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# Carolina and the Southern Cross

VOLUME 1 KINSTON, N. C., OCTOBER, 1913 NUMBER 8

## THE BATTLE OF BLOUNT'S CREEK MILL

LAURA V. GASKINS

When D. H. Hill was sent to North Carolina, as he said to "clean it out while Hooker was mud bound," some of the flower of the Confederacy was placed under his command, mostly native North Carolinians.

Pettigrew and Hill had made an attempt on New Bern about the 14th of March, just one year after it fell into the hands of the Yankees. Pettigrew expected a gun that he did not get, and finding that he could do nothing with the four twenty-pounder Parrott guns which were all he had to depend on, he drew off rather than jeopardize his men. Foster reported to his government that Pettigrew had seventeen heavy guns, and Spinola reported to Palmer that there were fifty thousand men beseiging Washington. Spinola was ordered to march to the relief of General Foster, who was at the time shut up in Washington with a garrison that he deemed too weak to defend it, but Hill wrote to Longstreet that "Foster ought to be ashamed to let one brigade run him into his rathole."—Series 1, Vol. XVIII, Records of the Rebellion.

Pettigrew was in command of the Confederates from Chocowinity to Washington. The soldeirs were on the move as a patrol to protect a wagon train that had been sent into Hyde County to obtain provisions for the Confederate army. The Yankees were diverted from the real object of the Confederates and were making preparations to raise the seige of Washington and go to Foster's assistance. After the failure of Spinola, Foster escaped from Washington on the *Escort*, which he claims was struck forty times by Confederate guns. An eye-witness who saw Foster land at New Bern said that the boat had a large hole in evidence of a shot said to be fired by Halsey Ernull, and it was said that Foster himself made a narrow escape. When Foster had gathered his forces he marched to Washington along the same route that Spinola had taken when he met "The affair on the 9th," as he was pleased to call it, and which was never fully reported, but Foster had a clear road. The purpose of the Confederates had been accomplished. A diversion had been made to draw the attention of Lincoln's government to North Carolina and away from Longstreet.* A large amount of provisions had been secured for the Confederate army from a county within the Yankee lines, and at the same time the officers who had the work in charge had been careful not to risk losing any strength that would add to the support of Lee's coming campaign in Pennsylvania. Only a matter of two months from the date of this little battle, and some of North Carolina's brightest and best fought their last fight at Gettysburg.

During the seige of Washington General Pettigrew had his headquarters at the house of Mr. B. F. Tripp in Beaufort County. Mr. Tripp was at home with an incurable disease that afterwards caused his death, but because Pettigrew had found shelter in his home the Yankee Colonel Jocknick, commanding one of Foster's cavalry regiments gave him a few hours in which to move further inside the Yankee lines, promising that at the end of that time to set fire to everything that Mr. Tripp possessed.

The story that follows is told by a living witness who was a girl of fourteen when the battle of Blount's Creek Mill occurred. Spinola calls the place "Walter Ruff's Farm." The mill was then owned by a woman whose husband was in Lee's army, and it was her main dependence for a living. Foster compelled her to take the oath which she said she took with her lips, knowing that she could not have a chance to help her husband and that she must care for her little children. The narrator was then Miss Laura Winfield. Afterward she married Lieutenant Isaac Brown of the Confederate army, and is now Mrs. Laura Gaskins. Below is the story as she saw it:

### BLOUNT'S CREEK MILL

The garrison gathered at Blount's Creek Mill on the 5th Sunday in March, 1863. The 11th and part of the 26th North Carolina regiments were stationed at the mill. Soldiers were camped all around our house and I knew most of their officers except those of a Georgia Regiment whose number I do not remember, but I do remember distinctly the music of their splendid band that played every evening: Sweet Ellen Bain, The Honeysuckle Glen, Hoke's March, Early's March and a repertoire of the patriotic tunes of Dixie land.

The 26th North Carolina regiment was there with Colonel Lane and Dr. Warren, the surgeon of the 26th. Colonel Lane said his boys were noted for fighting, dirt and begging. They didn't mind asking for anything they wanted, and as they were al-

*War Record.

NORTH CAROLINA STATE LIBRARY.

ways ready to fight they didn't have much time to devote to their toilet. Colonel Lane was very proud of his men and the whole regiment was very fond of Dr. Warren. Colonel Burgwyn was in charge of the garrison at the mill, and my father thought him the bravest man he ever saw. He said that he had seen him apparently as cool amid flying shell as if battles were any ordinary occasions.

The mill was about six miles from the Pamlico River. On the day of the fight my father went over to the mill and asked Colonel Burgwyn if his rear was protected, telling him that a family of free negroes lived near the head of the creek, and that they might betray him. Acting on this knowledge, Colonel Burgwyn sent couriers to watch the road to the creek and have an eye on Bill Keys, the free negro. But the attack came from another direction. Spinola and his army came up the Maule's Point road and it can hardly be said that he came unannounced, for on the march he fired heavy guns straight toward the mill. It may have been necessary to keep up his courage on the one hand, and to frighten the women and children on the other, for the denizens of that section could number very few men among their homes. My father, who was beyond the age limit, was in constant demand as judge, counsellor and friend to call on when women and boys were compelled to have a man's help and a man's advice.

About one-quarter mile from the garrison, between the flood gates and the mill road, Captain Ross had been stationed with 200 sharpshooters. When Spinola's brigades came within reach they were received with such hot fire that they were completely demoralized. Stopping only long enough to exchange the dead horses for living ones, they turned and fled, taking their dead, wounded and dying with them.

Their valiant firing along Maule's Point road had all been done before any Confederate soldier appeared in sight. Not a gun was fired by the Yankees in answer to the 200 with which Capt. Ross's sharpshooters greeted them. The artillery horses lay in two piles, six in one and four in the other.

I visited the spot a few hours later and counted the horses where the Yankees left them. The bridge had been removed by the Confederates who were stationed on the lower side of the creek.

Couriers had reported the movement of the Yankees to the soldiers at Chocowinity and they marched at once to relieve the garrison at the mill. A young man named George Greetlove, belonging to the 26th regiment stooped to drink at a spring. A 12-pound ball, a random shot, struck him, nearly severing his thigh. He was taken to the house of Mr. William Adams nearby, so that Dr. Warren could amputate the limb, but he bled to death before it could be done and they made him a grave on Nancy's Run Hill, near the spring. The grave is unmarked, except that for years two trees sprung up at the head and foot of the grave, but these have been cut down, and only two stumps now mark the spot.

At the crossroads one mile below Blount's Creek Mill was the home of Mrs. Jewell, a widow with a family of children. She had remained quietly at home when Spinola's army passed her house in such a confident manner that they did not halt or molest her. In a very short time she saw them returning in such a hurry that she did not have time to think what to do. She was ordered to leave at once as the Yankees intended to use her house for a hospital. She took her children, left her home just as it was, taking nothing with her. The Yankees did not tarry long and when she was assured that they were gone she went back to her house but her home was a ruin. Blood everywhere proved a desperate situation in the retreating army of Spinola. Blood ran in little rivulets and stood in pools on the floor, blood smeared on the windows, spattered on the walls, and clotted on the beds that had been divested of cover. Every sheet, pillow-slip, towel, napkin and table cloth had been used to staunch or cover the wounds of the Yankees who were treated at this cross-roads home. Every patch-work quilt, indeed every particle of bed cover that was in Mrs. Jewell's home had been taken by the Yankees. It was said that they lost 60 dead and wounded. I saw the house the afternoon after they used it as a hospital and I must believe the number was great, for the evidence was there written in blood on the floors and walls of a ruined home.

The battle of Blount's Creek Mill occurred on Thursday and on Friday the Confederate troops marched away, and when General Foster marched up Mallspoint road to raise the seige of Washington, the purpose of the seige had been accomplished and he marched in without resistance.

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In the September number of this magazine under the headlines, "Burning of the Town of Washington, with Its Churches," for Mr. and Mrs. Eli Hoyt read Mrs. Hoyt. Mr. Hoyt was dead before this fire happened. On page nine read Irwin Fulford, not Goddard. On page nineteen read First Lieutenant Ashley Congleton.

Washington N. C., Oct. 21, 1913.

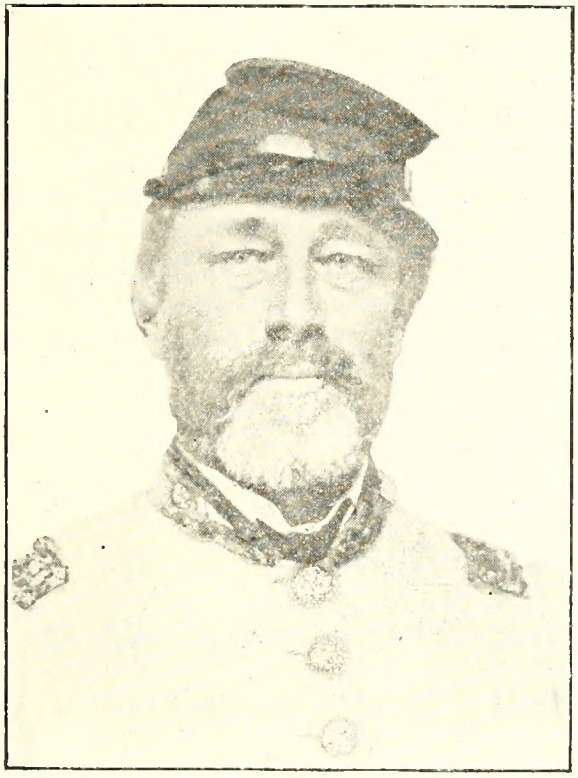
Please send one year's subscription, beginning with the September number to Washington Public School, Mr. Campbell, Superintendent; Washington Public Library, Mrs. E. L. Betts, Librarian, Washington, North Carolina.

PAMLICO CHAPTER.

# WILLIAM BLOUNT RODMAN

## A Brief Sketch of His Service in the Confederacy

BY HIS DAUGHTER, LIDA TUNSTALL RODMAN



Wm. B. Rodman

The subject of this sketch, the late Judge William Blount Rodman, was born in Washington, N. C., June 29, 1817, and Sept. 1, 1858 he married Camilla Holliday Croom, of Greensboro, Ala. A lawyer by profession, a student gifted with rare intellectual qualities, at the breaking out of the war between the states he took an active part in the defense of his country.

He was a Breckenridge elector in 1860, and on the election of Lincoln he strongly advocated secession. His ideas on this subject from that time on are best expressed in an opinion delivered by him some years after, while Supreme Court Judge, in which he uses the following language: "The States must have jurisdiction to try offenses against their own laws, or they cease to be States. It is a power necessarily inherent in a State. It alone makes a State." The *News and Observer* of July 14th, 1877, referring to the opinion says: "He tells the whole story in these brief sentences that deserve to be written in letters of gold."

True to his conviction when the State seceded, he was an elector for the State at large for President Jefferson Davis. An original of the old electoral ticket (in my possession) is here given, as it is unlikely that many have been preserved:

For President, Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi.
For Vice-President, Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia.

ELECTORAL TICKET

*Its Principles*

An unremitting prosecution of the War—the War to the last extremity, Complete Independence—Eternal Separation from the North.

ELECTORS

*For the State at Large*

Wm. B. Rodman, of Beaufort County.
Haywood W. Guion, of Lincolnton.

*Districts*

1st—John Pool, of Pasquotank.
2nd—Henry F. Bond, of Lenoir.
3rd—L. W. Humphrey, of Onslow.
4th—Jesse G. Shepherd, of Cumberland.
5th—Weldon N. Edwards, of Warren.
6th—David S. Reid, of Rockingham.
7th—Alfred G. Foster, of Randolph.
8th—John M. Long, of Cabarrus.
9th—Anderson Mitchell, of Iredell.
10th—N. W. Woodfin, of Buncombe.

As of interest to this edition, a copy of the names of those who voted for these electors in the village of Leechville, Beaufort County, is here given (original in possession of writer).

The following is the statement of the election at Leechville for electors for the President of the Confederate States of America and Vice-President.

VOTERS' NAMES

1st—D. A. Satterthwaite.
2nd—Wm. H. Howard.
3rd—T. W. Satterthwaite.
4th—A. J. Paul.
5th—Wm. J. Martin.
6th—E. D. Satterthwaite.
7th—W. Munsus, (?).
8th—Thomas Tison.
9th—Jessy Wilkerson.
10th—J. S. Muse (or Wise).
11th—H. G. Wilson.
12th—S. H. Tison.

In 1861, the nomination to Congress was tendered William B. Rodman, but he declined in the follow-

ing card published in *The Dispatch,* of Washington, N. C., of that date. (Original from *The Dispatch* in possession of this writer):

A CARD

*To the Editor of the Dispatch*:

DEAR SIR:—You are kind enough in your paper of the 24th inst. to mention my name as a suitable representative of this district in Congress. Perhaps under other circumstances, I might think that I could render some service in that capacity, and should not feel at liberty to decline such an honor, if my fellow-citizens were disposed to confer it on me. But now, when a public enemy is at the threshold of the county in which I live, threatening its inhabitants with invasion, I think it is my duty to discard all other thoughts than that of joining my fellow-countrymen in taking up arms to repel the invasion. Such is my purpose; and so long as this invasion lasts, I am ambitious of no other employment than that of an humble soldier in the cause of our country.

In order that the mention of my name may not possibly interpose any obstacle in the way of selecting a representative for whom all can cheerfully vote, I request you to publish this card. With thanks for your kind mention of my name,

I am, yours, &c.,

WILL. B. RODMAN.

September 28, 1861.

In the spring and summer of 1861, he raised a company of soldiers by his individual efforts, which was named "Rodman's Heavy Artillery," of which he was elected Captain; and received his commission October 21, 1861. The other officers of the company were: John G. Leggett, first lieutenant; John G. Blount, junior, first lieutenant; Ashley Congleton, second lieutenant; James B. Hancock, orderly sergeant.

This company was first stationed at Swan Point, on north side of Pamlico river, an admirable strategical position to attack an enemy advancing up the river, as here the point makes out and the river becomes quite narrow, commanding the approach.

The following is a copy of a letter written by Captain Roman to his uncle, General W. A. Blount, of Beaufort County, then visiting his daughter, Mrs. L. O. B. Branch, of Raleigh. It gives an interesting picture of the times:

Washington, 11th Oct., 1861.

DEAR UNCLE:—General Hill is in command here—he has our confidence, and is inspiring new courage and patriotism into our people. He thinks the danger of invasion instant—that it may come any night, or day, and is pressing forward the defenses with all urgency possible. His great want is more men. Seven justices have called out the militia, but Colonel Carrow (under General Hill's advice) delays the call on account of the serious inconvenience necessarily attending such a sweeping measure. I have openly and upon all occasions opposed it and preferred a draft. The General's objection to a draft is its moral effect abroad. I think neither will be resorted to, but other means less regular and more compulsory will be found to bring every able bodied man into the ranks. There are about 300 in this county yet who will have to fall in or fare badly. There are men of property who hold back with their families—they will be forced in.

I have about 35 men sworn in—but expect to make it up today. General Hill will receive us with 40 men. We organize tomorrow and will forthwith be mustered in, and go to the Fort at Swan Point. I regret now that Gus (the late Major Wm. Augustus Blount) did not join my company with his men and take a lieutenancy. I think it will be difficult for him now to get up a company; perhaps if he will come right down he may do so by doing as I have done. It has cost me a great deal of labor and about $200 in money so far, and if I go on to clothe men who are naked, it will cost me over $1000. I have visited almost every district in the county and solicited at least 500 men to join; I never electioneered half as hard for myself.

The other day Colonel McMillan, having the idea of instant invasion, requested me to send hands from the south side of the river to work on the fort and throw up intrenchments which he contemplates to protect the forces to be stationed at certain other places. I accordingly took the liberty of advising Gus' overseer, and of sending the same advice to yours and Branch's to send down all the force they could possibly spare. He is determined if hands are not furnished more liberally to seize them, and he is the man to do it. He seized Miss Fanny Owen's rooms in the Long Row for a hospital, and drove her off "at the point of the bristling bayonet," as she says.

A great many, perhaps 300, of the Georgia regiment are sick with measles and typhoid fever. About six hospitals have been taken charge of by the ladies, who tend the sick and spare no pains. Aunt (the late Miss Patsey B. Blount) has taken three into her house, and nurses them constantly. She generally has six soldiers to eat with her—I believe she would give them her last rag of cloth—and the other ladies are not much behind her.

I did hope the Governor would have sent us a commission before this—not that I doubted my ability to complete my company, and be elected and get it in that way—but I feel, and until we are actually mustered in, I shall continue to feel that in the event of an attack—I shall be awkwardly situated, without place, or command. But General Hill says that shall not be so, and he will instantly receive us and give us a place. Still (although we shall be mustered into the service on tomorrow, or next day) it will be best to organize under the State law—get our commission from the State and be transferred to the C. S.—I should go to Raleigh on Sunday—for it is generally

understood that nothing can be got done in our State government without personal solicitation—but that is out of the question so long as the belief continues of the imminency of an invasion, and I must get arms, clothes, &c., as I can, or go without them if it shall please the State authorities to neglect us.

If you have any idea of coming down here, I would strongly advise you not to do so,—on many accounts—particularly for its moral influence on the people your presence would be useful—but you might with your inability to move rapidly be exposed to annoyance and danger. This is no place for invalids if what General Hill believes is true. He thinks the enemy intends to seize this place with a large force as a base of interior operations. *This is confidential.* A. W. Chester( from Hyde this morning) heard some heavy guns and many smaller arms at Hatteras on Sunday. It is thought we attacked the place that day and of course, carried it. It seems certain that we took 300 prisoners about Nags Head—besides the 47 on the *Fanny.*

I can hardly expect you to write often, though I should be glad to hear from you; but I think Branch, and Gus, and Cowper, or one of them might drop me a line now and then.

Yours affectionately,

WILL. B. RODMAN.

P. S. Please send me by first opportunity sets of buttons for five coats—N. Car. buttons.

To Gen. W. A. Blount,
Raleigh, N. C.

In March, 1862, Rodman's artillery, with other companies from Beaufort County, was ordered to New Bern to aid in the defense of that city, and these companies participated in the battle of New Bern, March 13-14, 1862. As is well known, the Confederates were so outnumbered by the forces of General Burnside that the engagement closed by the retreat of the Confederates to Kinston, rather than submit to wholesale capture by the Federals.

The following is a copy of a note from Captain Rodman to his wife, hastily written on a leaf from his memorandum book:

Kinston, 14, March, 1862. At night.

DEAREST WIFE:—We were in the battle to-day. I am safe—but jaded and worn beyond conception. New Bern is burned. Our loss is probably heavy—so was that of the enemy. Send this news to Sister and Aunt at once. In haste,

Your husband,

WILL. B. RODMAN.

All my clothes lost except what I have on. Some of my men wounded, some probably prisoners.

Not long after this Captain Rodman was promoted to brigade quartermaster of Branch's Brigade, and went with the brigade to the army of northern Virginia. This promotion gave him the rank of "major." After this Rodman's artillery was commanded by 1st Lieutenant John E. Leggett, promoted to Captain, and went into camp at Falling Creek, near Goldsboro; later it continued its good service as a part of the 40th regiment, and was in the battles of Fort Anderson, Town's Creek, Jackson's Mills, and Bentonville, and surrendered with Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, at Greensboro, N. C., April 26, 1865.

The following are extracts from letters of Major Rodman to his wife, written on the march with Branch's Brigade in Virginia:

Camp near Madison Court House, 19, May, 1862.

DEAR WIFE:—We left Gordonsville on Friday bound for the mountains, but received orders to wait, and we have got no further than this. The Blue Ridge is in full view nearly all around us. * * * How happy would the time be were you and I riding leisurely along in a buggy stopping to drink of the crystal brook. * * * If I ever get out of the army I intend to buy me a little farm somewhere in the mountains and raise stock.

Yesterday morning we went over to Madison Court House by invitation from Mr. Evans to meet him, and found ourselves, as Colonel Campbell expressed it, "in the midst of civilization," that phrase embracing the luxuries so rare in a soldier's life—accomplished women of society—good brandy—loaf sugar and silver spoons, all of which we enjoyed for an hour, then galloped to camp, to supper, and to sleep. The ladies are refugees from Baltimore.

Last night as half of us were lounging on the floor preparatory to making down our pallets we were startled by the sounds of music—a full brass band at our door pealed forth the most beautiful airs. It turned out to be the band of Colonel Kirkland's regiment, now camped at Madison Court House, who had marched 20 miles yesterday and come on to serenade the General. Nothing could have been more delightful than the music.

We are hourly expecting orders from General Ewell (who has gone on to consult with General Jackson) to march back to Gordonsville. It is understood that the Yankees have all left the Valley, and are on the march east, supposed destination Fredericksburg to unite if possible with McClellan's army before Richmond. Therefore, if this be true, it is probable we will turn back and perhaps join our army between Fredericksburg and Richmond.

I had finished the above when we received orders to march on to New Market. We shall probably make the campaign in the order. We have to pack up. Good bye—love to all.

Ever truly yours,

WILL. B. RODMAN.

30, May, 1862.

DEAREST WIFE:—I take advantage of a most tremenduous rain storm to write you a few lines. I am sitting on a stool in a tent, the rain pouring down in torrents outside and about 2 inches deep on the ground within. We are about 6 miles northeast of

Richmond—about 1 mile this side of Chickahominy river. The Yankees are just across. By mounting the trees I am told we can see their tents. This morning we heard heavy cannonading just below Richmond. Our loss in the late fight was not nearly so great as was supposed. Colonel Lane's regiment has come in; also Lieutenant Potts and his section, and he is said to have behaved gallantly. Our whole loss will probably not exceed 300. The account in the *Examiner* is very unjust to our brigade. The hostile force was greatly superior.

Today I rode within 3 miles of Richmond; it is a beautiful country for a defense, and I believe we will defend it successfully. Gregg's and Anderson's brigades are near us. I saw Major Jones, of Gregg's brigade (brother of Colonel Allen Jones), yesterday.

* * * 31 of May.—I was interrupted by a visit from Colonel Campbell last night. It rained powerfully, the ground in our tent was flooded; however, I had put some rails under my blanket and slept very well. The streams are so swollen that it is probable neither army can advance to-day. A fight was expected yesterday. It is reported that McClellan is falling back. I do not believe he intends to give up Richmond without a fight. In the event of his retreat Johnson would attack him. I feel strong confidence that Richmond will be successfully defended.

I received your likeness this morning—thank you for it. I wear it next my heart. The likeness and the original are not far separated. * * * Perhaps before very long, especially if we whip them here, and Jackson should continue his march triumphantly into Maryland, the Yankees will evacuate our country, which it certainly will not pay them to hold. Then we will come by our own again, or at least part of it. I am forced to quit.

Ever truly yours,

WILL. B. RODMAN.

Lieutenant Potts mentioned in the foregoing letter was a native of Washington, Beaufort County, son of Mr. Joseph Potts. He was brave and daring and made a brilliant and enviable record. he was promoted to Captain and lost his life at Spottsylvania, May 8, 1864.

Camp near Chickahominy River, 4, June, 1862.

DEAREST WIFE:—Another day has come and partly gone and nothing serious has occurred to us. Our brigade is still calmly waiting the call which shall summon us to perform our parts. All last night and until 10 this morning we had a terrible rain which has swollen the river in front of us so as to render an advance on either side almost impossible. At intervals all of today and yesterday we have heard the sound of distant guns. The belief is that the enemy is attacking our battery at Drury's Bluff below Richmond about 8 miles. If they succeed there probably Richmond will go. We have no news from the city today. We are orderd to send off ever particle of superfluous baggage, and I shall send my trunk to you. I hope the report about Bryan Grimes is not true, not being confirmed in the papers. Tom Perry it is said was killed. We do not know here what took place yesterday.

I sleep on 6 rails, pretty sharp cornered ones, covered by two blankets and fare better than most. Many have not even a tent and such a drench.

Later Major Rodman was appointed by President Davis to the responsible position of presiding judge of a military court, with rank of colonel, attached to the army of northern Virginia, and had jurisdiction to try all military offenses committed by persons below the rank of Brigadier General. His associates were Col. John M. Patton who commanded the first regiment of Virginia volunteers; Gen. Bradley T. Johnson; and later Col. Boteler, of Harpers Ferry. The following are extracts from his letters while in the performance of these duties:

1863.

DEAREST WIFE:—I have received your letter. * * About R. C. Windley: I have given his letter to Commissioner Ould,—I hope he will be exchanged. I shall visit you in a fortnight. But for you this would be a "world without a sun"—I could not live in it. But one thing prevents my going into Pennsylvania with General Lee in the spring: the fear of leaving you and our little ones fatherless. * * *

W. B. R.

Richmond, 23, Sept., 1863.

MY DEAR WIFE:—You will rejoice over Bragg's victory. * * * Colonel Patton has invited me to stay with him during October. * * * It is still said that a fight must occur on the Rapidan shortly; the armies confront each other in line of battle. Lee's force is very small—not over 40,000—and he may have to fall back here. A procession has just passed, a guard of soldiers to shoot a Yankee convicted of being a spy. His name is Spencer Kellogg, a New Yorker, not tried before us.

Richmond, 28, April, 1864.

MY DEAR WIFE:—I have received your letter; you are doing all that can be done. * * * I hope Aunt and Sister wil reconsider about going to Washington. They will find difficulty in going, and also in getting food in Washington. The news is that Washington would be attacked yesterday. Our gun boat in Neuse river was aground, and could not get off until the river rises. Eastern North Carolina is wild over the capture of Plymouth; nearly all citizens and negroes escaped. I shall take Will Blount to my room to stay with me to save him $30 per day at a hotel. He is to be examined for promotion. * * * I have got but $5 in money; it will support me until Monday, that is, buy bread. * * * Flour is $350.00 per bbl. here and very scarce. Many persons—many who have been rich—are in

great destitution, and actually forced to beg. I can hardly bear to think about you all I get so homesick.

The "Will Blount" mentioned was Dr. Wm. A. Blount, of Washington, who earned a fine record as a surgeon in the Confederate States army, serving during the entire war.

Richmond, 31, Aug., 1864.

My Dear Wife:—I received this morning yours of 29th. * * * Have just heard that we are ordered to Salisbury; I have no idea that we will be there long: only long enough to try certain prisoners. Of course I shall stop in Greensboro as long as I can. I have so much to do in getting off that I cannot write more.

Your husband,

W. B. R.

Petersburg, 24, Feb., 1865.

My Dear Wife:—I am in the greatest anxiety about you, but I believe you will not be disturbed. At all events I feel best for believing that you are better off without me than with me—as I cannot now get to you. (Sherman's army was reported to be advancing on Greensboro.) We have many rumors as usual in camp as to our own movements. It is thought by some that this place will be evacuated in a few days, but whether before, or with a fight is uncertain. You can continue to write me here, taking care to direct your letters to Anderson's Corps, and they will be sent to me wherever I may be. The possibility is we shall go to Richmond, or on the road to join with Beauregard. No leaves of absence are now given. Things will change in that respect soon; and I don't doubt being able to be with you in April. (His wife gave birth to a little daughter in April. She was a refugee on a farm six miles from Greensboro, with no protection except her slaves, and a lady friend, also a refugee. Her situation was particularly lonely with a hostile army almost at the gates, but she endured it with what courage she could.) If the Yankees do get to Greensboro try to save our horses by sending Dick off with them towards Salem. I think Dick may be trusted. Your silver and the horses are the only things likely to be stolen. Do not wear your rings on your fingers—it might be a temptation. If the negroes choose to go I shall be sorry, but shall not cry over it. The house servants I should hate to see go, but I do not fear that as Sherman will not have women and children.

Petersburg, 10, March, 1865.

My Dear Wife:—I received two letters from you yesterday. Long before this I suppose all apprehension of Sherman is removed. You need not fear that I do not fully realize your troubles and difficulties. I think you have done wonderfully well. * * * Only continue to do so. Let us look at the future as cheerfully as possible I think in our military situation everything is more promising than it was at this time last year, and if the people at home will only do half their duty all will come right in the end. But when that end will come, or precisely in what shape, no one on earth can tell. General Lee says, "if we can only come out of this war with our land and our liberty, we ought to be forever thankful and satisfied." He is confident we can do that. I agree with him * * *

You have heard of the victory at Kinston; we got the news last night It will inspire our people. * * *

Ever yours,

Will. B. Rodman.

The foregoing letter was written just a month prior to the surrender at Appomattox. The great tragedy was nearing its finish—the curtain was falling over the Confederacy—a nation in its death agony. And, yet, its people who had labored and endured put on an air of cheerfulness!—the depth of their sorrow compelled them to rise above it, or sink forever.

From October, 1861, Colonel William Blount Rodman, with the exception of a few leaves of absence, had remained constantly in the service of the Confederate States and its army until the close of the struggle in April, 1865. Upon the evacuation of Richmond, he went with the army of northern Virginia to Pamplin's Station; and learning that Gen. Lee would surrender, he left that army and made his way on foot to Greensboro, N. C., where his family were living as refugees. He reached that point in time to surrender with Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, and the forces under his command.

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When the Yankees took Washington, my father, B. F. Brown, would not take the oath of allegiance so had to move to his farm three miles from town. He was away from home most of the time with his horses, hauling food to our soldiers. Then he went to the army with the old men. He kept a large ox to haul what was needed on the farm. After the negroes left us, my mother was alone with four small children. One day the Yankee cavalry and infantry went to our neighbor's, Mr. James Ellison, took his ox, rode their horses into his house, then came in our yard and took our ox. My mother told them to stop. The officer commanded her to go back. She told them she would have that ox if she had to walk through the mouth of their cannon into torment. She went alone three miles of country road, right along with the blue-coats, swords and guns, to the picket lines at Washington. They saw that she would cross the lines and they would have to kill her, so they gave her the ox, and she returned home, angry still, but the triumphant possessor of her property. They never tried to steal from us any more only at night, and then my mother ran them to the road with a lightwood torch.

M. E. G.

# Carolina and the Southern Cross

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

L. V. ARCHBELL . . . . Editor

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ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE IN KINSTON, N. C., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER


During the seige of Washington, Hill's Point and Rodman's Point were occupied by Confederate batteries which kept the Yankee soldiers from reenforcing Foster at Washington.

□□□

The casualities at Blount's Creek Mill were reported by Spinola at first as only eleven men, promising a fuller report, but in the full report the losses were ignored and the report was taken up in arguments to make good the course he had pursued. He greatly exaggerated the numbers and strength of the Confederates.

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Phyllis must wait again. The children will see her sometime, but just now she must be silent while grown people are talking.

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We greatly regret that the Washington Chamber of Commerce did not send the promised article on "Washington." Nothing is too good to say about this town. When people are great in adversity it may be written of them that they are truly great.

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The picture of Lieutenant William Barrow Windley in this issue was intended to accompany the sketch of this officer in the September magazine, but as it came too late we hope that those who see it will refer to the September number and read the sketch again.

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* * * At this meeting a motion was made by Mrs. Bettie Giles that "Pamlico Chapter go on record as opposing the immigration of all 'Japs' and European criminals into the Southern States."

This motion was carried, and I take this way of giving you the opinion of our chapter.

L. B. W., *Secretary Pamlico Chapter.*

The U. D. C. division of North Carolina has ordered a portrait of Colonel Ashley Horne, of North Carolina, for the State Building at Raleigh. The portrait is to be painted by the North Carolina President, Mrs. Marshall Williams, and it is to be the gift of the Daughters of the Confederacy of North Carolina to the State. Thus the women of the State delight to honor one who has not forgotten to honor the women of the Confederacy.

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Resolutions of thanks were passed to Professor Douthat, of West Virginia, for his tribute to North Carolina soldiers in his "Ode to North Carolina" in the July number of CAROLINA AND THE SOUTHERN CROSS.

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It becomes our painful duty to record the sudden death of Colonel Ashley Horne at his home in Clayton. It was the ambition of the United Daughters of the Confederacy of North Carolina to show their appreciation of Colonel Horne's gift to the women of the Confederacy during his lifetime; therefore it was thought that a portrait of himself painted from life and presented to the State in the name of the U. D. C. would be a delicate tribute to his worth. Moreover the portrait was to be executed by a distinguished member of our order, no less a person than the President of our State division, who accepted the service as though she felt honored in being selected to render such a service to such a man. Now we have one more object lesson, one more warning, that what we desire to do for any Confederate veteran must be done quickly.

The Editor of CAROLINA AND SOUTHERN CROSS was especially glad when the resolution was passed concerning that portrait. Colonel Horne was one of the first veterans in North Carolina to show his appreciation of this magazine. A letter from him offering practical advice about the work is prized very much by the Editor. Before he saw the magazine he was consulted about publishing it. He wrote that he "feared it was too late," and his keen "regret that it had not been done years ago" acted as a spur to urge on the Editor to do the work and show that North Carolina women were willing and able to make sacrifices in order that the Confederate soldiers' children should have a true account of his honor and his valor, and be able to form a just estimate of his character.

For fifty years such histories as we have been able to get for our schools have given the Confederate soldier a "Fool's pardon" by teaching his children that he *"Thought he was right"* and by insisting that the Yankee soldier "Saved the Union," and rescued the flag from "Dishonor." The impression made on the child's mind is that Lee, Jackson and all the rest,

even the child's father, were *necessarily wrong.*

Carolina and the Southern Cross was a source of gratification to Colonel Horne, who was convinced that even now it is not quite too late to teach the truth to our children. Is there any way by which we can make this service take the form of a movement that can be made a memorial to Colonel Horne?

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The office of Carolina and the Southern Cross was visited last week by Mrs. Eloise Burkheimer, who is no less a personage than "Poet Laureate to the Confederate Veterans."

It must be flattering to these old soldiers, who at the surrender thought that all was lost, to have a bright woman write verses exclusively for them in which she extols them as "Heroes."

When she reads to them her "Ode to the Heroes Who Sleep," she conveys to the surviving old gray comrades that she believes as much in the living as in the dead, and no wonder they have chosen her as their own particular portrayer of important events. She visits their reunions, their camps and their Home in Raleigh. She brings sunshine to their lives and she has done great work for the State by using her pen as a source of revenue to help in all Confederate work. Last year her donation to the Arlington Monument was $100.00, every penny of which she earned. Besides this she gave $100.00 to other State monuments and memorials. She donated the money to furnish a room in the Confederate Women's Home, now being built by the State at Fayetteville. This room is to be called "The Clayton Memorial Room," in honor of Mrs. Burkheimer's mother, who lived in the Confederacy.

She made a contribution to the State U. D. C. chapters of her post cards, by which these chapters can raise money for the "Home," which our women will undertake to furnish. Thus she not only teaches these chapters how to make the money, but gives them the material free of charge as she has on hand more than she can use.

The Convention at Tarboro gave Mrs. Burkheimer a rising vote of thanks, which we think she richly deserves for her unselfish devotion to the memory of the Confederacy and for her kind consideration of the Confederate veterans.

Our space is limited in Carolina and Southern Cross, and as other valuable material is crowded out of this issue, and we cannot publish this lady's verses, but those who desire to have them can get them three for twenty-five cents by writing to Mrs. Burkheimer at Charlotte, N. C.

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The sketch of Judge Rodman was sent in place of the one in our September issue, but as that one was already sent to press we decided to publish both sketches. This is too interesting to leave out.

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The Editor asks every woman in the State who spent a Christmas in the Confederacy to send her an account of that Christmas. Also every man who remembers what the soldiers did on Christmas please send it in. Let us have a Confederate Christmas number. Never mind how it is written, send it in if it is true.

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Mrs. Gordon Finger was appointed a reporter to Carolina and the Southern Cross by Mrs. Williams, the president, and requested to report the convention for the magazine. Feeling sure that this report could not come from a better pen, the Editor is depending on the report of Mrs. Finger.

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Under the headlines, "The Call of To-day," we give an address by Robert D. C. Ward. The article contains food for thought. The keynote of motherhood was sounded by our president, Mrs. Marshall Williams, when she asked the U. D. C. women at Tarboro to consider the effect on the South when the opening of the Panama Canal would let in immigration. She asked, "Shall they absorb us or shall we absorb them?"

One woman took the question home. It will not down. Shall we absorb? What? The creatures who come among us with little gay-colored shawls covering their heads? Shall we absorb? The dark-skinned white man with the stiletto? Shall we absorb? The little yellow man who aspires to owning large tracts of land? Shall we absorb or shall *They Absorb Us?*

Some time ago the Editor visited a moving picture show in a Southern town as chaperon for a very beautiful North Carolina girl. During the evening two young chinamen came in dressed in citizens' clothes, and looking over the audience, they deliberately took a seat as near as possible to the Southern white girl under my care, and proceeded to try a flirtation. Of course, she was unconscious of them, but I was not, and I indignantly spoke of the occurrence to some promient men of the town, asking why they allowed such a possibility. They seemed to think the affair very amusing. These yellow men wish to come, but they expect to come as equals of the white race. Let us consider the situation in time and so safeguard ourselves by choosing our immigrants that they cannot hurt us. The alarm has been sounded Daughters of the Confederacy! Mothers of the South, we face another race problem! Read Eugenic Immigration. The Call of To-day.

# The Ladies' Memorial Association of Beaufort County

The Ladies Memorial Association of Beaufort County was organized September 3rd, 1883, by a number of the ladies of Washington, who assembled at the court house in response to a call from Major Thomas Sparrow, who was the founder of the ex-Confederate Association, he being moved by the desire that history should do full justice to that part borne by the sons of North Carolina in the gigantic struggle: and that the memory of those who fell in her defense should be cherished. Its object was to co-operate with the ex-Confederate Association, in perpetuating the memory of our dead and to gather the sacred dust of Confederate soldiers sleeping in the bosom of old Beaufort County, and place them side by side, their last muster on earth, within sacred precincts of the cemetery, o'ershadowed by a suitable monument, erected to their memory.

By faithful untiring efforts, their purpose has been accomplished and the work well done. The corner-stone of this handsome shaft that now graces Oakdale Cemetery, was laid on May 10th, 1887, with proper and impressive services, and it was unveiled May 10th, 1888. Today it is completed with the life-like statue of a Confederate soldier.

Coming generations must be told the story. There are graves to be kept green and memories to be cherished. It is the privilege and may it be the pleasure of every loyal Southern heart to aid and encourage the work of these Associations.

J. B. G.

# Reinterment of Confederate Dead at Washington, N. C.

MAGGIE ARTHUR CALL

The Ladies Memorial Association had long desired to gather the sacred dust of those who bore our flag and died in the defense of our own beautiful town, on September 6th, 1863. At a meeting held in January they decided to do so, and requested Mrs. W. H. Call to perfect arrangements, which she did, with the efficient aid of Mr. Marshall Jones, son of an ex-Confederate.

We found them sleeping beneath the straggling boughs of an old storm-swept tree, just as the foe had placed them, side by side, in the same trench, heads and feet together, and one poor fellow lying face downward. We took as relics a cavalry man's hat, a piece of an old canteen, and a few buttons. The names of those removed who are known to us are:

David Redditt, a loyal son of Beaufort County. He was first lieutenant Company B, Sixty-first Regiment.

Riley Laughinghouse, Caraway's Cavalry, company of Kinston.

Henry Clark, Thompson's Company, Griffin's Cavalry.

Samuel Rogerson, member of Washington Grays, Tenth Regiment Heavy Artillery.

Henry Stewart, Company B, Tenth Regiment Artillery.

William McDevitt, Company I, Third North Carolina State Troops.

A member of Gray's Cavalry, unknown.

In the near future we will remove all of our dead to the monument plot. The Daughters of the Confederacy will continue this grand work. The Children of the Confederacy, Washington Grays Chapter, will mark the graves of the above names and also others.

" Let the men whom Lee and Stonewall lead,
And the hearts that once together bled,
Together let them sleep."

## Pamlico Chapter Number 2

Mrs. Wyndham B. Robertson, of Plasterco, Va., will have a review of a Confederate play and a book of folk stories in November issue.

We hope to hear from Mrs. Finger and Mrs. Mary Mercer in next issue.

If the Confederate record of George W. Gatlin, of North Carolina, could be sent to Mrs. F. A. Wolke, No. 200 Grace Stret, Norfolk, Va., a favor to his descendants would be conferred upon them.

Please send any data available to Kinston historian, Mrs. G. P. Flemmings.

The A. M. Waddell Chapter is getting out a special issue of this magazine for November and all soldiers or citizens would be gladly heard from, if they have any truth concerning this section connected with Confederate people who went from this vicinity. If it made an impression on you, it will interest others, and this is a call of "Duty." You owe it to the people of your state. We ask only "Is it true?" No right minded person can object to the truth.

It it much to be regretted that we did not get the article promised by Washington's splendid Chamber of Commerce. We were so sure of having it that nothing was provided to take its place. There are so many fine things that could be truthfully said of Washington we would be glad to put them on record.

EDITOR.

# THE CALL OF TODAY—EUGENIC IMMIGRATION

## The American Race of the Future and the Responsibility of the Southern States For Its Formation—The "Survival of the Fittest"

ROBERT DeC. WARD, Professor of Climatology, Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass.

Eugenic immigration, with its tremendous influence on the American race, shows its possibilities most clearly in the contrast between congested slums of northern cities and the need of labor in the South and West. On the one hand we have the tenement-house districts in our large northern cities, with a population very largely of foreign birth or parentage; and a growing conviction of the impossibility, even with unlimited resources in men and money, of properly caring for, and of permanently raising the standards of living of, this population as long as it is thus crowded, and as long as the stream of newer immigrants pours in with as little attention to its proper selection as we pay at present. On the other hand we have vast areas in our western and southern States where the farmers, the cotton growers and the mine owners are calling for "labor."

Is it any wonder that the weary social workers of these northern cities are saying that if this congested population could be distributed over the southern and western states many of the difficulties which are now met with in caring for, in educating, and in assimilating these aliens would disappear? Is it surprising that the farmers, the cotton growers, the mine owners, should on the whole look forward to this new movement of population into their own districts as likely to solve for them the great problem of "lack of labor?" And does it strike any one as strange that our railroads and the foreign steamship companies should favor such a scheme of distribution, which clearly means more business for them?

*The people of the South at present hold the key to the immigration problem, eugenically considered.* If they say: "We want *anybody* we can get to work for us; if we cannot have a strong, intelligent, skilled laborer we will take one who is of low vitality, poor physique, mentally deficient, and unused to outdoor work," then the charity workers in our northern cities and our railroad companies, will send all sorts of aliens who are generally regarded as a burden in the North into these Southern States.

If, on the other hand, the people of the South clearly recognize the fact that our present immigration laws make it possible for thousands of aliens to land here every year who are likely to be not a benefit but an injury; who are weak and sickly; who may have come because they were inveigled into buying a passage ticket by a steamship agent, then they will insist on having none but honest, industrious, healthy and fit immigrants. Such aliens there are in abundance in our large northern cities, who would be far better off in the country. These are the ones whom the South wants Shiftless, sickly and unfit immigrants there are also in abundance in our large northern cities. These, I take it, the South does not want. Neither do we of the northern cities want them. Yet they continue to pour in on us because we have not yet properly regulated the flood. To send out from the large cities of the North thousands of unfit aliens who are not desired in the country districts of the West and South, simply because our charitable agencies in the North think they can thus relieve themselves of an unpleasant burden, is much like throwing one's weeds over one's neighbor's fence, into his garden.

There are certain evils which will follow in the train of a wholesale and indiscriminate distribution of our immigrants which the South may well consider. To scatter among our rural communities large numbers of unselected aliens whose standards of living are such that they are willing to work for the lowest possible wage, is to expose our native population to a competition which is distinctly undesirable. Again, the more widely we scatter the newer immigrants, the more widespread will be the effect of the competition with the lower grades of alien labor in causing a decrease in birth rate among the older portion of our population. American fathers and mothers, as the late Gen. Francis A. Walker first pointed out, and as I believe all our leading economists now agree in thinking, naturally shrink from exposing their sons and daughters to competition with those who are contented with lower wages and lower standards of living; *and, therefore, these sons and daughters are never born.* This may, or may not, be for the eugenic welfare of the race, but it certainly does tend, if this condition exists, to bring about a relatively rapid race-replacement. The distribution of *unselected* immigrants throughout the South will, I believe, mean the gradual replacement of the native by mentally and physically inferior foreign stock, which is already going on in the North.

There is not time on this occasion to take up the evidence, which exists in abundance, of the unsatisfactory and unfit character of much of our present immigration. It is clear that the race migration now going on from Europe and Asia to the United States is to a considerable extent not a "natural" movement,

but an "artificial selection," as it were, of some eugenically undesirable elements of the old-world populations. It is evident that a dangerously large fraction of our present immigration is as unfit on the farm as in the city; that it is of low vitality and poor physique; and often diseased and mentally deficient. There is no higher authority on immigration in this country than William Williams, the able and efficient Commissioner of Immigration at the Port of New York: he tells us that our immigration laws "do not reach a large body of immigrants who * * * are * * * generally undesirable, because unintelligent, of low vitality, of poor physique, able to perform only the cheapest kind of manual labor, desirous of locating almost exclusively in the cities, by their competition tending to reduce the standard of living of the American wage-worker, and unfitted mentally or morally for good citizenship. * * * If these persons could have been induced to stay at home, nobody, not even those clamoring for more labor, would have missed them. Their coming has been of benefit chiefly, if not only, to the transportation companies which brought them here." Mr. Williams further says that thousands of incoming aliens are neither physically nor mentally fitted to go to the undeveloped parts of our country and "do as did the early settlers from northern Europe."

The people of the South are in a position to exercise a determining influence upon the character of the future American race, because, whenever any demand is made upon Congress for further immigration legislation, even if so mild yet so necessary a character, for example, as the better exclusion of those who are physically below par and are likely to be undesirable, both economicaly and as parents of future American children, the argument which is always urged against such a step is that "The South needs labor to develop its resources." The people of the South must realize that a wholesale distribution of unselected aliens will not give them the labor they need; will injure the quality of the American race of the future; will spread more widely the evils which result from exposing our own people to competition with the lower classes of alien labor. Hence, the South must become a strong supporter of any reasonable measure of a further eugenic selection of immigration, for it cannot fail to see that the continued influx of hundreds of thousands of unhealthy and unfit immigrants is a burden upon and a detriment to the whole country.

Obviously, intelligently directed distribution of desirable immigrants is most essential, but the immigrants must be sent where they will find work which they are physically and mentally fitted to perform. This country needs and wants none but honest, industrious, intelligent, healthy and fit immigrants. Any reasonable legislation which shall improve the physical and mental quality of our immigration should be heartily supported in the South.

The contact between economic and eugenic aspects of immigration is sometimes overlooked. We constantly speak of the need of more "hands" to do our labor. We forget that we are importing, not "hands" alone, but bodies, also. The vast majority of incoming alien immigrants are potential fathers and mothers, and the character of the race that is to be born here depends upon the kind of alien bodies which we are allowing to land on our shores day by day. It is just at this point that immigration becomes a eugenic problem. We, in the United States, ought to have a very special interest in it as such, for we are here forming a new race, of an extraordinary heterogeneous character, and we have a remarkably favorable opportunity for practicing eugenic principles in the selection of the fathers and mothers of future American children, through our power to select our immigrants. Most of the discussions of this immigration problem in the past have been concerned with its economic side, but the eugenic and racial side far outweighs this. The days of a dominant Anglo-Saxon immigration are over, forever. From a trickling rivulet, forty years ago, when it furnished less than one per cent. of our alien arrivals, Southern and Eastern European immigration has increased until it now numbers about 70 per cent. of the total. It has become a flood, and the flood is increasing. Asia is contributing more each year. British India has begun to send the advance guard of its coming millions. There are those who believe that the Anglo-Saxon American will disappear, like the Indian and the buffalo. And there are reasons for thinking that the burden of proof is on those who hold that he will *not* disappear.

Most of us have met these questions of a falling birthrate, and of the production of a new race in this country, with the doctrine of the "survival of the fittest." Some of us have said, "We may be sorry that the Anglo-Saxon race is losing ground; we may not enjoy the prospect of its replacement by a new race, with large strains of Latin, or of Slav, and perhaps also, in time, of Asiatic blood, but, after all, it is a question of the 'survival of the fittest,' and if we are not the fittest, we must, of course, go under." A similar philosophy is urged by those who, opposing all further regulation and selection of alien immigration, even along eugenic lines, rely—or say they do—largely upon the doctrine that free competition will, by a process of natural selection, result in the "survival of the fittest." This whole belief is based on an erroneous conception of the meaning of the phrase, the "survival of the fittest." This expression has been misunderstood and misused so often that the wrong use of it is far more frequent that the right use. What Spencer and what Darwin really meant was the sur-

vival, not of the "best," but of those most fitted to survive. These are not necessarily most fitted for any purpose except mere survival. A plant or an animal survives in proportion as it fits its environment. "The kind of microbe," says a recent writer, "that best fits into the environment provided by, say human blood, is the fittest and will survive and be the cause of the commonest disease. Thus the tubercle bacillus is at once the fittest microbe, and not the best but the worst. In a society of blackguards, the biggest blackguard is the fittest man and will survive. He is also the worst man." "The capacity to fit into the environment is the capacity that determines survival; it has no moral connotation whatever." The eugenic ideal, the ideal of race culture, is to ensure that the fittest shall be the best.

What kind of a race will this be, made up of such diverse elements that, as Professor William Z. Ripley of Harvard University, says, "the most complex populations of Europe are ethnically pure by contrast?" Truly, this is a "melting pot" for all the nations and peoples of the world. Into it we have allowed Europe and now even Asia and Africa, to throw every sort of material, while we ourselves have been blissfully—or shall we not rather say criminally?—careless as to what the final product is to be. Will the new American race be a superior or an inferior one? Who shall say? Evidence is available on both sides of the question. Opposite views upon it are held by those who have studied it. In the midst of a disagreement among the scholars, what shall the layman do? One thing is clear, and that is that the results of biological studies go to show that the crossing of different types must not be carried too far, or be too extreme, or proceed too rapidly. In the light of the evidence it is my opinion that the burden of proof is upon those who hold that the new American race will be superior, rather than inferior.

There can be absolutely no doubt that the recent change in the races of our immigrants will profoundly affect the character of the future American race. What resulting physical and mental changes will probably be, various authorities have told us. The ethnic composition of an "average immigrant" (whatever that may be!) has radically changed during the past few years, the Baltic and the Alpine stocks giving way to the Mediterranean. The dilution of the energetic Baltic blood, which "combined with the conditions peculiar to a new country," has made us "preeminently an energetic, practical people, above all an industrial and political people," will, according to Profesor Franklin H. Giddings, of Columbia University, inevitably cause a decline of this American push. The increasing proportion of Alpine and of Mediterranean blood will "soften the emotional nature, but it will quicken the poetic and artistic nature. We shall be a more versatile people, gentler in our thoughts and feelings because of the Alpine strain; lievelier and brighter, with a higher power to enjoy the beautiful things of life" because of the Latin blood. "We may doubtless learn courtesy from many an Italian; virtue from many a Slav; family loyalty from many a Jew; the beauty and the refining influence of music from many a Hungarian."

He would, indeed, be a hopeless pessimist who should maintain that this racial change will have only undesirable effects, physical and mental, upon the future American race. We probably need less nervous energy and push. We shall undoubtedly benefit by a quickening of our artistic and our poetic nature. We shall probably not be injured by the infusion of some of the "conservative and contemplative stock which comes from southern Europe." The good qualities of this new immigration we may need. The defects we would willingly do without: we have already enough of our own! But surely, it is rather reckless to assume that everything will settle itself for the best. It may be that the American race of the future is to be a far better, a far finer, a far nobler race than the world has ever seen; better and finer and nobler possibly, than the American race which we ourselves have known. But let us remember that, as a recent writer has well expressed it, "in forming a race of unknown value, there is being sacrified a race of acknowledged superiority in originality and enterprise."

Admitting, for the sake of argument, that a mixture of race stocks in this country is desirable, is it not at once apparent that the individuals who are to be the progenitors of this mixed stock should, at the least, be as good, mentally and physically, as the average of those already here, if there is not to be a gradual deterioration of our people?

Conservation of our natural resources: how much we hear about that? Conservation of American forests is important. So is conservation of American coal, and oil, and natural gas, and water supply, and fisheries. But the conservation and improvement of the American race is vastly more important than all other conservation. The real wealth of a nation is the quality of its people. Of what value are endless acres of forests, millions of tons of coal, and billions of gallons of water if the race is not virile, and sane, and sound?

The need is imperative for applying eugenic principles in much of our legislation. *But the greatest, the most logical, the most effective step that we can take is to begin with a proper eugenic selection of the incoming alien millions.* If we, in our generation, take these steps, we shall earn the gratitude of millions of those who will come after us, for we shall have begun the real conservation of the American race.

# REPORT OF THE U. D. C. CONVENTION AT TARBORO

*(Read at the meeting of A. M. Waddell Chapter)*

MABEL QUINNERLY

On Tuesday evening, Oct. 7, 1913, at eight o'clock, the North Carolina division United Daughters of the the Confederacy opened their 17th annual convention at Tarboro, N. C. Mrs. W. T. Thrash, state recording secretary and president of the local Chapter, made an excellent presiding officer. The hearty welcome which the visitors received, first from the Mayor, Mr. Paul Jones, in behalf of the city, then from Mrs. John Bridgers who in a manner that was all graciousness extended a most hearty welcome from the William Dorsey Pender Chapter, made each and everyone feel that they were indeed welcome. The response to these was made by Mrs. Marshall Williams, President of N. C. Division U. D. C., and quoting from a "state" paper, "It was one of the most beautiful speeches ever made from local stage." In it Mrs. Williams thanked Tarboro and the other speakers for their warm reception and told of some of the things that the Daughters of the Confederacy stood for and meant to the South, and what the South meant to them. Her speech was splendid and well deserved the prolonged applause which it received.

Prior to the opening of the Wednesday morning session a beautiful memorial service, solemn and sacred in its significance, was held. The names of departed members of different chapters were called; followed by silent prayer. In her address on Wednesday morning at the first business session of the Convention, a number of suggestions were made and upon being read were accepted. The most important of these was the loan fund, designed to advance money to sons and daughters of Confederate veterans in this State, to secure education. As it will require some time to complete the idea, the funds will remain as they are at present. To this fund I pledged for our chapter $5.00.

We will all rejoice in knowing that the two funds for which our president has labored so faithfully are completed. These are the $2,000.00 endowment for the North Carolina room at Richmond, and this makes North Carolina the first State to complete its fund. The other is the Chapel Hill monument. To this I pledged $5.00. Mrs. Archbell's appeal for Carolina and the Southern Cross was listened to with greatest interest and Mrs. Williams and many others said that we could not afford to lose so valuable a paper, but adopting it as the official U. D. C. organ is a tremendous undertaking, and must be well planned before it could be adopted with a money obligation. As evidence of their faith in Carolina and the Southern Cross $200.00 was ordered to be paid to Mrs. Archbell to assist in editing the paper for two months, during which time a committee will be at work deciding a practical way of publishing the paper.

The election of officers, always an interesting event, was unusually important to us this year in that our chapter has been honored in the selection of its president, Mrs. C. F. Harvey, to fill the very important office of State Registrar. We should indeed feel honored as well as grateful to Mrs. Harvey for accepting this office. She will no doubt be compelled to make many sacrifices. The officers elected are as follows:

*President,* Mrs. Marshall Williams; *Second Vice-President,* Mrs. M. A. Winstead; *Recording Secretary,* Mrs. T. W. Thrash; *Corresponding Secretary,* Miss Winnifred Faison; *Treasurer,* Miss Margaret Ethridge; *Historian,* Miss Carrie Leazer; *Chaplain,* Miss Hattie James; *Keystone Manager and Director of Children's Chapter,* Mrs. Gordon Leazer.

The new officers elected at this meeting are:

*First Vice-President,* Mrs. Frank Huggins; *Third Vice-President,* Mrs. H. K. Reagan; *Registrar,* Mrs. Felix Harvey; *Recorder of Crosses,* Mrs. H. L. Reid.

Mrs. Bryan Grimes, of Grimesland, and Mrs. Wm. Dorsey Pender, of Norfolk, were elected honorary members. Beautiful flowers were presented to Mrs. John Thorpe, of Rocky Mount, the wife of the only surviving one of the Bethel heroes.

Mrs. Fannie Banson Williams was heartily endorsed by the Convention for General Secretary. A motion to have a portrait painted by Mrs. Williams of Colonel Ashley Horne and placed in the Hall of History at Raleigh was unanimously carried, his generous gift of a year ago to the women of the Confederacy being so fresh in the mind of every Daughter.

The most interesting of the public meetings of the convention was the historical evening under the direction of Miss Carrie Leazer, of Mooresville. The evening was devoted entirely to history of the Confederacy, and some contested points were definitely settled. She announced that two facts had been fully established during the year, namely, that the last complete meeting of the Confederate cabinet with President Jefferson Davis was held in Charlotte, and that the late Major Orin Smith, of Henderson, was originator of the stars and bars flag. Miss Jessica Smith, daughter of the maker of the flag, made an interesting talk on the subject, and having a first knowledge of the affair, her words were most important. She held out the claim of North Carolina and was roundly applauded.

Mrs. Robert H. Davis, ex-State Registrar, read a stirring paper, proving that a North Carolinian was not only the only person to carry a Confederate flag around the world but was the first person to fire a shot in behalf of the Southland.

The William Watson flag was presented on this occasion to the Orin R. Smith (children's) Chapter at Louisburg. The plan of awarding a medal by Goldsboro Chapter to the pupil in the graded school writing the best paper on Confederate history was considerd very good by Mrs. Williams, not only as an incentive to the children but the worthy papers could be given to Miss Leazer and thereby aid her in her splendid work. Although the Convention was devoted mainly to business, each day was enlivened by several charming social functions. The luncheon at noon each day was much enjoyed, as were the stately and more elegant receptions in the evening. The visit to the Country Club, where a beautifully appointed afternoon tea awaited us, and the delightful barbecue feast on the last day are some of the pleasures which we enjoyed.

Some of the more promient visitors to the convention were Mrs. Wm. Dorsey Pender, of Norfolk, wife of General Wm. Dorsey Pender; Mrs. Josephus Daniels, wife of the Secretary of the Navy; Mrs. R. B. Cotton, of Bruce, and Mrs. Moffitt, of Richmond.

Raleigh, Wilson and High Point each extended a cordial invitation to have the convention meet with them next year, but Raleigh, coming first is to have that pleasure. With the reports from the Children's Chapters which unfortunately I had to miss, the 17th annual Convention of the North Carolina Division U. D. C. became a matter of history and never, I feel sure, was one more royally entertained than the one of 1913.

Kinston, N. C.

# In Defense of Washington

*(Taken from State Journal, Raleigh, N. C., Wednesday, October 1, 1867.)*

Camp Campbell, N. C., Sept. 24, 1862.

Messrs Editors:—Please publish the following list of Confederate wounded and prisoners left with the Federals upon the withdrawal of our forces from Washington after the attack upon that place, the 6th ult, for the information of anxious friends:

EIGHTH REGIMENT N. C. TROOPS

R. W. McCoy, Company C, gunshot wound in hip and side, dangerously wounded and probably now dead; John Simpson, Company I, gunshot wound in abdomen, died Sept. 19th; Stafford Clapp, Company I, leg fractured and shot in back; Eli Price, Company I, flesh wound in leg and arm; Jacob Coe, of Company I, wounded in left hand; Peter Hughes, Company I, flesh wound in leg; George Hughes, Company I, grape shot in both hips, doing well.

TENTH REGIMENT N. C. TROOPS

Enoch Wadsworth, Company B, flesh wound in side and arm; John Proctor, Company F, leg amputated, died September 10th.

SEVENTEENTH REGIMENT N. C. TROOPS

Alex Wood, Company F, wounded in neck, died September 19th; William Gibbes, Company H, wounded in face, doing well; J. T. Pearce, Company C, wounded in left arm; John Modlin, Company C, bruised by a falling chimney; William Collins, Company H, wounded in hip and bowels, died September 12th; W. W. Lexlant, Company G, face and eye.

FIFTY-FIFTH REGIMENT N. C. TROOPS

M. B. Galloway, Company E, slightly wounded in head and shoulders; John Lewis, Company G, slightly wounded in head; Bryant Ingraham, Company G, dangerously wounded in both thighs; J. P. Roach, Company C, dangerously wounded in side and back; Thomas Hall, Company I, gun shot wound in thigh, doing well.

LIST OF PRISONERS SENT TO NEW BERN UNHURT

T. Moore, Company C, 8th Regiment N. C. Troops; Joseph Kell, Company H, 10th; Capt. J. C. Norman, Company G, 17th; E. Winn, Company G, 10th; W. W. Preeler, Company F, 44th; Charles John, Company F, 40th; W. McCreele, Company F, 40th; Jesse Winborn, John C. King, Gray Leggit, .....Smedes, Tucker's cavalry; Lewis B. Walker, Company B, 55th regiment N. C. Troops; John E. Turner, Company B, 55th; Jos. Price, Company G, 55th; D. Price, Company G, 55th; Jas. S. Hopgood, Company K.

As the prisoners were sent to New Bern before I was permitted to communicate with them, I got this list from the *Washington Era*, as published by the Federals, and, therefore, cannot vouch for its correctness. The wounded were treated with great kindness by the citizens of Washington, and were not unkindly treated by the Federals, as some of the wounded recognized among the nurses sent to wait on them the very men who inflicted their injuries, and who seemed the more anxious to attend them after becoming aware of the fact.

*Standard* and *Register* will please copy for the benefit of the friends of the prisoners.

J. A. Smith, *Surgeon 55th Reg't, N. C. T.*

Left in charge of the wounded at Washington.

(The above is copied from a newspaper, *The State Journal,* in possession of Miss Lida T. Rodman, preserved among the papers of her father, the late Judge William B. Rodman. This paper, also, contains a four-column sketch of the gallant and lamented General L. O. B. Branch, who had received his death wound at the battle of Sharpsburg, September 17th, 1862. His burial took place at Raleigh, September 25th, accompanied with every military honor.)

## The Beulah Guards

The following is the roll of The Beulah Guards, now stationed at Star Battery, near Fort Morgan.

This company was organized in Mobile, Alabama, by George M. Bonner, born in Washington, Beaufort County, N. C., and named for Mrs. Augusta J. Evans's book, "Beulah":

OFFICERS

*Captain,* George M. Bonner; *First Lieutenant,* Starke H. Oliver; *Second Lieutenant,* Andrew P. Nelson; *Third Lieutenant,* Joseph H. Seawell; *First Sergeant,* Robert H. Finch; *Second Sergeant,* Samuel S. Wylie; *Third Sergeant,* Wm. Mink; *Fourth Sergeant,* Suter John; *Fifth Sergeant,* H. Martinson; *First Corporal,* F. Michaelson; *Second Corporal,* B. R. Jackson; *Third Corporal,* J. W. Morse; *Fourth Corporal,* F. Bauchins.

PRIVATES

Wm. Bryan, Wm. E. Buck, Christopher Bowles, Edmund Barron, Wm. Callahan, W. C. Clarke, Daniel Conoy, H. A. Christenson, J. Y. Dinkens, Joseph Dresser, W. N. Davidson, T. T. Davidson, Chas. Freeman, M. Frank, J. A. Gensen, D. J. Gilbert, Marvin Gerkin, J. A. Giddens, Hans Hyer, J. H. Henken, C. Hendrixon, John Hall, E. Hoeneckre, John Hughes, R. Johnson, John Krager, O. R. Kramer, Philip Kraft, John Kopper, Peter Kain, Geo. Lecoutre, L. Hanghorst, Chas. Lomas, Martin Leonard, Peter Leonard, Wm. Meitzner, Henry Miller, Jos. R. Mosley, Wm. Miller, J. W. Matthews, W. J. Merchant John McGuire, Geo. Moody, C. R. O'Ferrill, N. D. O'Ferrill, John Peters, Frank Plogher, Peyton R. Phillips, Chas. Peterson, John Reiner, Henry W. Reuth, Davis Ross, George Scott, Wm. Smith, J. R. Schieurman, Henry Smith, S. Sprinkle, S. Sheppard, Wm. H. Stokes, D. S. Stokes, Wm. Swain, M. J. Shelly, J. Thompson, Wm. Tallon, M. White, Geo. Williams, C. G. Wackernock, F. W. Volking, G. W. Yates.

Letter to Mrs. Geo. Bonner from Mrs. Augusta J. Evans (Mrs. Bonner was the wife of Capt. Geo. Bonner, born in Washington, Beaufort County, North Carolina):

Georgia Cottage, December 26, 1861.

*Mrs. Bonner,*

Dear Madam:—I regret exceedingly that circumstances imperatively prevent my accepting your kind invitation to meet the ladies this morning at your house. I had hoped to be able to see and assist you, but find that two of our sick soldiers at the hospital rooms are so alarmingly ill, *so much worse today,* that I cannot leave them. They require such careful watching that *Mother* and *I* shall sit up with them tonight. Feeling that you will appreciate the sad *necessity* which debars me from co-operating with you in your noble work and hoping that *entire* success will crown your efforts, I am, Dear Madam,

Sincerly your friend,

A. J. Evans.

## Departure of the Washington Grays

The "Washington Grays" took their departure on Monday morning in the steamer *Post Boy* for their destination. The occasion was one of unprecedented interest in this town. It being Superior Court week, many persons from the country were present, and we may compute the number assembled to witness the pageant to have been about twenty-five hundred.

The company was called at the beautiful grove of Mr. James R. Grist. The Jeff Davis Rifles Corps, the Southern Guards, the Home Guards, the Citizens' Guards, and the Cadets were in attendance, and seemed to vie with the former in performing their evolutions. The Grays were fully equipped, and presented an appearance exceedingly creditable; and it could not but be remarked that the expression of each face evinced a determination never to yield or show their backs to the enemy if assailed. They will add a lustre to the good old town of Washington and county of Beaufort, and make the friends they have left smile with exultation at their feats of arms if the ruthless foe approaches within the reach of their deadly missives.

The peculiar interest given to the scene was the presentation of a beautiful silk flag by Miss Clara B. Hoyt on behalf of the ladies of Washington. Miss Hoyt delivered a very appropriate and elegantly concocted address to the company, and displayed a warmth of manner, a graceful self-possession, a clear and audible enunciation, and a patriotism of feeling which none but a *Southern lady knows how to exhibit.* The tenor of her address was such as to infuse an amount of ardor and zeal in the company which could never be assuaged, but which would animate them to almost superhuman efforts in the days of sanguinary trial. Added to this influence was the splendid appearance of several lovely ladies who were

present, dressed in white, with such insignia as was emblematic of each seceding State.

These are the names of the several ladies of whom we write:

Miss Mittie Hancock, Virginia—Tobacco.
Miss Martha Fowle, North Carolina—Pine.
Miss Bettie Hoyt, South Carolina—Palmetto Tree.
Miss M. A. Gallagher, Georgia—Rice.
Miss Jennie McDonald, Alabama—Cotton.
Miss Sarah Williams, Mississippi—Cotton.
Miss Fannie Tredwell, Florida—Magnolia.
Miss Julia Stevenson, Louisiana—Sugar Cane.
Miss Helen Shaw, Texas—Lone Star.
Miss Martha Hanks, Tennessee.
Miss Mary L. Perry, Arkansas—"Nary One."

Miss Mary Fowle and Miss Mollie Hoyt, flag bearers—badges of red, white and blue.

Miss Clara B. Hoyt, Badge of the Southern Confederacy.

Their brilliant countenances beamed with an expression calculated to thrill the hearts of all who were about to leave at their country's call. Capt. Thomas Sparrow received the flag, and responded in his usual happy manner, and withal in a style which showed at once the gentleman, the Christian, and one who will prove himself the able and efficient commander. The program was concluded with prayer by the Reverend E. Geer, with an earnestness and depth of feeling which will doubtless be heeded at the throne of Divine Grace. Many were the eyes suffused with tears, and fervently, no doubt did numerous hearts chime in unison with each petition. We cannot but hope that each member of the company will be fully profited, and as they have in their captain a truly worthy exemplar, their moral conduct need not suffer, but rather improve in their encampment.

We cannot refrain a passing notice of the Southern Guards under command of Captain D. M. Carter. This company consists of seventy-eight strong, stalwart men, who look able to bear the heat and burden of the day, and who manifest that avowed expression of bravery and devotion to the cause they have espoused, that there will be no shrinking in them when danger nears. They will be found equal to the emergency. Captain Carter is bold, fearless and talented, and has quite a commanding appearance and stentorian voice.

The following is a list of "The Washington Grays":

Thomas Sparrow, Captain; Wm. Shaw, Jr., First Lieutenant; J. J. Whitehurst, Second Lieutenant; A. J. Thomas, Third Lieutenant; Benj. Cowell, Ensign; J. R. H. Carmer, O. Sergeant; Thomas A. Robbins, Second Sergeant; J. D. Potts, Third Sergeant; D. A. Gautier, Fourth Sergeant; W. H. Von Eberstein, Fifth Sergeant; W. M. Stevenson, First Corporal; Harrison Hall, Second Corporal; C. H. Mastin, Third Corporal; W. W. Cordon, Fourth Corporal; John M. McDonald, Assistant Surgeon.

PRIVATES

John E. Ellison, L. E. Satterthwaite, T. H. Ellison, J. B. Hancock, S. Hardenbergh, C. K. Gallagher, J. A. Thomas, T. H. Hardenbergh, O. Jarvis, T. J. Latham, Jr., Samuel Harrell, J. M. Blount, L. C. Quinn,D. F. Redditt, W. B. Willis, S. G. Schenck, C. H. Doughty, F. Buxtarf, A. Buckhart, Thomas Harrison, W. W. Pugh, G. W. Richardson, S. L. Grist, W. H. Hanks, W. H. Hancock, J. M. Wallace, J. F. Bond, J. J. Respess, M. McLaughlin, J. O. Wooten, J. M. Davis, Samuel Lanier, Henry Respess, W. J.Pedrick, F. M. Swindell, J. W. Cornell, J. L. Brown, W. W. Latham, C. C. Thomas, W. E. Satterthwaite, Godfrey Ott, Wm. Goffin, W. B. Mooring, Chas. Mohrn, H. J. Raeney, S. Bridgeman, D. S. Liddon, J. M. Hawkins, A. Grist, Jr., V. R. Morton, J. C. Mallison, W. B. Myers, Samuel Rogerson, E B. Shaw, J. R. Whiteacar, J. Longman, J. B. Woolard, H. K. Woolard, R. H. Clark, John E. Stallings, W. L. Grimmer, A. Tredwell, N. O. Eborn, W. B. Lilly, W. H. Jenkins, J. H. Johnson, J. G. Latham, J. C. Water, W. H. Patrick, T. H. Satterthwaite, W. H. Harvey, Chas. Mallison, Asa Water, Erwin Fulford, S. W. Williams, L. J. Labarbe, Ezra Cornell, Bartemus Waters, J. A. McCollough, Slade R. Stallings, J. S. Whitehead, Chas. Wilson, Wm. H. Parvin, Jos. Pate, Lewis H. Reid, Jas. P. Voliver, R. B. Shaw.

ADDRESS OF CAPTAIN THOMAS SPARROW ON RECEIVING THE FLAG

*Miss Hoyt*:

I am proud to receive from the ladies of Washington this token of their esteem, this evidence of their patriotism, this emblem of Southern nationality and independence. My men will be proud of it. Return to the ladies for me and for them much thanks as we have no language to convey.

We shall endeavor to sustain the honor of this flag, to defend you, my fair friends, our homes and our families. We go forth at the call of our country, at the call of *Duty*, to defend our institutions, to maintain our independence.

We go forth in a just cause. In God is our trust more than in our own strong arms. We do not fear the issue, for we believe that the God of battles is on our side.

If in the camp our base natures should prompt us to an ungenerous action or on the field of battle to a cowardly surrender, the thought that this emblem wrought by these hands was floating over us, would restrain us to noble deeds and nerve our hearts with resolutions and our arms with strength.

You are pleased to allude in kind terms to what you expect from us in the day of trial. We mean that our deeds shall praise us.

If I may say a word personal to myself, it will be to give utterance to the weight of responsibility which I feel resting upon me, when mothers, sisters and wives have entrusted to me their sons, their brothers, and their husbands. Before God I shall care for them as for my own soul. While I shall shrink from no post of danger where and when duty calls, I shall not unnecessarily expose the lives of my men. While "It is sweet to die for one's country," our country wants no needless sacrifice of lives.

My fair friends have no uneasiness for us. We shall do our duty, let what will betide. We will endeavor to hurl back the invader, let what will betide.

But in God's name I pray you to have a care for the households of these men, their mothers, their wives, their little ones, and He that heareth the young ravens when they cry will reward you.

THOMAS SPARROW,
*Captain Washington Grays.*

Washington, April, 1861.

## Letters to Captain Sparrow

CAPTAIN THOMAS SPARROW

*Captain Tomas Sparrow,*

SIR:—A Military Working Society having been formed by the ladies of Washington, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

*Resolved first,* "That the ladies highly approve of the course the gentlemen have pursued in so promptly responding to the needs of their country and preparing to fight her battles;

*Second,* "That they tender their services to the captain of each company to make clothes, lint and bandages for the soldiers and to aid them in any other suitable manner."

In order that the managers may be better able to prepare work for the members of the Society at an early hour tomorrow morning, they consider it expedient to confer with the captain of each company as to the most efficient and immediate services they can render, and would be gratified if you will meet them for that purpose at "Lafayette Hall" this afternoon at 5 o'clock.

Very respectfully,
MARGARET B. DEMILL, *Sec'y.*

Washington, N. C., April 23, 1861.

*Captain Sparrow,*

SIR:—I send per steamer *Post Boy* ten mattresses which I regret to find were not disposed of, as I fear you may have needed them.

Also some articles of clothing due some of your men. Should there still be members of your company not suitably provided for you will very much oblige the ladies by making known to them their wants and we will take great pleasure in giving them our prompt attention.

Yours with great respect, Sir,
M. M. HOYT,
*President of the "Military Sewing Society."*

Washington, N. C., May 22, 1861.

Washington, May 22, 1861.

*Dear Mr. Sparrow:*

With all our care in the departure of your company, we forgot to prepare a cover for our flag. We have made one which we hope will serve the purpose for which it is intended.

Allow me to suggest what perhaps you will not think of, that unless the flag is sunned occasionally it will soon spot, and you will not be able to return it to us untarnished as you promised.

We think the cover is long enough to cover the gilded point of the staff.

The ladies have sent several bundles by *The Petrel,* things which were left. We also sent bouquets. I fear you will think the one I sent scarcely worth the acceptance of so gallant a company as the "Washington Grays," but I assure you they were all pretty enough when they left our hands. The boat has been detained and this detention will rob our flowers of their beauty.

We received the Greenville Company in fine style today, boquets fell in perfect showers. I don't think

they were as much accustomed to receiving such tributes as our gentlemen are.

Have you heard that the "Southern Guards" and "The Jeff Davis Rifles" have been ordered to Virginia? How would you like that?

Miss Clara B. Hoyt is very much disappointed to think that our company is not ordered there also, but the rest of us are very glad.

I am afraid you have had a most unpleasant time thus far and it must require all your previous knowledge of Portsmouth to believe it ever would be a pleasant place to visit, but I did not intend to write a letter; pray excuse this trepass on your valuable time. Mary and Clara are still at work on the cover, though it is 10 o'clock. They join me in sending love.

Yours truly,

M. M. Fowle.

# David Miller Carter

David Miller Carter was born in Fairfield, Hyde County, North Carolina, Jananary 12, 1830. He was of Revolutionary lineage, being a descendant of Captain Peter Carter, of Virginia, who rendered efficient service in the war for independence, and in after life removed to the fertile and attractive shores of Pamlico Sound, where his family have ever since held high social position. David Carter, a son of the Revolutionary hero, was a man of intelligence, education, high character and influence. For twenty years he presided over the county court of Hyde County, and administered the affairs of the county with credit to himself and advantage to the people. He served as a representative in the house of commons for nine years consecutively, and in 1816 was returned to the State Senate. His son, David Carter, the father of the subject of this sketch, was born in Hyde County, in 1801, and, like his father, was possessed of large estates. He devoted himself chiefly to the development of his properties, and was much engaged in constructing canals in the swamps. Although exerting strong influence, only once did he accept political preference. In 1846 he represented his district in the Senate. He married Sallie Lindsay Spencer, a daughter of Peleg Spencer, an influential planter of the same county, by whom he had eight children. He died in 1862, and his wife survived him six years. The eldest child of this union was David Miller Carter, who was born in 1830, and reared amid affluence in a region noted for its wealth and generous hospitality. At an early age he was put to school at the celebrated Lovejoy Academy, at Raleigh, and after being thoroughly prepared for college, entered the University of North Carolina in 1847, where he graduated with distinction in 1851. He remained at Chapel Hill studying law with Judge Battle, and in January, 1852, obtained his county court license. A year later, having received his Superior Court license, he formed a partnership with Judge Richard S. Donnell, an eminent lawyer at Washington, N. C., and at once entered upon a leading practice. He was chosen solicitor for the county of Hyde, and, although residing at Washington, held that office for many years.

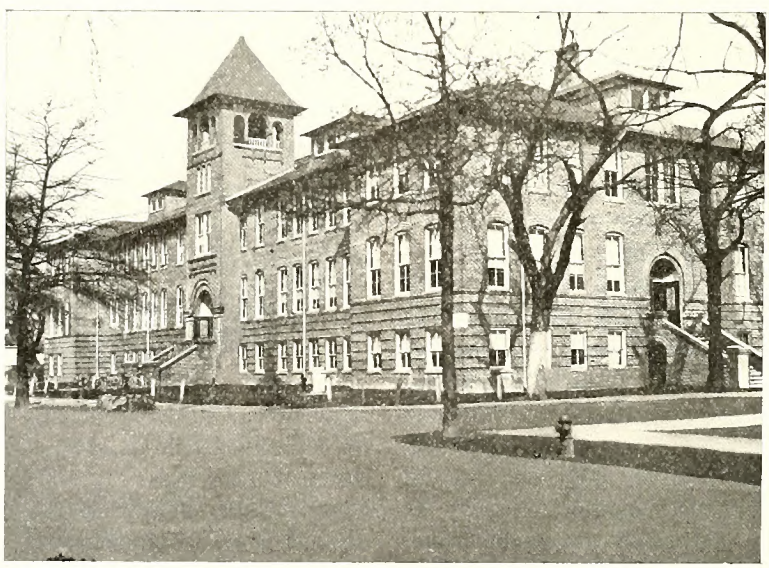
Hardly had Mr. Carter entered upon the duties of this position before he was called on to prosecute Rev. G. W. Carrowan for the murder of a schoolmaster named Lassater. Carrowan was a man of great influence, a minister who had been much esteemed and who wielded, by virtue of his superior mental capacity and strong will and self-assertion, a sort of despotic power over the people in a wide scope of territory. The victim, had been waylaid and shot from the bush, and the circumstances implicating Carrowan were not generally known. It required unusual nerve in a young lawyer to start such a prosecution, but young Carter was equal to his duty. Edward J. Warren, of Washington, was employed to assist, and on the trial the evidence was so adroitly made manifest as to secure the conviction of the accused. As soon as the verdict was announced, Carrowan drew a pistol, and quickly shooting Mr. Warren, blew his own brains out. Carter was fortunately out of the room, and happily, though the ball was directed at Warren's heart, his watch saved his life. Though not tall, Col. Carter was a man of large frame and capable of great endurance. His mind was comprehensive and his disposition studious. His logic was severe and he brought to the consideration of any subject of discussion rare analytical powers and a fine intelligence. So equipped, he soon took high rank even among the gifted men who then adorned the bar of the Pamlico region. In politics he was a whig and devoted to the Union of the States. Early in 1861, the question of having a constitution convention to withdraw from the Union was submitted to the people, who at the same time chose delegates to represent them, if the convention should be called; while a majority of the voters decided against the convention, Colonel Carter was elected as the delegate from Hyde. The war quickly came on, and disregarding his Union proclivities, he volunteered as a soldier, and on May 16, 1861, was commissioned captain of Company E, of the Fourth North Carolina regiment, State troops, Col. George B. Anderson commanding. The regiment at once went to the front, and Capt. Carter shared all the vicissitudes of its arduous toils. At the battle of Seven Pines, May 31, 1862, his regiment suffered heavily, and he himself received wounds that were deemed at the time necessarily mortal. On that day the Fourth Regiment carried into action 678 men, and lost in killed seventy-seven, of whom two were cap-

tains, and wounded 286, of whom there were five captains, a total loss of 363, or more than fifty per cent.

It was months before Captain Carter recovered sufficently to permit his return to duty; but he won his promotion and was commissioned lieutenant-colonel, and in December was appointed a military judge, on the corps court of Jackson's corps; and later was appointed presiding judge of the third army corps (A. P. Hill's). However, in August, 1862, he was elected a member of the assembly, and he discharged the duties of legislator in the trying times of the war with fidelity. After the failure of Lee at Gettysburg, and the fall of Vicksburg, he perceived that the defeat of the Confederate cause was inevitable, and he then began to be a zealous advocate for peace. In the assembly he took an active part in discussing questions pertaining to the enforcement of the Confederate conscript law, earnestly urging that the privilege of the writ of habeas corpus should be maintained. In January, 1865, he was sent as a member of the assembly, together with Hon. Jno. Pool, Hon. Samuel J. Person, and Col. E. D. Hall, on a secret mission to President Davis, for the purpose of urging some accommodation with the United States. After the war he returned to Washington, and in 1866, formed a partnership with Judge E. J. Warren, which continued until Judge Warren's death. In 1867 he served his people acceptably in the Senate, and in 1872 was nominated for Congress by the Democrats, but the district being largely Republican failed of election. Two years later he removed to Raleigh, where he at once took the position his wealth, capacity and character commanded. He was then in the full meridian of his fine powers; and though there were more learned technical lawyers at the bar, it was generally conceded that in breadth of intellect, and comprehensive views and strength and power, he had few equals and no superior in the State. He was a man of more than ordinary culture, literary in his tastes and gifted as a conversationalist.

Mr. Carter's large landed interests in the low lands of Hyde that were to be developed by canalling much engaged his attention; but he was a director of the Raleigh National Bank, a director of the Home Insurance Company, a trustee of the University, and a member of the executive committee; chairman of the board to build the governor's mansion—and what occupied him more than any other public employment, was president of the board of directors of the State penitentiary. This appointment opened to him a large field for the useful exercise of his great talent, and he made himself master of every detail of the vast work committed to his supervision and displayed at all points his fine capacity and intelligence.

Col. Carter was in April, 1858, married to Isabella Perry, daughter of David B. Perry, Esq., a wealthy planter, of Beaufort County, and had by her four children, of whom David M., and Sallie Lindsay Carter alone survive. His first wife dying in 1866, Col. Carter in May 1868, married Mrs. Harriet Armistead Benbury (a daughter of Joseph Ryan, Esq., of Bertie County, and a step-daughter of Hon. David Outlaw), the widow of Capt. John Benbury, of Edenton, and has by her three children, of whom two survive, Laura Carter and Francis Spencer Carter. Colonel Carter became very corpulent after the war, and toward the end of his life suffered from heart trouble, of which disease he expired at Baltimore, in January, 1879. Mrs. Carter survived him eight years, and died May 3rd, 1887.



WASHINGTON GRADED SCHOOL

# The Splendid Record of One of the Immortal 600, as Told in His Obituary

J. M. GALLAGHER

CAPTAIN THOMAS M. ALLEN, DEAD

Captain Thos. M. Allen died at his home near Aurora, N. C., Sept. 3, 1911. Captain Allen was born October 4, 1839, in Raleigh, N. C. He enlisted in Company E, 4th N. C. State Troops. He rose from the rank of first lieutenant; was brevetted captain, but was captured and held prisoner until the surrender of the army, in consequence of which he did not receive his captain's commission. He conducted himself on all occasions as a brave and honest soldier.

He was wounded in the battles of Williamsburg, Sharpsburg, South Mountain, Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville; was captured at Gettysburg by the Federal forces, and during his captivity was confined at Fort McHenry, Fort Delaware, Johnston's Island, Ohio, Point Lookout, returned to Fort Delaware, then sent to Morris' Island, S. C., as one of the six hundred persecuted prisoners and placed under fire, thence to Fort Pulaski, Ga., Hilton Head, S. C., then returned to Fort Delaware, and finally exchanged July 13, 1865, with other Confederate prisoners.

On December 10, 1866, at Fairfield, Hyde County, he was happily married to Miss Nannie Murray, who with five children, survives him.

Ever since the surrender of Lee's army he had been a useful, faithful citizen in all the relations of life. As husband, father, and neighbor he was noted for his honesty, fidelity and genuine manliness.

Captain Allen had been for some time in poor health, and was for a time in the North Carolina's Soldiers' Home. After many years of patient suffering he passed away, and was borne to his resting place by old Confederate soldiers. One of them who had often worked beside him said, "He always did good, honest work." His wife and children were faithful to him, and after his strength failed, their loving care never failed in providing for him who had loved and cared for them. Truly a good man and faithful comrade had gone from us. Peace to his ashes!

Below is the engraving on the medal given to Captain Allen, and to every survivor of the Immortal Six Hundred. The die was then destroyed:

"Lieut. Thos. M. Allen,
Company E, 4th N. C.
1861-'65
Survivor of the Immortal 600. 42 days under fire on Morris Island, S. C. 65 days on rotten corn meal and pickle rations. Hilton Head and Fort Pulaski. On prison ship *Crescent* 18 days."

# DR. JOHN A. GALLAGHER

SALLIE GALLAGHER, HIS WIDOW

Dr. John A. Gallagher was born in Washington, N. C. Received his commission as surgeon in C. S. A. October 26, 1861. Was Post Surgeon of Washington from time it was garrisoned until it was evacuate. The garrison of the town and river forts consisted of North Carolina and Georgia Regiments.

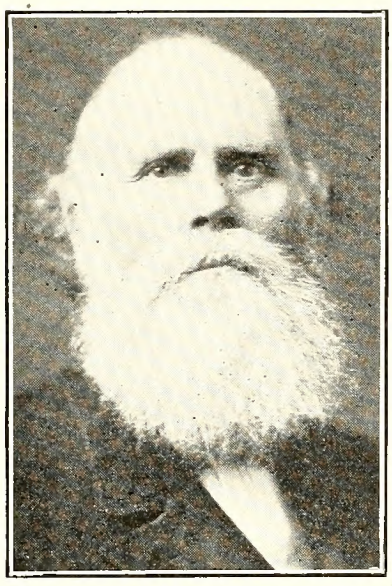
All vacant housese were used for hospitals, scattered over town, and there was much sickness among the men. At one time six hundred were down sick.

While Dr. Gallagher had assistant surgeons under him, his was the care and responsibility, and he had no rest day or night. At last he had a large frame building built for a hospital on a vacant lot on the town side of the county bridge, and moved the sick soldiers there. When the town was evacuated he broke up the hospital, moved the sick soldiers to Kinston, and became surgeon in Ransom's brigade, in which position he remained until his death.

In July, 1863, on a day's visit to Wilson, Dr. Solomon Satchwell, a friend, in command of Wilson Hospital, asked him to go to a post-mortem examination of a Federal prisoner who had died there. In handling the body, Dr. Gallagher received the prick of a needle in the forefinger of his left hand. Blood poison ensued. Care and medical skill were of no avail. He died in Wilson on July 30th.

The day before he died his brother, Charles K. Gallagher, and Major John G. Blount arrived and were with him when he passed away. The next day his brother carried his body to near Washington, then sought and obtained permission from Colonel Potter, then Federal commandant of Washington, to bring the body into town. Too late for burial that day, the large box containing the coffin was placed in the Catholic Church for the night, the burial to be in the morning.

The Yankee soldiers had an idea the box contained firearms for the citizens and wanted to have it opened. Colonel Potter had a guard placed there to protect it and Dr. Gallagher's brother sat up in the church all night; so there was no disturbance. No one was allowed at the funeral except the relatives. He was buried in the churchyard, and afterward removed to Oakdale Cemetery when it was laid out, and now sleeps there.



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# CAROLINA
## AND THE
# SOUTHERN CROSS

HISTORY NOT HATRED, NOR SECTIONAL STRIFE

*Dedicated to our busy people who always have time to make history but never time for research*

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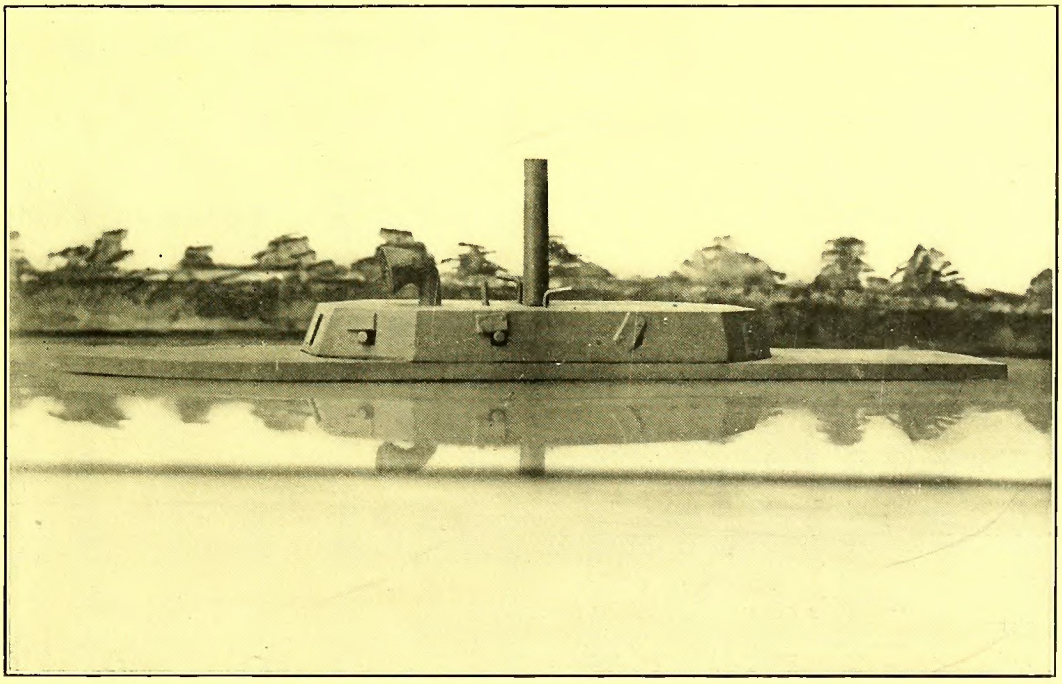
NOVEMBER NUMBER



THE CONFEDERATE ARMORED GUNBOAT NEUSE, SUNK AT KINSTON IN 1865

General Foster reported to his Government that he had annihilated this boat at White Hall in 1862. It was a great achievement for the Confederacy.

*A. M. Waddell Chapter of Kinston*

Bright Goat-skin shoes. The most comfortable and serviceable shoes you can buy—made on our "Combination Last" and designed for particular feet. Button and Lace Style.

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$3.50 The Pair

Not only the above style of Ladies' Shoes, but we carry the largest stock in the state of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Shoes. All sizes and widths.

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KINSTON, N.C.

Carolina and the Southern Cross

VOLUME 1 KINSTON, N. C., NOVEMBER, 1913 NUMBER 9

# KINSTON IN THE SIXTIES

It is hard for our young people in this progressive age to realize that there was a time in the history of Kinston, North Carolina, when many industries were carried on, and on a much larger scale than they are now. Many things happened here that seem almost an impossibility to the present generation. A gentleman who knew Kinston well in the sixties and also knew Richmond remarked that it bore the same relation to North Carolina that Richmond did to Virginia. It was the point always aimed for by the Yankees, and always defended by the Confederates. Another remarked that the variety of industries carried on was greater, comparatively speaking, than Baltimore could boast today, and while people were hampered by war, they managed to do many things that were wonderful indeed when we come to think of them.

In the Sixties, a brick building on Peyton Avenue, just west of the present Methodist Church on Queen Street, was a factory for ornamental wood work. Sash doors and blinds were made there and under the same roof a grist mill ground bread for the Confederacy. The owners were "The Hilton Brothers." One of these brothers had a residence at the corner of Peyton Avenue, and Heritage Streets. The building was afterwards known as the Cameron house. Some time after this factory had been destroyed by fire another grist mill appeared farther up the street, and a sign painter had made it announce to the public: "We Grin Here," much to the amusement of the small boys, who read on another sign, no doubt executed by the same artist: "Wood and Iron Works & Company." But that was after the glory had departed from that part of the town with the Hilton Brothers large factory.

Near where is now Parrott's Bridge, stood a printing office. The building was at least 30 x 60 feet and two stories high. The owner and proprietor was Mr. Walter Dunn, the father of Mr. Henry Dunn, the druggist. Later, Mr. Dunn built a large three story printing office where T. W. Mewborn's large store now stands on Queen street. When the Yankees shelled Kinston this building of Mr. Dunn's was struck by a cannon ball which passed through it and then cut a bracket off the A. & N. C. railroad depot, after which it passed through the floor of the depot. At this same shelling, by the Yankees, a cannon ball struck the brick wall of the Fields lot in the cemetery. The mark is still in evidence where the corner of the wall was cut. The firing was not all on one side, however. A man named Cook, who lived in the old Stubbs house made torpedoes. He planted one in a whiskey barrel and placed the barrel in a corner of a rail-fence near the present site of the Caswell Cotton Mill on the Goldsboro road. The Yankees thinking they had found a treasure, and being in haste to drink the whiskey that they expected to find inside, struck the head of the barrel with an axe. The effect was instantaneous. The explosion killed about two hundred soldiers, besides a number of horses, and scattered rails in all directions. A number of these torpedoes had been made by Mr. Cook and they were distributed along the Neuse River as a defence to Kinston, and a number of them were placed at the "Blockade" below the town and at the present Tull farm where fortifications had been made to intercept the Yankee gun-boats from New Bern.

The cooks were men of low stature and the boys teased the little boys of the Cook family by saying that their uncle had to stand on his beaver hat to load and sight his gun.

A bakery on a large scale was operated in a building that stood where the Randolph home is now. It faced on Queen street and ran toward the west about 250 ft, and was 30 ft. wide. Confederate soldiers were detailed to do this work, and they could be seen standing in a huge trough bare footed, with trousers rolled to their knees, making up the dough with a common weeding hoe. This was a "Hard Tack" factory. The crackers were made for the army. They were made of flour, salt, and water, and were not easily spoiled.

The Washingtons were the largest manufacturers in Kinston at that time. They were the rich men of the community and took large contracts for the Confederacy. They engaged to furnish large quantities of iron, and they had a great shoe factory where the Whitaker building is now, on Queen street—a three story building. A large tannery used in connection with the shoe factory was on the river side of Heritage street at the intersection of Gordon. About where Vick's Steam Laundry is built, was located the first Disciples Church. The Church yard lay across Gordan street from which the graves were moved when the street was opened to the river, about a dozen years back. A factory for manufacturing shovels, spades, plows and other agricultural implements was operated where Copeland Bros. Store is, on North

street. A cane mill owned by Mr. J. B. Webb was operated about where the post-office is and Mr. Webb lived in a house on the same lot on Gordon street. A long row of cauldrons where the syrup was boiled, just about where Isler's plumbing shop is, held a great quantity of "Sawgum" and people brought cane to be ground from all around the country, paying a certain part of the "sawgum" to get it made. The cane was crushed by horse power, and the "sawgum" was measured out in barrels, kegs, jugs and bottles.

The old house in which Mr. Webb lived had a garret in which he had to keep his chickens, after the Yankees came. The officers never asked permission to occupy a part of the house, they just came and took possession of a room. Mr. Webb, next morning, announced that he always held family prayers, and he politely invited the Yankee officers to join in these devotions. They did so and Mr. Webb prayed fervently for the success of the Confederacy and the downfall of Lincoln and his invaders. After breakfast Mr. Webb was promptly arrested and taken to prison, but he was released before dinner. Being a Mason, he used a lodge sign and he was not long detained.

Mr. Jas. B. Cummings the elder had a Tailor Shop on South Queen street next to the property owned by Dr. Pollock. Clothes were made here for the Confederate army, but the ladies all over town helped to sew for the soldiers, although Mr. Cummings had a number of men detailed to help him. He made a military suit for General Hoke.

The M. E. Church on Independent and Caswell streets was a Confederate hospital. The little boys of the town often had pitched battles through a big hole that had been burnt in the floor between the church auditorium and the basement. Also they went swimming in the basement after a rain.

In the Nichols Store, now the site of Hotel Tull, was another hospital. The narrator of this article has seen hundreds of hands and feet already severed from their bodies standing in buckets at this hospital, and heard men pleading with the surgeons to save their limbs. A long line of tents furnished hospitals for small-pox up Neuse River low ground. In the Stubbs field was another small-pox hospital and still another in an old house at the corner of Bright and Heritage streets.

On the Court House square about where Solicitor Shaw's office stands, was the whipping post, or stocks. This remained as late, perhaps, as 1868. The Court House, a brick structure, faced both King and Queen streets. The bell hung outside between two posts where the fountain is, and it was rung by pulling a rope. The small boys sometimes rang a false alarm just to see people turn out in the cold. The bell got cracked, and was sold by the county officers, but the clapper had mysteriously disappeared and it is now used as an auxillary clapper on the present fire bell.

Near the corner of Gordon and East Streets was a building that was closely connected with the Confederacy repair work. This was a carriage factory belonging to Mr. Jas. B. Webb. Connected with it, was a machine shop on East Street. The Webb carriage factory was run on a large scale, turning out all kinds of wheeled vehicles.

Mr. George Washington's home is now owned by Mrs. Lillian Perry, at the end of Peyton Avenue, and Mr. John Washington then owned and lived on Vernon Heights. Nearly all the land in North Kinston belonged to Mr. John Washington. Also he had a row of houses on Tower Hill road, in which the operatives of his factory lived. They were Northern people who came here before the war and the row of cottages in which they lived, was known as the Yankee row. When the Yankees came they took this shoe factory for a negro school. The teacher was Miss Sarah Keys. She died in reconstruction days. There were very few white people who had anything to do with her. She came here and put herself on an equality with negroes. She marched in the street with the negro school children, a large crowd, and her school was conducted in Mr. Washington's Shoe Factory without paying Mr. Washington for the use of it. Mr. Frank Hartsfield held an office under the Sheriff and he agreed to have her buried on his own lot in the cemetery *"until the fall,"* but if she had any friends they did not remove her, and her tombstone stands there today announcing to the world that she thought herself on a footing equal with the negro in the quotation concerning one blood. Mary Baker was another "School Maam" for the negroes. She afterwards married the post-master, a man named "Eddy," a Yankee. She also marched the street with her negro school. After Mr. Washington succeeded in getting his factory from the Yankees he opened a large supply store, and sunk a fortune trying to help the ruined and starving people who had lost every thing in the war. It became necessary for Mr. Washington to sell his real estate and a great portion of the present town is built where his fields of grain grew.

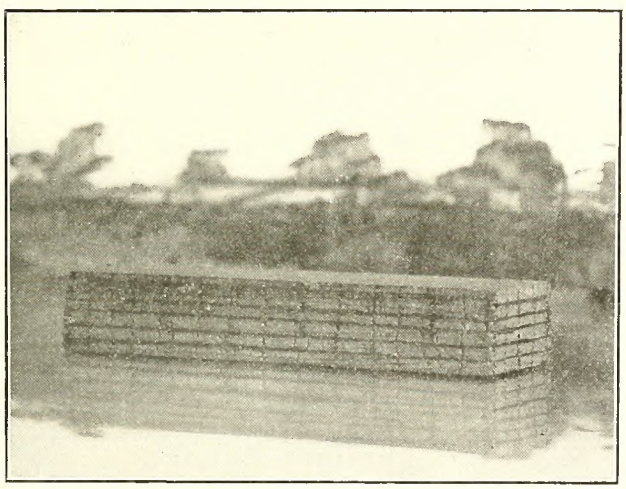
During the reconstruction period Mr. Washington was attacked in his home on Vernon Hill, by one of the desperate gangs of negroes who were murdering the white people of this section. Either the Wash Hicks Gang or the Lewis Albritton Gang, dislocated Mr. Washington's hip and he always after that had to walk with a crutch. These negro gangs did many dreadful things in and around Kinston. They set fire to and burnt the store of Wood and West. This was a part of a two story building that belonged to Mr. George Herring's family, who had been rich people before the Yankees came. The store was on the corner now occupied by Marston's Drug store. Mrs. Brock West was a bride when the store was burnt,

and lived in apartments in the same building. She barely escaped with her life. Her bare feet were blistered and her husband was injured while trying to rescue her. The gang set fire to the Cummings building, and did so many evil things, that the white men had to organize the K. K. K. or The Ku Klux Klan, and this was the salvation of Lenoir County. Many horrible things done by the white followers of Sherman's army and the negroes, led to the seizure of the negroes in the county jail and a general killing at the county bridge.

It must be remembered that uneducated negroes had been given the franchise, and elevated to office and white gentlemen who owned what property was left by the Yankee army, which was mostly land, could not even vote, nor make laws to control evil doers. In this county where these lawless gangs raided at night they murdered white people and committed crimes too horrible to think about. Ignorant negroes were made magistrates and white people had to be tried before them. Two young bloods of Kinston had a fist fight. They were arrested and tried before a late slave, Anthony Blount. The lawyer of one of the young men was A. Munroe and he demanded a trial by a jury. After the evidence had been taken Munroe addressed the Reconstruction magistrate saying: "Squire Anthony, now is the time to charge the jury." Anthony adjusted his spectacles and looked the jury over in a wise manner, then he said: "Gentmen, dis bein de fust time yous been befo me, I'll charge you a dollar and a half a piece." After this Mr. Munroe was one of the Ku Klux, and he had to suffer for it. But the Ku Klux Klan saved Lenoir County and all the state from crimes too awful to remember.

—G. B. W. AND MRS. F. H.

# THE CONFEDERATE RAM "NEUSE"



This is one of the six Lighters, intended as Barges, to float the Gunboat over shallow water.

The men who built the Confederate Ram, Neuse, were master workmen, and the Neuse was really a work of mechanism that surpassed anything built for the Confederate navy. It would have played havoc with Lincoln's navy in Carolina waters if only it could have been finished in time to float it out into deep water before dire necessity compelled our people to turn from it to defend themselves and to destroy it rather than let the enemy use it to subjugate those that created it. The ship-builders who directed the work on this iron-clad were Howard and Ellis. The Master-Mechanic was James Fleming of Gosport, Norfolk. The names of the workmen were as follows:

Benj. H. Brinson, Ship Carpenter, living, 74 years of age, New Bern; Samuel Howard, dead, New Bern; Jas. Hancock, dead, New Bern; Stephen F. Fulford, dead, New Bern; Thos. Harvey, dead. New Bern; Joseph Willis, dead, New Bern; Benj. Bowick, dead, New Bern; Jas. Thomas, Coppersmith. New Bern; Joseph Hill, Carpenter. LaGrange; Jas. Howard, New Bern.; Samuel Hawkins, New Bern; Thos. Salter, New Bern; Ed. Salter, New Bern; John Brewer, La Grange; William Loftin, La Grange; J. Joyner, La Grange; Joe Russell, La Grange; Benj. Boyd, La Grange; Thos. Staten; Charles Crawford, Beaufort County, detailed soldier.

There were also other detailed soldiers whose names cannot be obtained.

After the raid of Foster, the work on the gunboat, which was reported destroyed by that General and for which Congress gave him permission to place the name of White Hall on his battle flags, was soon resumed and in a few days the damage rendered by the Yankee Army was made good. The time consumed in making this boat was necessarily longer than it would have been under other circumstances, because it was difficult to get things in a prescribed time, and often it was necessary to wait for the simplest necessities. However, the work went steadily on while a detail of soldiers kept guard over it day and night.

At Kinston, on East Street, connected with the carriage factory of Mr. Jas. B. Webb, was a machine shop also belonged to Mr. Webb, in which was made the structural iron-work of the gunboat. Here, to Kinston, it was brought to be finished and equipped, after the woodwork had been completed at White Hall. A bridge spanned Neuse River about where Parrott's bridge now crosses it. A temporary rail-road was laid from Webb's shop on East St., down Caswell Street to this bridge, in order to transfer the heavy material from the shop to the river where the finishing work was begun. When the ram was brought to Kinston it was allowed to drift down with the cur-

rent. It had no motive power but was controlled by ropes, and poled on the order of a flat boat or scow.

"The Confederate Ram," as it was called by everybody, looked awkward enough when it came rolling and plunging down Neuse River, its great oak hull standing high above the water, impressing the mind of the land-lubber with the fear that the Confederacy could not build a boat that could be used against her enemies successfully.

It was moored near the foot of Caswell Street, and dropped down later to the foot of King Street where the water was deep. When it was finally encased in its heavy coat of armor, equipped with its pivoted guns, its engines, its boiler, its loaded magazine, and all the other paraphernalia that necessarily adorns a queen of the water, it was apparent to all beholders that the gun boat Neuse had been nicely calculated by a master mind whose plan had been executed by skilled workmen, and when completed, the armor-clad turret lay floating on the surface of the river like some graceful water fowl of ancient mythology, a strange craft to these waters, and one that struck terror to the hearts of those who had to encounter her, because they could not convince the powers above them that she really did exist.

Butler wrote Palmer: "I do not believe in the ironclad because it would have to draw at least two feet of water." In reality the gun-boat had a draught of about ten feet or more, which would seem a ridiculous mistake to make for such a river as the Neuse at Kinston. However, like everything else about the Confederate Ram, this heavy draught in shallow water had been provided for in the calculations of the master, and six lighters were in process of construction, the use of which by displaying a large quantity of water would lift the gunboat and carry it over shallow places into deep water. These lighters were 15 feet wide, 50 feet long and 10 feet deep. If chained to the gunboat, filled with water and pumped out, the work would be accomplished by a simple law of hydraulics. If in addition to the use of lighters, a freshet should swell the muddy waters of the river, thereby lessening the danger of having the gunboat stuck on a shoal nothing could hinder her complete success; but the freshet did not come to the Neuse at the time of need, nor were all the lighters finished when it was found impossible to keep the boat at Kinston. Hurriedly the Confederates began to move her down the river not with the aid of the six lighters but trusting to their determination to keep in the deepest water they took the risk, ran into a shoal of sand, and were unable to get away. At last it was inevitable that the Confederate Ram must be destroyed. The guns were spiked and fire was set to her by her own marines. Couriers rode about the streets of Kinston, warning the people to raise their windows and prepare for a shock; but the shock never came. Striking the shoal caused the boat to list, and in some way one of her guns was displaced. The fire reached this gun and it exploded, tearing a hole below the water line, and flooding the boat in such a way as to extinguish the fire that charred the walls of the magazine before the powder was ignited. "Like a good old Roman," said one of her crew, "She committed suicide in the face of disaster."

The Confederate Ram, Neuse, as has been said before, was the product of a master mind that had calculated every detail in her construction, and the work was executed with fine skill. Even the rivets in the armor were counter-sunk and the plate presented a smooth surface. This armor was not common railroad iron as has been claimed, but it came ready rolled in bars about 1 1-2 inches thick and 6 inches wide for one coat, and 1 1-2 inches thick and 8 inches wide for the other. It was cut to fit at Webb's shop and holes were drilled for the rivets. The turret was an oblong octagon. It was about 8 feet high with one smoke stack and a hornshaped ventilator that could be turned according to the wind. Besides the exhaust pipe, it had two steam pipes, one on each side of the smoke stack. These pipes had nozzles bent parallel with the deck and could be turned from within so as to sweep the deck with steam from the boiler. They protected the smoke stack from explosives in case of a fight at close range, and prevented the landing of the enemy on the turret. In addition to this a steam hose was provided on the gunner's deck to be used through the port holes to prevent the enemies boarding the boat.

The length of the boat, 200 feet, was figured in the water displacement for buoyancy; and the field exposure, over which the enemy would have to pass to get to the turret was an advantage to the gunners inside, who not only had the pivoted guns, but muskets to use through the port holes, as well as the steam hose. The Confederate Ram was 200 feet long and 50 feet wide. The turret was 50 ft, wide and 60 feet long at the base, with a gentle incline from bottom to top. The bow and stern decks were covered with armor plate. The armor on the turret was devised to render it impervious to the guns of the enemy. It consisted of a coat of armor plate 1 1-2 x 8 inches, riveted on in a horizontal position, and another coat 1 1-2 x 6 inches of armor plate riveted in a reverse position.

It is claimed in the War Records, Series I, Volume 33, page 290, that the engine of the Confederate Ram had been taken from Pugh's Mills and was once in a factory in New Bern, but when the machinery was brought to equip the gunboat it was being used on a locomotive of the A. & N. C. Railroad. The boiler undoubtedly belonged to the locomotive, and the engines were also procured from the same source. The magazine was stored in red flannel bags, each bag held enough powder for one gun. The red flannel was chosen because it did not carry a coal and was less

dangerous for the purpose than any cotton fabric.

The port holes could easily be opened or closed from the inside, the armored shutters being pivoted. The Confederate Ram, or the "Gunboat Neuse," as it is called alternately in the War Records, was equipped with four guns which were mounted on trucks so as to command all the portholes by moving from one to another. These portholes opened upon all sides of the boat. Three above the bow deck, two from each side, and two above the stern deck. Steps led from the gunners' deck to the upper deck so that the marines could easily reach the top in the event of a hand to hand fight.

After the Neuse was equipped the efficiency of the guns and the skill of the gunners was put to a test by frequent target practice. A target 10 feet square was placed about one mile distant from the boat across and up the river, on land that is owned by Mr. Jacob Parrott. This target was an easy mark a mile off. The missiles used were a bomb known among soldiers as a boot-leg, and the common cannon ball. The boot-leg was exploded with a time fuse, the length of which determined if the explosion should take place in a mile, or any certain distance. One bootleg used at a target practice failed to explode. It went beyond the target and was found about five miles away at the "Worth Farm." It had been used for some time as an andiron in a negro house on the farm. One Christmas at a big party given by the colored people the "bootleg" exploded. It tore the chimney to pieces and broke up the party, but strange to relate, no one was hurt.

On the day that the gunboat was fired by the Confederates the town of Kinston waited in breathless excitement not knowing what effect the explosion would have on property or people, but after the boom of one cannon the water rushed in so rapidly that for a second time in the history of the Confederate Ram, it escaped annihilation. The fire was extinguished before it reached the powder in the magazine, and she was left to the mercy of the sands of time.

After the war, Captain Joe White of the Confederate Army obtained permission of the U. S. Government to use the machinery of the gunboat. At the corner of Bright and Heritage Streets he had a saw mill which he equipped with the engine and boiler.

From the time it sank, the gunboat became a gathering place for the boys of Kinston. They explored her magazine and made use of the bags of powder to play pranks on each other. The old powder was smeared over the entire body of a boy for the pleasure that the others took in seeing how ugly it made him, knowing how it would sting as soon as it dried, and how hard he would have to scrub himself to get it off. The gunboat was and is a favorite swimming place.

The U. S. Government built jetties in this river in after years, but the old boat remained where it had sunk, forming a jetty itself better than any other in the river. It is often about 30 feet deep at the gun boat at low water.

Boys have come and gone. Some have even drowned at the gunboat, knowing nothing of its history nor to which army it belonged. Parts of it have succumbed to the inexorable hand of time, but it teaches a lesson that all would do well to heed. It is impossible to forever suppress the truth. Somewhere in God's universe a witness is kept. The Confederate Ram Neuse is still here, a witness that the great demonstrations made at the north over Foster's victory were the result of false reports.

[By men who were on the Ram, and workmen who helped to build it. Also, by George B. Webb, whose father helped to armor-plate the gunboat and who was present when it was done. Every part of the boat was explained to the boy by Mr. Stephen Fulford, one of the workmen, who took him over the boat often. The names and data were also given by Mr. Brinson, one of the workmen to H. C. Whitehurst of New Bern in 1911. This description of the ram is established by many witnesses.—Editor.]

# The Story of Two Soldiers and What Mothers Endured

### A Meeting With President Davis

"I have just been ordering stones to mark the graves of my two brothers who were killed in the war," said Mrs. Winnie Suggs. "I have intended to do so for many a year. I can't bear the thought of leaving those graves without something to show who they were and how they died!"

"Tell me their story," I said. "Let me put it in the keeping of the Daughters of the Confederacy, and it will live forever."

"The story of my two brothers is also the story of my mother's endurance, for she went three times to the battle-field to bring home her dead. My father had been a military man in his day, and was no doubt interested in politics, for he named my eldest brother John Tyler and the younger James K. Polk.

John Tyler Aldridge volunteered at Snow Hill, Greene County, in the company of Captain Drysdale. This Company went to help defend New Bern commanded by Captain Drysdale, but afterwards became a part of the Third North Carolina Regiment and went to Virginia. Before going to Virginia, my younger brother, J. K. P. Aldridge, joined when the soldiers were in camp near Goldsboro. Mother who

went with Jim when he joined, had a fear that she would never see her boys again, so she packed their dress suits and took them with her to Goldsboro to the Camp for the purpose of getting their pictures. The daguerreotype was considered the most desirable picture and Mother insisted on having her boys take off their uniforms and wear their dress suits so that they would look familiar to her.

To John Tyler she commended the care of his young brother, and bidding them good-bye, she returned with the dress suits and the pictures.

In the battles around Richmond the brothers soon learned what hard fighting meant. John wrote the most cheerful letters home to his invalid sister. He noted every funny incident and recorded every anecdote that was calculated to disarm her fears. To save his mother anxiety he failed to report that Jim was ill with typhoid fever. When he was ordered to march he vowed that he would not leave Jim unless someone was left to nurse him. This was done, but John sent for Mother, and she journeyed to Richmond taking a coop of live chickens to supply him with broth. When she arrived at his bed-side, the shock of seeing him so ill caused her to faint, and he also fainted at the sight of her. However, she nursed him through the fever, taking him to a Richmond hospital while John was away with his regiment. After convalescing, Jim returned and was again with John and his regiment.

At Chancellorsville on the morning of the day at the close of which Jackson was shot, Jim fell while making a charge. Both brothers were in that charge. Jim was the taller, and was a little in advance of John, who knew when Jim was struck. He kept on, however, and the Confederates carried the breastwork. Then John ran back to find his brother already dead with five others. "Dig a hole," he said to the men who came to carry off the dead and wounded. "Wrap his blanket about him and mark the grave. When I go home I shall take him too." Mother heard the news, and went at once to bring home her dead, but the fighting around Richmond was so fierce that she had to return without even seeing John. On reaching home, she found a letter from John awaiting her return. It said: "Mother leave Brother Jim to sleep in a soldier's grave with his five comrades where I buried him."

After the battle of Gettysburg, John Tyler was sent to a Richmond hospital. Here he wrote to Mother to meet him. When she arrived, he at once left the hospital, seized a negro and cart, for which he paid an enormous sum, and leaving Mother to wait for him, he went to find and bring her dead boy to her. With his own hands he dug open the grave and sadly lifted the still hand that lay across one of our neighbor's, Thomas Hill, of Greene County, a young married man. Jim's black hair clustered in soft curls around his boyish face that smiled as if in sleep. John had taken a coffin from Richmond with him, and after he had put the body of Jim into the baggage car and started back from Chancellorsville to Richmond, the Yankees attacked the train and cut it apart, destroying part of the track. This delayed the arrival of the coffin for about twenty-four hours, but finally the younger brother's body was restored to his mother, and John started her toward home. "I'll take you both, my boy," she said to John, "I'll put a substitute in your place."

"No Mother," he said, "My country calls and I must go. No substitute can fill my place. I shall never stop fighting till I have avenged the death of my brother, and driven the Yankees from our homes." It was thirteen days before Mother could bury her dead after the Yankees cut the railroad. A bridge was destroyed, and she had to go out of the direct way home, and it took longer to come by Greensboro. On the way to Greensboro, she attracted the attention of a gentleman who approached her and offered to assist her in any way possible. He introduced himself as Jefferson Davis, and she found that she had been talking for some time to the President of the Confederacy. He was very sympathetic and kind, and he talked to her a long time. Tears stood in his eyes as he spoke to her of her trouble and the troubles of the Confederacy. She always carried a pleasant impression of 'Jeff Davis' as long as she lived.

When John sent his mother home with Jim in the coffin, he returned at once to his regiment although he had not been discharged from the hospital. I do not remember the things that intervened between that time and cold weather. I insisted on having that coffin opened that I might look on the face of my brother. I fell fainting at the grave, and I came near dying with typhoid fever. As winter came on the soldiers in Virginia were ordered to build winter quarters on the Potomac. John had almost finished his tent or hut. He was riveting boards to cover it, and he was almost disabled by a boil on his arm. The boil would have been an excuse sufficient to gain exemption from duty, but John was not the kind of soldier that desired exemption if his company went.

Orders came to "march" and John marched to his death. The fight was at Germanias Ford. The Confederates had to retreat. He was one of those who were last to go. He received a mortal wound in his side. Calling to Lieutenant Bryan of Greene County to assist him, he had his knapsack cut from his back and with his hand pressed over the wound, he overtook a few of his own company. James Heath of Greene, called to a retreating Virginia regiment and asked to have a man detailed to help him move a wounded soldier who begged them not to let him fall into the hands of the Yankees. They tied a blanket and used poles to transport him, marching at the rear of his

eompany. As they placed him on this improvised litter, he took from his poeket a portfolio eontaining his letters and other things. Handing them to a eomrade he said, "Send these to my mother and, I know it will kill her." They took him back to eamp, leaving him in the hospital while they made a fire. When they returned he was dead.

He had been buried before we heard of the fight. Mother received letters from Mr. J. H. Aldridge and Mr. Heath, and she started at once but this time she did not go alone. My married sister, who had always been the objeet of John's brotherly care, my delicate sister, whom we all tried to shield from trouble, was the only one upon whom we could fix as Mother's companion on this sad occasion. My sister's husband was in the Army, and for many weeks she had been nursing a very siek baby; but now when we had talked over what seemed to be our nearest duty, she lifted her baby from the eradle and taking its little faee between her hands she looked at it long and earnestly as if she were trying to fix every feature in her memory. Then kissing it again and again, she placed it tenderly in my arms saying, "Take good care of it Winnie, I may never see it again living, but I am going to Richmond with Mother. She must come first. Exposure in this terrible weather, with no one to see to her comfort will surely kill her, and I must leave my poor little baby to you and God."

I with the confidence that extreme youth, ignorance, and the stress of excitement inspires, aecepted the grave responsibility, and turned to the task of helping them off on their dismal mission.

I drove mother to La Grange and saw her safely on the train with such provisions as were thought necessary for such a journey. The weather was freezing, and on reaching Richmond, they arranged to travel to the Confederate winter quarters in the eovered wagons of the Quartermaster, who was then delivering provisions to Lee's Army. They travelled two days in this wagon in the eoldest weather they had ever known, stopping at night with people along the road who reluetantly gave them shelter for the night.

About noon one day they reached the eamp of a part of Lee's Army, and John's comrades offered what hospitality they eould to his mother and sister. Some of these soldiers were from our own county and neighborhood, and feeling a personal interest in Mother, they would not consent for her to go to the grave of her son about five miles further away. My sister, however, insisted on going and helping to find her brother, so taking the coffin and leaving Mother at the eamp, she went with the soldiers who carried with other tools, several miners' pieks. The ground was so frozen that these pieks had to be used to break open the grave.

The name that had been left to mark my brother's grave when his kind comrades had buried him was still plainly legible. Wrapped in his blanket and eovered with icy clay, he was perfectly preserved, and our sister, who had gone through such hardships just to see his face once more, had the melancholy pleasure of seeing her beloved brother look as natural in his coffin as he did in life. They brought him home. Mother had him safe in her own burial plaee. She had given two sons to her eountry, and as she had only one more, my half brother, Dock Taylor of LaGrange, then a small boy, she felt that he at least was in no danger, but she reckoned without the Schofield-Sherman Army. But I must tell that at some other time. Just now I want to tell you of a curious dream that my sister had, and I must also tell you its interpretation.

It will give you no doubt, an idea that we were a very superstitious people, but I think in times of great trial and danger, we are apt to be impressed more or less by things that incline to the supernatural. We seem to try to get in touch with the Infinite and we are ready to seize every strange coincidence as a message from the Eternal Wisdom. We told our dreams during the war, and very often someone solved the meaning of them.

My sister dreamed that she received a letter from Brother John. It was written with letters of gold that dazzled her eyes so that she had to take it into a very dark room in order to read it. The letter read: "Dear Sister:—I am sending you an iron gate with five bars. Place it at the graves of my father and brother. Signed Your Brother." My sister told the dream and an old preacher who happened to be present said, "Let me tell you the meaning of it."

The iron gate was your brother John. The five bars are the five children of the family, his brothers and sisters. He will soon be brought to you to plaee at the grave of his brother."

—Told by Mrs. W. Suggs to Mrs. L. V. Archbell.

## My Personal Experience of War

By Mrs. Winnie Suggs

I was a mere school-girl when Schofield's Army came through this part of the country at the close of the war, but I was well-grown and I had almost lived out of doors since my brothers went to the army. I attended to having the erop planted and gathered as long as the negroes stayed with us. We had saved about three thousand pounds of meat beside lard and other things and when we heard that the Yankees were coming I had the negroes to help me hide it. Our smoke-house floor was of brick, and I had one of our men to remove the brieks and dig two large holes under the floor into whieh we lowered a barrel of lard and another of eured hams. Then we replaeed the earth above the barrel, and the brick floor was relaid. Then we hid nearly all the meat that

was left in more convenient places. An old man came by and told Mother that the Yankees would not steal her things if they found that she had made no attempt to hide them. Then Mother told me to put all the meat and lard back into the smoke-house, but I did not have as much faith in the old man's opinion as Mother had, and I only replaced a part of the meat. I had concealed some of it so well that I knew it could not be found and I made that which I returned spread out and look as undisturbed as possible, and I did not mention the reserve to Mother.

I hid the portfolio containing my brother's letters on top of a sill under the house. It had no value except as a keep-sake, but I felt that I did not want the Yankees to handle it. Otherwise our house looked as usual. All the negroes had left us except one woman with a family of little children. We had sent the horses away off in the woods, hoping that they might escape, but the thieves followed the tracks and found them easily.

A group of Yankees rode up about breakfast time while we were preparing breakfast in the kitchen, and asked for food. Mother, thinking to divert them from plundering, began to cook them some ham, but when she saw another group coming up with her horses she dashed the ham out of doors and refused to give them breakfast. These rode away and in a few hours our yard was full of Yankee soldiers evidently bent on plunder. They demanded the smoke-house key, threatening to break open the door. I was afraid of them and politely handed them the key. They took all the meat and I saw one come in with all the meal we had in a sack. I told Mother that they had taken all and left us without bread. She began to cry and when the man with the meal sack set it down on the floor, one of the Yankees told me to take it and sit on it. I did so, and for a while I kept the meal. They came in squads all day, each squad leaving us poorer. I was afraid to leave Mother a moment. At last a group of four brutal-looking creatures came into the yard, partly drunk. A negro baby, four years old, was toddling about the yard. A Yankee took it up in his arms calling it pet names, and asked where the white folks had hid things. The little negro tried to tell by pointing and saying, "Dock."

Dock, my little brother, was in the yard, and in another enclosure was a place where all the meat on the farm was dressed. A kind of gallows on which the hogs were hung after they were killed had a rope and pulley to swing the hogs up. As I looked from the windows I saw those brutal Yankees hang my little brother, and calling Mother I flew from the house like a fury. I no longer knew what fear was. I seized the collar of the Yankee who was drawing the child up to the gallows and shook him until he released the rope. By that time Mother came, and helped me to unhang the boy, who was as white as a sheet and shaking with ague. Mother put him to bed and those Yankees left.

When the next group came I reported the brutal treatment of my little brother to an officer who said he would have the men punished if he could find them, which was a very safe promise. While the whole house was full of Yankees searching and looting everything my attention was called to something and I left the bag of meal on which I sat when they were present. When I turned back I saw one of them going away with the bag of meal. We had nothing at all of which we could make bread. I saw a Yankee come from under the house with my brother's portfolio and letters. I met him on the porch and told him that they belonged to my brother who had been killed in battle. He replied that he wished the "d— rebel" was there, he would like to kill him again. "But," he added. "you may take the rebel letters." "Yes," I replied, and I shall take the portfolio too, and I seized him by the collar with one hand, and took the portfolio with the other. I gave him a push and he went over, leaving the portfolio in my hand. His comrades laughed and seemed to enjoy his discomfiture. I believed from that time that it was bad policy to show fear of them.

Mother seemed to think that we had fared worse than anyone else. In the afternoon she took me over to our nearest neighbor's, Mrs. Mewborn, who was a widow with a large plantation. When we arrived the same Yankees were looting her plantation. I saw my bag of meal, and taking it into the house, I sat on it until Mother was ready to go home. I took it home with me. Mrs. Mewborn's brother, Mr. Ben Hardy, was very sick and we went every day to inquire of her how he was, and to offer what help we could give. We found Mrs. Mewborn greatly distressed one day because she was not allowed to go to see her brother. There were pickets on the road, and the Army was camping at Mr. Hardy's house. With the confidence of youth, I proposed to lead the way with another girl, while Mother and Mrs. Mewborn followed. I had learned by that time that a bold front was the best attitude toward Yankees. I slipped my arm around my companion's waist and we went down the road huming a tune as though it were the most natural thing on earth. We passed the pickets, who looked us over without a challenge. On arriving at the house, our mothers were invited into the sick man's room, but we were given a seat on the porch, where the young lady of the house introduced us to two officers who were reading there. After bowing distantly, I ignored these men altogether. I was boiling over with indignation at the treatment of our people and with the indiscretion of a child, I longed to express myself. Turning to my young neighbor I said, "Well Nan, how do you like all these blue jackets around you?" She replied that she thought they were

nice and her voice took on quite a "Loyal" tone. I drew back from her, folding my ample home-spun skirts about me as if fearing contamination.

"Oh!" I said, "Keep away. Don't let any of your Yankee dust get on me!" "Nan," I said, "What if a gray jacket came and saw you here claiming such friendliness with the Yankees, how do you think they would feel about it? For my part, I shall not pretend that I am glad to have them here. I shall not pretend that I do not hate everything they do, and I wish we could kill the last one of them. While I was speaking a soldier whom we had passed on the road came upon the porch. He was furious and roughly told me that if he had known I had such sentiments he never would have let me pass.

A gesture from the officer silenced the answer on his lips. There were a Colonel and Lieutenant on the porch. Lieutenant Sweet rose, took off his cap and bowing to me, said: "Lady, *Southern Lady,* I want to tell you how much I honor you for your patriotism. I know well that you cannot be as glad to see a blue-coat as a gray one, and I admire you for showing how you feel about it."

Mrs. Mewborn came out and told the Colonel that a chest of tools had been stolen from her smithy and she would like to recover them. He politely gave her permission to search for them and take them where-ever she found them. Lieutenant Sweet offered to go with us, and remembering what I had said about "Yankee dust," he walked a little in advance of us. He was undoubtedly the best bred Yankee I ever saw. A few feet away Cousin Nancy found one of her sledge hammers. I offered to carry the hammer, saying laughingly that I might need it to kill a Yankee. At the corner of the fence was a huge U. S. flag, the handsomest one I ever saw. Lieutenant Sweet took the staff of it in his hand and said: "Ladies, let we wave the good old union flag over your heads once more." Impulsively I raised the sledge hammer in a threatening manner and said, "Never! I'll kill you if you attempt it!"

"Why," he said, "don't you love the Stars and Stripes?"

"Yes," I said, "the stars and stripes are not to blame, but the men that bear it and the cause it represents, and you'll never wave it over me." That flag stood in front of an encampment of 1,200 men and the young Lieutenant and I were in full view. I was an impulsive earnest young girl and at the moment I was oblivious of the fact that I was among enemies. The army seemed to take in the situation, as he stood holding the flag and I with hammer raised defying him. A voice from the field said, "Kill Him!" and a cheer went up from the Yankee Army. It seemed to me that every man in the 1,200 cheered me. He dropped the flag and raised his cap. Mother hurriedly proposed to go home. As we started Lieutenant Sweet offered to let me ride his horse, Fanny, and he would send an orderly to bring her back. I told him if I rode a Yankee's horse I should certainly not send it back as they had taken all my horses.

Mother and Cousin Nancy politely took leave of the officers but I called back that if I met Lee's Army I would come back and take them all prisoners. Mother began to cry and reprove me, saying I must learn to hold my tongue. She was afraid they would come and burn her home. But next morning the army had moved their camp. When Mother cried because she thought we had nothing to eat but the sack of meal, I confessed that I knew where to find some things that I had not taken back to the smoke-house. Our home was bare of everything that could be easily taken away. We shared what was left with the one slave who had remained, and her five little ones. One day I was alone in the house. A Yankee and a negro rode up on two beautiful horses. The negro stopped at the gate, the white man dismounted and hitched his horse at the door. He had a rifle. "Ah!" he said, looking around, "the boys have done the work pretty well." He called to the negro to come in and help him to burn what was left.

"No," I said, stepping on the porch. That negro knows better than to come in. If he comes in I shall kill him. I saw that the negro did not offer to come, but the white man began to move the chairs into the center of the room and called to our cook to bring fire. She refused but he kept moving things and calling for fire. In order to move a table he placed his gun by the door. I saw my advantage, and reached it just as he realized what I was doing. I did not have time to aim the gun but I raised it like a club and told him that I would use it if he came near me. The negro on horseback rode off as soon as he saw me with the gun.

"Hold up your hands," I said to the Yankee, and his hands went up. Now I said, "Go get on your horse." He did so, but he begged me to let him have his gun. He said he would have to tell what had become of it. The rifle contained fifteen loads. I looked at the Yankee and told him that I would return the gun if he would take an oath. He agreed. Raise your right hand, I said, and repeat the oath after me: "I swear before Almighty God that I will go home and never fire another gun at a Southerner." He raised his hand and took that oath, and I handed him the loaded gun. Somehow I felt safe in doing so. He took off his cap and said: "You brave girl. No man could harm you after such a daring act, and I wish for you only what is good," and he rode away.

The Yankees had done what they could to destroy everything, but we had our land. There were no horses, but back in the woods we still had a few cattle and we had to do something to get bread to eat. There was no one left to do the work except our one

faithful slave, my little brother, and I. We caught a young ox that had never been broken. Dock stood at his head and led him while our cook ploughed the furrows, and I followed and planted the corn. While we were engaged in this primitive style of farming a squad of Yankees passed on fine horses.

"Take out your horned horse," said one, "and I will hitch my horse to your plow. I see you are planting a crop ladies."

"Yes," I replied, "you have stolen all we have and we must plant something."

"What have you to eat now? Better go North where there is plenty."

"No thank you." I said, "We want none of your help and before I'd go North and live among Yankees I'd live on pine sap till my crop could grow."

The Army at that time was beginning to leave North Carolina, and the Carpet Baggers and negroes had not begun their awful reign of terror. Some officers who were gentlemen, saw some shirts that Mother had made. They called on her and asked her if she would make them some to take home. Mother had only Confederate money, and she wanted to buy a horse. I was weaving a new home-spun dress, checked with indigo blue and white. I cut the cloth from the loom and Mother made three shirts, for which the officers paid her nine dollars. She bought a horse for that, and it proved to be a very fine one.

Some time I shall tell you how my lover came home from Lee's Army after the surrender and how we began our married life on the ruins of our old homes.

# Stonewall Jackson's Dirge

## THE STORY OF JOHN SUGGS

John Suggs' elder brother Joshua belonged to the North Carolina Volunteer Troops. Before Confederate volunteers were called for, these troops were ordered below New Bern to safeguard the coast. The soldier brother had just been married, and when John saw the bride in tears he offered himself as a substitute for his brother. The Captain of this Company was afterwards Colonel Whitfield of La Grange. A picture of John Suggs taken at that time shows him as a Provost Marshal at New Bern. He was armed with a short sword made in a blacksmith's shop and he had a pistol. For some time these were the only weapons this young soldier had. Captain Whitfield's company was afterwards transferred to the 27th N. C. Regiment. The eldest brother enlisted again and both brothers went to Virginia.

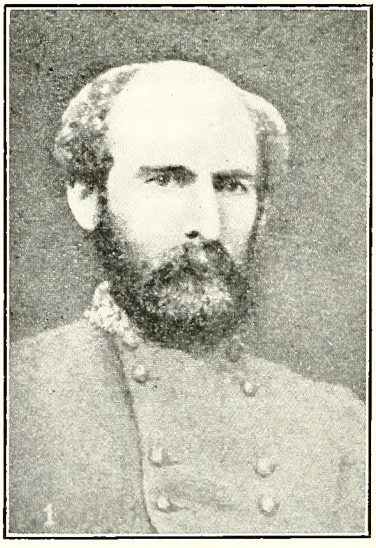
After a year of service in the ranks, John was placed in the military band at the request of Colonel George Whitfield, who had discovered in him a talent for music. Frank Aldridge, now living at La Grange was also a member of the same band. John told me this incident:

"After the battle of Chancellorsville, the band having been busy caring for the dying and wounded, were resting on the ground, when a horseman rode up and said: "Boys play me a tune." It was Stonewall Jackson, and we were on our feet in a moment. "What will you have General?" said our leader. "Ah! play, 'Thou art gone from me gay, Be kind to the loved ones at home,'" said the general. We played better and more harmoniously that evening than we ever did before I thought. Jackson remained listening till the tune ceased. Then, after the usual salutes he rode on, never to return, never to repeat the courtesy shown to us on that evening of the great battle of Chancellorsville, when he asked the band to play for him and I have always thought that we played his funeral dirge. General Stonewall Jackson was shot by the men who executed his own orders that night. This is a true story. I have told it just as my husband told it to me and as long as he lived he either whistled or hummed that tune when he arose from his bed in the morning.

He never forgot the great General and his request, "Boys play me a tune."

—The Widow of John Suggs.—W. S.

# RANSOM AND OTHERS



General Robert Ransom

After the fight at New Bern between Generals Branch and Burnside, Kinston became the headquarters of the Army for North Carolina, Wilmington excepted. General Branch rallied his army and took position at Kinston in expectation of the advance of the victorious Federals. He was ready to fight again, but Burnside didn't come. General Branch was afterwards ordered to Virginia, and there at Orange Court House he led his gallant North Carolina Brig-

ade, and saved Stonewall Jackson's Army by fighting back the Yankees after other boasted troops had failed and fled.

Colonel Vance soon after was elected Governor, and he demanded that North Carolina must have more attention at the hands of the Confederate Government. General Robert Ransom had won a name for discipline and organization, and he was sent to look after the military affairs of Eastern Carolina. He was active and watchful, and he had the support of State and Confederacy. He had a quick eye to notice any detail and justly estimate any advantage a position or surrounding might offer. He soon made soldier and civilian feel the strong arm of military discipline and "Keep step with your flag" was sometimes rather roughly impressed upon soldiers unused to the vigor of military obedience.

General Ransom was fortunate to have in addition to his healthy emotional nature a thorough training for his life work as an officer. Educated at West Point, a Cavalry teacher of excellence at Carlisle, experienced in scouting, fighting and hardships on the frontier, it made him capable of rendering most important service to his native State and the Confederacy. One can say truthfully that the handling by him, in its formation, put upon the First North Carolina Cavalry Regiment his impress, which was felt by every other Regiment, through his old Regiment that composed that incomparable Cavalry Brigade known as the North Carolina Cavalry Brigade of Lee's Army.

In and about Kinston his love of order and punctuality was felt helpfully by his suecessors. He always evidenced a lively interest in Lenoir County, and at one time he had on his staff of couriers three Lenoir young men, Jesse C. Kennedy, W. L. Kennedy, and W. B. Moye. The Kennedys were with him in his campaigns in South Carolina, Tennessee and Virginia and they showed upon all occasions that they were young men of courage and unswerving fidelity.

He came near being captured below Kinston. Riding with the advanee guard, they suddenly came upon the enemy who were coneealed, and when the Yankees called out "Surrender" General Ransom whirled his famous bay mare, Fannie, and puttiug spurs, dashed into the swamp, taking chances of being wounded or killed. Dozens of minie balls whistled around his head, but he escaped unhurt. He regained his foree and promptly advanced and found that the enemy were in full retreat. His headquarters were in the Vause house about four miles South of town. It was during those days that the Seeond North Carolina Cavalry felt the grip of Ransom, and to their dying hour those immortal cavalry officers of the glorious North Carolina Cavalry Brigade; Baker, Gordon, Barringer, Cheek, Roberts, Andrews, Cole and McNiell, never forgot the look, the touch, the dash, of the first Colonel of "The Old Bloody First." They were our men—our heroes! The world cannot beat their record!

"Let every cow lick her own calf!" I, for one, am tired of seeing the good people of North Carolina expending their means and time in the exaltation of men of other states to the neglect of our own. The noble sons of our Commonwealth demand of our gratitude, of our spirit of fairness, that they should be our first consideration. Let the walls of our schools be adorned with their portraits, that the children may learn of the mighty deeds of valor done by native Carolinians in the trying times when it took stout bold men to stand.

Ask the children who won Chickamauga,—will they tell you Bragg? Ask who drove Grant at Belmont—will they tell you Polk?

When on that heart-rending morning in April, when Fitz Lee and Gordon sat on their horses hesitating, ask what brave Grimes said to them; Who is Major-General Grimes? Ask what Cavalry officer charged last at Appomattox—will they tell you General Roberts? Ask who held Mayre's Heights—will they answer Robert Ransom?

It has been the fashion a very long time to decry "the slip of ground between two great States," but fashions change, and it is time for our State to face front and aspire to the leadership of the nation. Every Southerner loves Lee and Johnston of Virginia, Hampton of South Carolina, John Gordon of Georgia, and Beauregard of Louisiana, but for all that let a shout go up for Pender and Pettigrew! Why not? If Jackson captured Harper's Ferry, our iron-hearted Hoke captured Plymouth! Who struck the blow that dazed Sherman at Bentonsville? We have men to be proud of. Give them the glory that justly belongs to them. General Ransom passed his last days in the City of Elms, respected by all, loved as a patriot. His mortal remains lie resting in the cemetery of the City made famous by her illustrious sons, Gaston and Badger, Stanly and Speight, Bryan and Manly. Thus haply and fitly, he sleeps his last sleep with the great and good of his State, this high-spirited citizen, this gallant Southern General! —P.

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The organ of the American Breeders Association has changed its name to the "Journal of Heredity."

At first this association studied only plants and lower animals. Now they have turned their attention to Blood and Heredity in the human race.

What they think of Southern blood is very evident in Dr. Ward's special contribution to this paper. Read it carefully.

The Association's name is The American Genetic Association. Dr. Ward's article on "Immigration" in the October issue was copied from the "Journal of Heredity," by permission.

# HISTORIC BUILDINGS IN AND NEAR KINSTON

The Home where Generals Bragg, Hill and Hoke held conferences just before the victory at Southwest Creek.

In the Sixties General Robert Ransom's Headquarters were at one time near the corner now occupied by Quinn & Miller on Queen Street, about where the New York Cafe now stands. At another time he occupied the Odd Fellows' Lodge on the corner of King and Independent Streets, now owned by Mrs. Georgia Meacham. When he occupied the Lodge his horses were stabled in the basement of the Methodist Church on the next corner. After this Ransom's headquarters were at Wise Fork at the home of Robert Vause.

The owner of this house was at home on a furlough when the Yankees marched that way to attack Kinston. He was warned by the Confederate pickets and had barely time to slip out the back door and hide in a ditch near a big gate leading from a field at the rear of the house. While hiding here, he heard a man who had been a neighbor directing the Yankee Army through this gate, so as to avoid the Confederate pickets and take the Confederates by surprise. These Southern people who betrayed their country had been given the name of Buffaloes by a Yankee regiment from Iowa stationed in New Bern. The young men in that regiment were accustomed to many different kinds of cattle. They went bellowing about the streets of New Bern whenever they saw a man who had declared himself friendly to them, until their officers made them stop. They showed too plainly that they did not respect a "Buffalo," and the name stuck long after they ceased to bellow. Robert Vause was killed at Fort Fisher.

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General Beauregard had headquarters on the corner of King and McLean Streets now owned by Mr. Herbert Mosely; but the house in which the General lived was moved away to Blunt Street. Mr. Park Nunn occupies it. General Holmes' headquarters were in a house where Mr. Marsh Gray lives.

Generals Bragg and Hoke both had their headquarters where Mr. Harold Stanley lives, in Kinston, on Bright street. This is an interesting place. In the Revolution and before, it was the home of Richard Caswell.

At the battle of Wise's Fork General Bragg's headquarters were in the Howard house on the road to New Bern. The picture of this house is given in this issue. Here was planned the battle of Wise Fork for which Gen. Bragg gave Gen. Hoke all the credit. Hoke not only proposed a surprise for the enemy, but he carried it out in the face of difficulties so unpleasant, that only he would have undertaken it. Hoke had the love and respect of his men. He never sought the easy places, but shared the camp with his soldiers. Nearly, if not the last battle planned in the war, was arranged at the front of the little white house in this issue between General Bragg, Hoke, and D. H. Hill. Hoke captured 1,500 Yankees.

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On Bright Street, near the road leading to the County bridge along the water-side, there was a building known as the Old Castle. It was here that both Yankees and Confederates confined their prisoners. The building had been a Hotel. After the war Mr. Frank Cox used the timber of the Old Castle to build a home. It is now occupied by Mr. Sol Oettinger who owns it.

—L. V. A.

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A boy who lived at the corner where the bank and Hood's Drug Store now stands had been annoyed by "Chicken Raiders." He threatened to shoot them. He said: "I have neither shot nor balls but I have plenty of powder and matches and horse-shoe nails, and I can kill you with that."

WHAT A GIRL SAW AT THE COURT HOUSE PUMP

I was standing on the front porch of my aunt, Mrs. Harriet Peebles, during the war. The Confederates held the town at that time and a number of Yankee prisoners had been put into the Kinston jail. Looking across the street I noticed that the guards had taken these prisoners from the jail to the pump, on the court house square, and they were washing themselves at the pump. A young Confederate soldier, a Georgian, walked up to a group and seeing a jewel on the hand of one of the Yankees he asked where he got it. The answer was, "I took it off of the hand of a Georgia gal." "Let me see it," said the soldier. The Yankee passed it over with a remark that I did not hear. The young soldier gave one look at the ring and went mad. Drawing his pistol he shot the Yankee dead. The ring was his own engagement ring with his initials, and those of his sweetheart. I always thought there was more about that tragedy than I saw.

—H. C. Lane.

These kind friends have the editor's grateful thanks. Our subscribers can see at a glance how much *character* is shown to the world in our behalf, on this single page:

To the Members of the Junior Order United American Mechanics:

On November 6th, 1913, at a regular meeting of Lenoir Council, No. 78, of the Junior Order United American Mechanics, Miss Sybil Hyatt, a member of Alfred Moore Waddell Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy made a talk about Carolina and The Southern Cross, which is devoted to the interests of the State organization and patriotism. The subscription price is $1.00. A sum was voted to pay the expense of sending this endorsement to all our Councils in North Carolina and South Carolina and for newspaper publication.

We urge upon our members IMMEDIATE support for two reasons—we need the information and Carolina and the Southern Cross needs subscribers.

It is divided into two sections. One is filled with North Carolina history, adapted to the comprehension of children, who read it eagerly. The other contains educational articles about immigration.

In editing the latter, the advice and co-operation have been promised of the Immigration Committee of the Eugenics Section of the American Genetic Association and other prominent eugenists.

"Upon a certain class of employers, there is no use in urging that American character is of more importance to preserve and to develop than American wealth, and that only such immigration is desirable as adds to the moral and intellectual welfare of the country, as well as its material wealth. That plans for importing thousands of "cheap laborers" are being carried out is clear. It remains for the patriotic and thinking people of the South to say how much farther these schemes shall be allowed to go. It is perfectly plain that while such importation of aliens might give temporary relief where labor is now scarce, they would bring in their wake in the future, many vast and complex problems, which the South has not yet had to face. They would soon add another race problem."

Let us see that there is no wholesale introduction of alien "cheap labor." See that our blood is kept pure. Ours is the opportunity which those of the North have allowed to pass by. Let us profit by their mistake. And before it is too late keep out of our sunny Southland, as far as we possibly can, the unfit and undesirable portion of our incoming alien flood.

We feel that promoting the circulation of Carolina and The Southern Cross will not only greatly aid such an undertaking but will as well, which is also very desirable, acquaint us with our own history.

D. F. WOOTEN,
R. H. TEMPLE,
J. G. DAWSON,
Committee.

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On November 19th, 1913, at the regular meeting of Alfred Moore Waddell Chapter, U. D. C., the following was adopted:

Resolved, That a subscription to Carolina and The Southern Cross is a great educational opportunity and a patriotic privilege to the members of Alfred Moore Waddell Chapter U. D. C., and that the publication deserves unwavering loyalty.

# Carolina and the Southern Cross

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

L. V. ARCHBELL . . . . Editor

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Subscribers who fail to get their magazine regularly should report same to the editor who will look into the matter at once.

□□□

At a recent revision of the Constitution at New Orleans great neices are now eligible.

North Carolina still bears her part in the work.

Mrs. I. W. Faison of Charlotte was re-elected Third Vice-President General. Mrs. Fannie Ransom Williams is now Recording Secretary General.

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The history endorsed by the A. M. Waddell Chapter in this their first issue has been carefully established by reliable witnesses. Much of the data about the gunboat was secured from reliable sources several years ago, but we should never have been able to give it in detail but for the assistance of Mr. G. B. Webb of Kinston who was a boy when his father worked on the armor plating and being himself a fine mechanic was able to bring many things to light that had no meaning to us. It was through him that we obtained such an accurate and admirable picture of the confederate Ram. We consider the description of that ram invaluable to N. C. Confederate history. The war records bear witness for the accuracy of the article.

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The correspondents in the war records seem unaware that North Carolina, like all Gaul, was divided into three parts—the Confederate, the Yankee and the Buffalo. It was easier to let the Yankee garrison the strip of coast and keep him there than to have the expense of it ourselves, but it is amusing to read of "The Rebels invading North Carolina". Mr. Lincoln made the most of such expressions abroad. Think of his Governor of North Carolina who didn't dare enforce a single state law because Lincoln held the "Government was made before the state." The record of the number of North Carolina dead in battle will show the world who invaded the state .

Dr. David Starr Jordan's letter explains itself. We prize this letter for the approval of our work, and the promise of help. If we ever have universal peace it will be because we teach the truth of war. Such help from such a source should have great influence.

We have not space to publish letters from all the learned educators who have written words of encouragement but we have them and they have our thanks.

NATURAL HISTORY DEPARTMENT THE UNIVERSITY OF GLASGOW

NOVEMBER 29, 1913.

*Carolina and the Southern Cross*:

I am very much interested in your prospectus of The Southern Cross and the broad scope of its activities. It should be of great value in spreading the accurate knowledge of matter of eugenics, and of diffusing that knowledge of war and its consequences which is the only certain basis of peace. There is no public opinion except when people think.

If you will write to my secretary, George A. Clark at Stanford University, he will send you a dollar, and copies of editorials of mine, "What Shall We Say?" useful for your purposes.

Sincerely yours,

DAVID STARR JORDAN,

Bank of Montreal, London, E. C.

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While we would not curry favor with any who were on the other side by sacrificing a principle, we would like to explain that it is the purpose of this magazine to get people to see our history as we know it to be, without giving offence or stirring up strife. Besides the ethical questions involved, it is never desirable to seem coarse in expression or bitter in feeling especially when one strives to make a lasting impression. This magazine is the result of a great necessity for intensive local history work. It makes no pretensions as a literary production, but seeks to give the truth in history even though it comes in crude garb.

It was the custom to speak of Lincoln's army as "Yankees" during the war, no matter from whence they came. Some of them could not speak a word of English and I have been recently told on good authority, that some of the poor creatures of Grant's army that charged into the crater were from the wilds of Africa and when they came almost burnt to a crisp into the Confederate hospitals they knew no language by which they could express themselves. All these were "Yankee" soldiers. They were so called because the agitators who thought they were doing God's service by trying to exterminate all owners of slaves, were constantly drawing the attention of the country to New England by their bitter hatred and interference with the domestic affairs of the South.

Because the meaning of "Yankee" is well understood locally and we know that some find a difficulty in distinguishing between Federal and Confederate, we shall continue to use the term "Yankee," not in malice but for its educational advantage. Confederate and Yankee are terms peculiar to the war between the states.

We read of Federal and Rebel every day in connection with Mexico.

Honest people North and South have no desire to cling to false history. Truth is what we must have for our money. The writers of books will soon learn this, and become careful not to sell us lies in place of truth. Our people are beginning to use the pen.

# The Call of Today—Alien Immigration to the South

ROBERT DeC. WARD, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

[Special to Carolina and the Southern Cross]

In the South, as in the North, there is the capitalist, mill owner, or railroad manager who wants "cheap labor;" who cares not whether the community or the immigrant himself is benefited so long as dividends are increased. It is a matter of indifference to such a man whether the labor of wife and child is necessary in order to eke out the low wages of husband and father, nor does he concern himself about the increasing burdens of hospitals and almshouses which inevitably follow from the breaking down in health of the overworked men, women and children of the "cheap labor" class. Upon this class of employers there is no use in urging that American character is of more importance to preserve and to develop than American wealth, and that only such immigration is desirable as adds to the moral and intellectual welfare of the country, as well as to its material wealth. That plans for importing thousands of "cheap laborers" are being carried out is clear. It remains for the patriotic and thinking people of the South to say how much farther these schemes shall be allowed to go. It is perfectly plain that while such importations of aliens might give temporary relief where labor is now scarce, they would bring in their wake, in the future, many vast and complex problems which the South has not yet had to face. They would soon add another race problem.

It is clear, from Northern experience, that immigration of the less desirable classes crowds out the more desirable. It is clear that the great advantages which the South should gain in the future from the incoming of honest, industrious, intelligent, thrifty, and physically fit aliens can only be secured by making a careful selection of these immigrants, and by preventing the inflowing stream from becoming a vast and destructive flood. The South may well take to heart the lesson which the North has already learned, to its cost, regarding undesirable immigration. The North would be glad to have many of its city slums emptied into the South, and would rejoice, selfishly, if the South would take its full share of the incoming tide of aliens who are illiterate, who could not pay their own passages, and who are of such poor physique that they are unfitted to support themselves by a good hard day's work.

The patriotic people of the South should look with great care upon all so-called Immigration Associations, Commercial Congresses, Development Companies, and the like. Such bodies have kept cropping up with increasing frequency during recent years. In every case where the real motives behind these organizations have been discovered, it has appeared that the transportation interests—steamships and railroads—have been concerned. With these interests are combined the large employers of labor, who want "cheap labor." Such selfish interests are not the ones to guide the destinies of the South as regards its future population. We have had enough experience in the North to beware of anything and everything that the foreign steamship companies, and our railroads, and our large employers of "cheap labor" do or say, in this matter of foreign immigration. A new organization, for development and for furthering immigration, has recently been started in the heart of the South. A United States senator from one of the largest Southern States is actively interested in it. It all looks good enough on the face of it. But watch it carefully. Find out who and what is behind it. And make it as clear as the day that you are watching this organization, and all others like it. See that there is no wholesale introduction of alien "cheap labor." See that your blood is kept pure. Yours is the opportunity which we of the North have allowed to pass by. Profit by our mistake. And before it is too late, keep out of your sunny Southland, as far as you possibly can, the unfit and undesirable portion of our incoming alien flood.

# OFFICIAL REPORT

## Notes of Tarboro Convention

The Seventeenth Annual Convention of the North Carolina Daughters of the Confederacy was entertained by the William Dorsey Pender Chapter in Tarboro October 7-11, in the most cordial and whole-souled fashion. Immediately on arrival greetings were exchanged and acquaintanceships made at a tea at "Hilma," the home of Mrs. John R. Bridgers. The same evening, Welcoming Night, exercises were held

in the Opera House. Address of welcome was made from the Miles Harvey D. A. R. Chapter by the state secretary, Mrs. Mary Speed Mercer; the hostess chapter, Mrs. John R. Bridgers, after which Mrs. Thad N. Thrash who presided over the exercises presented Mrs. Marshall Williams, the president of the Division, who accepted all this weight of welcome and good will in a thoughtful response on behalf of Tarboro's delighted guests.

The business sessions began Wednesday morning in the beautiful Edgecombe County courthouse. The roll call of officers showed that they were all present except the vice-president, Mrs. John S. Henderson of Salisbury, and Miss Hattie James of Wilmington, the chaplain, who was ill from the continued effects of a serious accident last winter. Of the honorary officers only Mrs. E. E. Moffett of Raleigh was present. The eredential report made by Mrs. C. M. Cobb of Tarboro showed the state officers, fifteen chapter presidents, eight leaders and delegates that made the voting strength 179. The president's report was an aecounting of a very busy year with much arduous work done, many social and public obligations met as the representative of 4,644 women.

Four new chapters have been organized this year, and seven children's chapters. Mrs. Wm. Creasey, Recorder of Crosses, reported 405 crosses of honor awarded by 43 chapters. Mrs. Robert H. Davis, the Registrar, gave the registered membership as 4,644, and 376 certificates have been issued this year.

Mrs. H. A. London told of the unveiling of the Chapel Hill Monument, but by reason of the fact that many U. D. C. Chapters solicited money for the monument from alumni, five hundred dollars of the money the U. D. C.'s were to secure themselves, had not been paid. Pledges were made on the floor and every chapter urged to assume her part of this defieit. There was much regret that Mrs. Hunter Smith who has worked tirelessly for the Confederate Woman's Home should have been ill and another tell the story of the success of the project, which was done by her able assistant, Mrs. Harlee Townsend. The Home is to be located at Fayetteville. The design was displayed which calls for twenty-four rooms, and chapters were asked to take rooms to furnish, which several did, the Ashley Horne Chapter of Clayton taking the living room. The division is obligated to furnish a room (some have been made memorials) or donations made to the general fund.

All North Carolina will rejoice that the Endowment Fund of our North Carolina Room in Richmond is complete, the first of the States to endow their part of the Confederate Museum. Mrs. Latta Johnston of Charlotte, the Regent, and her assistant, Mrs. Marshall Williams, and Mrs. Felix Harvey deserve credit for such early completion of the work.

The Memorial Areh in Raleigh stands uncompleted in the face of many resolutions adopted to make it the next work and that every chapter would assume an obligation of $20.00 in payment for it. Most of the older chapters have met this obligation, many have been organized since it was begun, but it will require unity of effort to complete it. It is not a local cemetery where the veterans who die at the Home or in Wake County are buried. Men from all the Southern States who fell on the field, the known and the unknown, are buried in the capital city of North Carolina. The Daughters of the Confederacy have been pledged for ten years to erect a memorial arch there. If there is doubt among workers in chapters at present as to whether they have done their part Mrs. E. E. Moffett of Raleigh will be glad to enlighten them. Strong chapters might well increase their $20.00 gift, and new or small chapters give less. The leader in this work, Mrs. Moffett, is one of the grand old pioneer women in all progressive woman's work, a war-time woman, a U. D. C. from the beginning of memorial association days. Let us erown her eighty years with honor and her heart with joy by completing the Arch this year.

### Honor Colonel Horne

Even in the most parliamentary body, sometimes a dynamic force evades the crotchets of rules and order and has its will. Such was the case when Mrs. M. U. Winstead proposed before new business had been dreamed of that as a work of honor and appreciation to Colonel Ashley Horne of Clayton, who had honored our mothers of the war period by erecting a beautiful monument to them and had further acted as chairman of the Trustees for the State Confederate Woman's Home, that the Division have Mrs. Marshall Williams, our talented president, paint a portrait of Colonel Horne to be presented to the State for the Hall of History. The motion was adopted by a unanimous rising vote.

The design of a medal to take the plaee of the eross of honor awarded by the General Society U. D. C. to living veterans or those having descendants or widows, was adopted to be given to the relatives of boy soldiers in North Carolina. Mrs. William Creasey of Wilmington, the retiring Recorder of Crosses, was the first to reeognize our inequality of honors accredited to the men and to the boys, and was chairman of the committee to advise a remedy at least in our State. The design bears the figure of a youthful soldier and a suitable inscription, is bronze like the cross, but a medal or medallion in shape and will be about equal in cost to the regular cross. North Carolina sent more lads and school boys to the altar of the war god than any other State, and it is meet that she should devise an honor especially his if the grizzled warriors' laurels could not come to him.

### Department of History

The most wonderful thing of the convention was the amount of work accomplished by the efforts of our tiny, flower-like historian, Miss Carrie Augusta Leazar. Sixty-one typewritten papers of 238 pages with clippings, hand written statements, photographs, drawings, etc, bound, filed or classified that total 1,334 pages. We cannot help but think of Miss Rutherford's history banner in connection with such a report! Historical evening, which came Thursday night, was a revelation to any who supposed that all North Carolina history of importance has been collected and complied. Of events fifty years past Miss Leazar's concise, explicit and detailed outline of the Daughter of the Confederacy's duty and "winging opportunity" to preserve the state's history of the war between the States was an enlivening preparation for the after program. The first was an historical study, "The Last Full Meeting of the Confederate Cabinet," by Mrs. J. A. Fore of Charlotte, which contained parallels of all the written history on the subject by the participants, and several letters and affidavits of living persons which clearly sustained the claim that the meeting was held in Charlotte, N. C., and not in Abbeville, S. C., or Washington, Ga.

A dramatic event was a like handling of "The Origin of the Stars and Bars," by Mrs. F. M. Williams, who at the close of her historical paper presented Miss Jessica Randolph Smith of Henderson, under the fac-simile of the first flag designed by her father. Major Orren Randolph Smith. The flag on the stage was a gift of his to the Division. Miss Smith added a very beautiful personal touch to the history in some intimate reminiscences of her father and his work for the Confederacy.

Mrs. Robert H. Davis of Louisburg concluded the evening with "Waddell of the Shenandoah and the Last Shot for the Confederacy." When she presented the original flag of Waddell and the Shenandoah there was the wildest enthusiasm.

### New Business

Invitations for next Convention were received from Raleigh, Wilson and High Point, that of Raleigh being accepted as it had been before the convention for a year.

Three new honorary offices were created and filled as follows: Presidents, Mrs. William Dorsey Pender, Tarboro; Mrs. Bryan Grimes, vice-president; Mrs. John Thorpe of Rocky Mount, the wife of the surviving Bethel hero. The officers active were all re-elected except two who had served with signal capability for four years, the Registrar and Recorder. Mrs. Felix Harvey of Kinston relieving Mrs. Robert H. Davis of the registration and Mrs. Harry E. Reid of Lincolnton, Mrs. William Creasey of the Cross of Honor work.

In view of the fact that most States already have such a custom, it was decided to motion that each chapter should pay into the State Treasury not less than one dollar for the president's fund to be used in defraying the expenses of the State President to the general meetings of the U. D. C.

The value of Carolina and the Southern Cross to the interests of the Division were recognized and keenly appreciated, and a plan was devised to help the Editor make its permanency more secure, which can only be done by its securing a large subscription list, which the Daughters are pledged to work up, after which its advertising will be more desirable. Every chapter is urged to take at least ten subscriptions and try to find interested veterans or public-spirited men who will give Ten Dollars to be used by the U. D. C. for its publication expenses; also to give an entertainment in its interests. If you can not do all of these things, do at least one. Mrs. Archbell has given nobly a year's very hard work and met many difficulties in starting this magazine without any remuneration at all, and she still asks only that we all help to have a magazine of our own.

After some discussion as to whether the question did not properly belong to the individual chapters for action, the candidacy of Mrs. F. M. Williams of Newton for Recording Secretary General, received a majority endorsement.—Mrs. Gordon Finger,
*Special Reporter of Tarboro Convention.*

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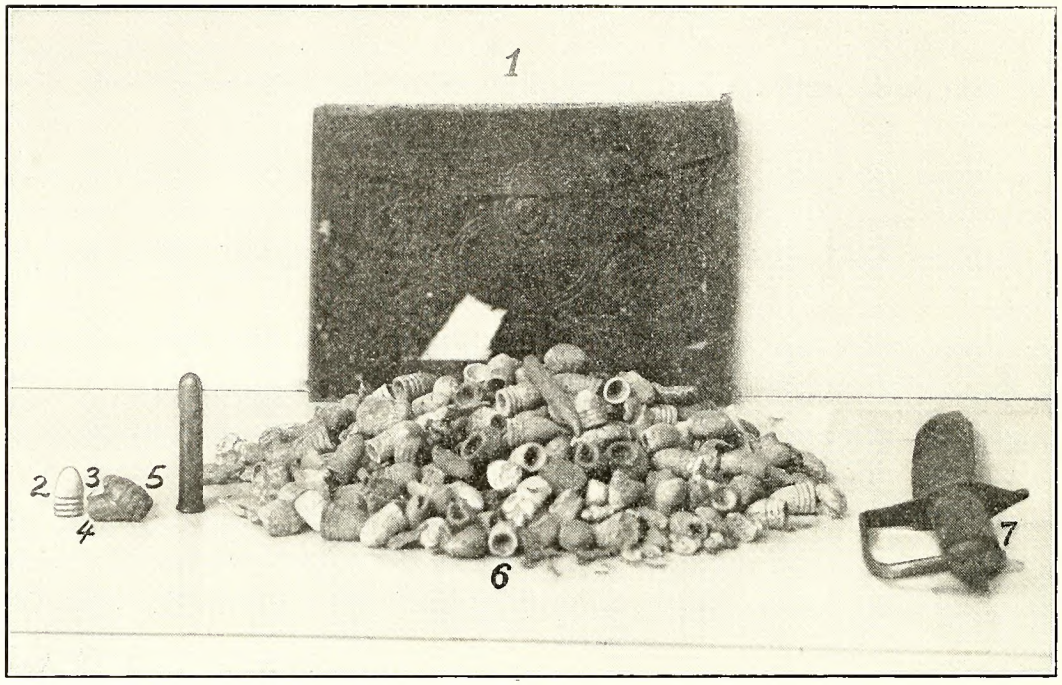
From the front porch of the Peebles home, I saw wagon loads of ammunition buried by the Yankees, when Schofield's army occupied Kinston. They dug great trenches or excavations on the lot back of the Coleman corner, then Peebles' store, these trenches were filled with grape shot, bombs and cannon balls, and I suppose they still remain buried there.

My aunt Harriet Peebles was a woman of great spirit and the Yankees found her difficult to subdue. She was recently widowed and her husband had been buried in a bricked-up grave. The grave was a kind of vault under the ground, and it was bricked across the bottom, the sides, and the top. The Yankees searched all such graves for treasure and this new one had not escaped their notice. It contained the body of Mr. John Peebles, but it did not escape. The Yankees put the coffin of another man into this grave on top of the coffin of Mr. Peebles. Mrs. Peebles, indignantly moved the dead Yankee from her tomb, and had it bricked again. The next day the coffin of the Yankee was again put into her grave. Again she removed it, and still again, but when she removed the Yankee coffin from above her dead the third time she sent word to the officer in command that if she found that dead Yankee in her husband's grave again, she would have the Yankee's coffin thrown into the river. The offense was not repeated. —H. C. Lane.

# CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT




RELICS OF THE CONFEDERACY

1. A portfolio sent home to a mother when her son was mortally wounded at Germania Ford.
2. A Confederate bullet or minie ball.
3. A Yankee rifle ball.
4 and 5. The Blue and Gray that met in midair and were smelted together.
6. A pile of ammunition gathered on the famous field of Wise's Forks.
7. A Confederate weapon made in a Greene County black-smith shop on a farm, which was for some time the only weapon of defense owned by a young soldier, John Suggs.

### Children of the Confederacy Page

Some time ago the editor of Carolina and the Southern Cross invited the children of the state to have their own special page through the director of the children's chapters. We recognized this as an opportunity to interest the children and a place where we could exchange our ideas and have our little stories printed and our little parties and entertainments described, so we went to the big mother chapter, the State Division, and they approved of our having a page of our own, which means that all our leaders and children are to help make it interesting by sending accounts of what we are doing to the Director, Mrs. Gordon Finger, Charlotte, N. C., early each month.

### The Award of the Banner

Of course all the children know that we have a banner that some band of children wins each year. Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone of Texas, one of our Presidents General, suggested that we have such a banner, and the banner itself is known as the William Watson Banner. It was given to us by Mrs. Thos. L. Craig, Leader of the J. D. Moore Chapter of Gastonia in honor of her father, who was a Confederate soldier. Last year it went to the G. W. Quackenbush Chapter of Laurinburg, but this year it was won by the Orren Randolph Smith Chapter of Henderson, and one of the little girls, Miss Bass, in the chapter, came down and received the banner with her leader, Mrs. Geo. A. Rose.

That chapter is only a year old, and was named for Major Smith, the man who designed the Confederate flag called "The Stars and Bars." One of the things they did this year was to raise $211 to send veterans to the Gettysburg Reunion. We shall have to ask them to send us a story of their chapter and how they like the banner.

The George Davis Chapter of Wilmington, Mrs. Cuthbert Martin, leader, also had a very fine year's work to report, and was in close line for the banner.

### Some Plans for the Year

We are going to undertake a special work this year. Do you wonder what it is? It is to make a collection of articles made in time of the war, with the stories of how the articles were made. What we want especially are things that were made in the homes. A little device on which shoe strings and watch chains were woven has been promised me. We want things made of silk, an account of where the silk worms came from, what they fed on, and all about the dyeing and spinning and weaving; the same of linen, hemp, cotton, wool, etc. If you cannot get the samples of the things described, we will be glad to have the exact directions as to how they were made.

Who can get us some recipes that scarcity of things from the blockade made necessary?

If your chapter finds that it can make a contribution to the collection, write and tell me what it will be, so we can have a variety. When we have made a collection that is interesting and creditable, we will loan it to the Chapters to see and study, and we would like to have it on display at the next Convention in Raleigh. The Convention has authorized our having some printed matter to help our work, and we hope to soon get it ready to send to the Leaders, and we would be glad to have suggestions from them as to helpful ideas for the circular. What you have done successfully may help the leaders of our seven new chapters that have been formed this year, and to help those who will organize many more.

—Mrs. Gordon Finger,
*Supervisor of Children's Chapters.*

# SIDELIGHTS ON HISTORY

(FROM OFFICIAL RECORDS)

(Series I, Vol. XXXIII, War Records, Page 1068)

*Gen. S. Cooper,*
*Inspector Gen. C. S. Army:*

Kinston must be held if possible, as it is the key to that whole country. No movement can be made upon Wilmington from Newbern without first clearing us out of Kinston. At the latter place is a gunboat partially completed; this would have to be sacrificed. There is an abundance of railroad iron which will answer for the armor of this boat, at and near Kinston. I beg it be completed at once, as it would, when properly armed, prove a most valuable addition to our defense on the Neuse.

Hoping, Gen. these suggestions may meet with your approval of the Department.

I remain, with much respect, your obedient servant,

G. E. Pickett,
*Major-General, Commanding.*

Since our only disaster in North Carolina has resulted from the introduction by the formidable ironclads in their offensive operations it becomes very important to show what steps have been taken to advise Major-General Butler and to protect North Carolina from rebel invasion.

General Butler and Admiral Lee examined a courier of General Pickett's, and he was sent to me March 8. He stated: Impression when he left was that New Bern would be attacked when the ram was done. General Hoke said it was a pity they had not waited for the ram, as New Bern might have been taken without trouble. General Hoke placed 300 men at work on the iron-clad.

Foster, by claiming to have rendered the gun boat "Hors d'œuvre" got the name of White Hall on his battle flags, to which he was not entitled; for while he tore the woods to pieces trying to ruin the ram he did not succeed. He claimed for himself more honor than he could prove was due him. He sent his government an over-estimate of Confederate strength in North Carolina, and an under-estimate of the number of men with which he left New Bern, when he proposed to burn the bridge at Goldsboro and reduce Kinston.

There was great rejoicing at the North when Foster's "brilliant achievements" were reported to the "Government" at Washington City, because Lee had almost wiped up the earth with General Burnside. Lincoln's cry was "Give Us Victories." Any victory, however small, was acceptable, and was made the most of. Hence Foster had the thanks of Congress and he also had "White Hall" emblazoned on his battle flags for having annihilated the "Rebel gunboat," which was in reality so slightly damaged that in ten days the ship carpenters at White Hall had made her as sound as she was before.

Foster became the object of very caustic criticism by General Dix, who thought his losses far greater than his achievements; but notwithstanding this, we find that two years later Foster wrote to Schofield in answer to inquiries about the route from New Bern to Kinston, that he had made the march up in '63 in the face of "overwhelming numbers." With the protests that are now being made in the South against the false accounts of that war, together with the "Records of the Rebellion," published by the Congress of the United States, it is possible for the honest historians of the future to produce a true record even in spite of the many books that have been written to pervert truth.

[The War Records are a mine of information that cannot be suppressed, and often when we read them we are inclined to believe this was one way that "He who marks the sparrow's fall," answered when the Confederacy breathed her battle cry, "God save the South!"—Editor.]

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# CAROLINA
## AND THE
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Carolina and the Southern Cross

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# OCTAVIUS A. WIGGINS

## First Lieutenant Company E, 37th North Carolina Infantry, C. S. A.

BY ELIZABETH LEE WIGGINS PRICE

[From His Memoirs and From Memory]

OCTAVIUS A. WIGGINS

Octavius A. Wiggins was the eighth son of Mason Lee and Elizabeth Slade Wiggins of Halifax County, North Carolina. He was born at the family plantation, Woodlawn, on April 9th, 1845.

When the war clouds began to gather in 1861 he and his brother Thomas, who was a few years older, were at the State University at Chapel Hill, and Eugene, the brother just a little younger, was at a preparatory school at Scotland Neck. In the little book which my father wrote for his children some ten years before his death—a record of his four years service as a soldier—he speaks of this time thus:—

"As soon as the Spring Session opened in January, 1861, it was evident that most of the students thought more of the disturbed condition of the country than they did of their books. Secession and Union meetings were held, also joint meetings, where prolonged and bitter debates would take place. This was kept up from January until April when war was declared. Then all at once everything became excitement and confusion."

Octave was not carried away with the idea of leaving college and tried to persuade his brother to wait until the end of the session, but to no purpose. Tom left immediately for home, and a little later joined the Scotland Neck Cavalry. Finally, unable to study, Octave left too, and upon reaching home begged to be allowed to join the same company. But his father would not consent to this, as he was only sixteen, and after much persuasion he was prevailed upon to return to college.

But he could not get into his studies again. As a boy Napoleon had been the idol of his enthusiastic young heart; he had read of his campaigns and conquests until he knew them almost by heart. Now they rose before him from the pages of his text books, between his big dark eyes and the lessons he should have been learning. His terror was that the war might end before he could get into it, that he might miss his chance of real battle.

Finally Mr. Wiggins saw the uselessness of it all; the boy was wasting his time and growing thin with longing. Permission was given for him to come home, and then to join the army. As proud as ever one of Murat's horsemen, and as dashing and handsome in his yellow trimmed grey uniform, shining pistols and long sabre, he rode away to join the Scotland Neck Cavalry, which was encamped on the coast near Wilmington.

"Our camp life around Wilmington was a most enjoyable and easy one" he writes. "Almost every man in the company had his body servant to attend to his personal wants and his horse, his trunk full of fine clothes from home; and the city offered many attractions to be beaux rather than soldiers."

But before very long his ardent spirit began to long for real action. When he heard of the battles around Richmond and that Eugene—who had run away from school and joined a South Carolina company, knowing permission would be refused if asked for—had returned home a wounded hero of fifteen—he could wait no longer. Opportunity came in the offer of a Lieutenancy in Co. E 37th Regiment, which he instantly accepted. Bidding the cavalry troopers farewell, he

set out for Virginia, arriving there just in time to get his baptism of fire at the first battle of Fredericksburg. "And it was not half so pleasant or dramatic as I had thought it would be" he used to say afterwards.

From there on the pages of the little book of recollections are all filled with the things of war; with marching and maneuvering, shriek of shell and boom of cannon, orders of officers and blind obedience of men. All the battles fought by the Army of Northern Virginia after he joined it are described, but on some of them he dwells at length, and it seems to me in looking back along the years, that it was Chancellorsville that he spoke of most frequently. Always he spoke of the fighting there as "the fastest I ever witnessed." Vividly he tells of the happenings of that fatal second of May, ending with the wounding of Jackson, and at the bottom of the page adds his short but fervent opinion:—"I shall die in the belief that history would have been changed had Jackson been spared to his country just two short hours more. But that was not to be—the God of Battles decreed otherwise."

Then he takes up the fighting on the next day, and believing that it will be of interest to all who love and honor those men who followed Lee, and thrill and glow at the memory of their deeds, I give here a page of that little book just as he wrote it. It comes from one who knew whereof he told.

"The sun rose on that memorable Sunday morning May 3rd 1863 as bright as possible, and with it rose the old Light Division from behind the works and crossed over. The left of our Regiment (the 37th N. C.) rested upon the plank road, the 18th on the opposite side, and the gallant old 7th on our right. This was all I could see of our command. There was no good place on that battle ground, but there was one which must be regarded as worse than all others as will be proved by the casualties in the 37th, which held it. It confronted the hill upon which "Chancellorsville House" was situated, and where we captured twenty-eight pieces of artillery. At the command this noble brigade of Lane's moved forward as if on parade, and the bloody work commenced. Inch by inch and foot by foot we pressed forward. Line after line is met and forced back. Nothing is heard but the roar of cannon and the crackling of rifles. Our line would halt, squat down and fire until a way was cleared, then rise and press forward. Amid the smoke and noise we must have obliqued a little to the left, for we crossed the plank road and took possession of works the enemy had thrown up during the night. They were very poor, hardly sufficient to shelter a man, but when Lane's men got possession of them they held on with a bulldog tenacity I never saw before or afterwards. Line after line was brought upon them to be driven back in confusion. It was there the "red breeches Zuaves' were brought upon us, only to share the fate of others who at least did not present so frightful an appearance. When ammunition grew short cartridge boxes were cut from the dead and wounded of friend and foe. I remember distinctly emptying the contents of several such boxes upon the ground by my company, in order that the men might be facilitated in their loading. Here behind these little works our loss was greatest. The troops on our right were driven back first, and the enemy pressing on were about to flank us. We were then ordered to fall back. While we were doing so I received a painful wound on my knee from a piece of shell. Being unable to get out or render any assistance to my command, I crawled behind a large tree, and from that vantage point witnessed the beautiful fighting of Ransom's Brigade, which came up and relieved us. What was left of a grand Brigade only a short time before, was reformed, cartridge boxes replenished, and was taken back upon the field, but it did no more fighting during that battle. The Six Hundred at Balaklava, the old Guard at Waterloo deserves no higher place upon the roll of honor nor in the hearts of their countrymen, than does Lane's Brigade for its heroism at Chancellorsville."

The days that followed Chancellorsville were the saddest of all the war for him. His wound was not a serious one, but severe enough to confine him to the field hospital for some time; he had lost many noble friends in the battle; and the last of May he learned of the death of a dearly beloved brother, Doctor Alfred Slade Wiggins, who had been killed at the head of his company in a cavalry charge near Suffolk, Va. And Jackson was dead. Often and often I have heard of the scene when the message of General Lee, announcing the Great Chieftain's death, was read to the assembled troops; how the soldiers walked restlessly about from one to another, clasped hands, gazed into each other's eyes in sorrow, even wonder and disbelief that such a thing could happen, and then in their ragged grey jackets, often with no handkerchiefs to catch the tears that would race down their brown scarred faces, sought secluded spots among the trees or along the banks of the river, to indulge in their grief.

A little further on in the little book comes Gettysburg with all its horror and disappointments; then a brief account of the retreat "that retreat which is known in its horror only to the line of the army of General Lee. It was intensely dark, rain fell continuously, the only illumination came from occasional flashes of lightning. Men who had worn nothing but kid boots made to order, trudged uncomplainingly along in ankle deep mud, shod in brogans, rags or no shoes at all; stumbled and fell in the darkness, and rose to march on."

At Falling Waters Lieutenant Wiggins saw General Pettigrew carried off the field on a stretcher and heard

a surgeon say his wound was mortal. "I felt that North Carolina's brightest star was passing into eclipse" he laments.

But it is not the bravery of North Carolinians alone that the little book records! others are often mentioned and praised. A charge made by Gregg's Texas Tigers at the Wilderness is commented on thus: "'We're the boys what eats men alive' they flung back as they passed us a splendid looking body of men. Another moment with a yell they rushed forward upon the enemy, to 'do or die.' Ah, that Rebel Yell? Inimitable by no other troops upon the face of the globe, it rose instinctively to the lips of Confederates when making a charge, striking terror into the hearts of the adversary. A few days later when we passed that spot on our way to Spottsylvania, the young trees all lay flat upon the ground as though hewn instead of cut down by minnie balls, and on a huge oak, from which the bark had been stripped away, there was cut in large black letters the words 'Texas Dead.' Brave fellows, planted side by side like potato ridges, far from home and kindred, it required a hard heart indeed to pass you by with dry eyes."

It was at Spottsylvania Court House that Lieutenant Wiggins distinguished himself for personal bravery. There is but slight mention of it in his recollections, but as a tiny child, sitting upon that brave man's knee, I heard it from the lips of General Lane himself. "The story runneth thus:" During that fearful period of the battle when the troops of the contending armies fought hand to hand with bayonets and swords, and guns as clubs, Lieutenant Wiggins captured a Major and several prisoners and started to the rear with them. On the way he was joined by General Lane. When they had gone but a short way they ran into a squad of about twenty of the enemy, who rose up suddenly out of the bushes and demanded the surrender of the Confederates. Remembering that "a good run is better than a bad stand" both officers took to their heels, the Lieutenant losing of course his prisoners. But a little further on he ran into another squad, a smaller one of but four, carrying the flag of the 51st Pennsylvania Regiment, and this time, resorting to a game of "bluff," and behaving as though he had at his back a goodly company of his own uniform, Lieutenant Wiggins made them surrender, and a little later marched into the works with a handsome stand of colors, and four prisoners, one of them an officer. General Lane must have brought the little affair to the attention of the "powers that be," for the next day the Regiments of his Brigade had a communication read to them from General Lee, in which he thanked Lieutenant Wiggins and three others who had captured flags, calling each one by name and commending them for their bravery. In our family scrap book we have a couple of newspaper clippings telling of the incident, one of them quoting from General Lane's official report of the battle, and adding as the paper's comment "that this very flag Gen. Mahone tried to claim as a part of the spoils which his men did not gather." And upon the walls of our home, there hangs a beautiful sword that once belonged to the 51st Pennsylvania Regiment.

Lieutenant Wiggins was wounded very severely toward the close of this battle, his leg being almost shot off while standing on the breastworks. This wound put him on crutches for many weeks, and earned for him a good stay at home. It was September before he joined the army again, but from then on until the battles around Petersburg he did steady service. In that battle he received a wound in the head, was left for dead upon the field, and so taken prisoner. With many others, many of them friends, he was sent to Washington, confined there in the Old Capitol until the 9th of April, and on that date started by train for the Johnson Island prison.

"I had never been a prisoner before" he writes "and the very thought of it was maddening. Together with another officer I planned an escape. We were to jump from the window of the saloon of the moving train when night came on. When the time came, the other man backed out preferring the ills he had rather than those unknown. "It's death if you jump" he said. "Its death if you go on—a slower, more lingering one" I replied. I then made my will, leaving my oil cloth to one friend, my haversack to another. My blanket had been taken from me in Washington, being a captured one with U. S. on it. After it had become quite dark, I got up and made for my point of escape. Without a moment's hesitation I raised the window, thrust my feet out, sitting as straight in the window as I could, and jumped, breathing a short prayer to God as I did so. Down, down I fell, first heels over head and then head over heels, till at last I landed on a sand embankment, and found to my relief that I had sustained only a cut forehead and a sprained ankle, the latter by no means sufficient to keep me from travelling." That night, stiff, and sore, but relieved of heart, he slept on the seat of an old carriage in a dilapidated stable belonging to one of the farms along the road, and the next day began to beat his way back to Baltimore. The details of that journey read like a story book; he was wood cutter, hostler, man servant and guest all in turn and at different stages of his wandering. At last he reached Baltimore, but before doing so had heard of General Lee's surrender, and the assassination of President Lincoln. From Baltimore he went to Richmond, where he happily ran across his old Commander, General Lane, who assisted him in getting his parole and an old suit of the familiar grey in which to make the journey the rest of the way. The uniform he was wearing when he made his

eseape, he had left behind him in Pennsylvania, finding a suit of common store bought clothes safer while in alien territory.

From Richmond to Petersburg; from Petersburg—home. What would he find there—and whom? How much of the old plantation was there left? How many of the loved ones? With questions such as these within his soul he started off following the railroad track that led to Halifax. You who may read this little inadequate sketch must picture for yourselves what happened when he reached there—when wearied almost to exhaustion, gaunt, jaded, he walked slowly up the long avenue of oaks that led to the house at Woodlawn, where news had been carried of his death by those who had seen him fall at Petersburg. Mason and Elizabeth Wiggins had given generously of their children to the Confederacy—seven sons had been sent forth in the strength and beauty of their young manhood—and this was the sixth that had been returned to them.

[We invite, we urge the contributor of this interesting story to come again. Chapel Hill should be doubly interested.—Editor.]

# CHRISTMAS IN THE CONFEDERACY

Dark clouds were gathering around us, but the star of hope shone bright above us, and our faith was steadfast and unwavering. The year had been a hard one. Our experiment of running a farm had not been a success. Our resources were at the lowest ebb when Christmas confronted us. Stockings must be filled, gifts must be ready, children's faith in Santa Claus must be sustained, and how could all this be accomplished? My husband was home from the Army on sick leave. It taxed our ingenuity, but the little ones must not be disappointed. He was skilled in the use of tools and made a cradle for one, a carriage for another and a cart for the little boy, while I ransacked trunks for odds and ends to make and dress dolls. They were, of course, "rag dolls" with cheeks painted with poke-berries, eyes with indigo and hair with sumach berries.

Our ground-pea patch had yielded well, and we had laid by late apples from our orchard, we had sorghum for candy and cakes. I had bartered a little salt for a dozen eggs. I drew people and animals on paper and Mammy Caroline laid them on her dough and with a sharp knife cut them out, thus making a fine menagerie.

On Christmas Eve the children, white and black, brought evergreens and berries from the woods to decorate the parlor, making it a bower of fragrance and beauty. I had been so fortunate as to obtain tallow enough to fill a set of candle moulds. So, for my Christmas illumination I had twelve elegant "dips," an improvement on a lightwood torch. I found twelve empty bottles to serve as candle stieks. These I hid among the evergreens. The stockings were hung "by the chimney with care," and Santa came! Verily and truly he had come, for the children had covered the hearth with sand, and there on the sand were traces of his sleigh and the prints of the reindeer's feet.

It requires very little to make children happy. On Christmas morning the house rang with their cries of "Merry Christmas!" They were wild with delight. No expensive toys could have given more pleasure than the simple ones we had prepared for them. A big basket was filled with animal eakes, apples and ground peas, and their nurses took them to the Quarters to distribute the contents to the little negroes. The older servants had the same, with the addition of cider for the women and something stronger for the men. It was the best we could do, and they seemed content.

What made this a memorable Christmas was a visit from Rev. Dr. Patterson, then Chaplain of the 2d Regiment N. C., who came with my brotlier for the one day. In the morning of Christmas day he had serviee in my parlor. He baptized my baby boy and thirty little negroes. It was an impressive sight as "Mammy" entered the room with her little white charge, followed by the black parents and their little children. My brother and I stood sponsors for these children, and we resolved always to do our duty by them. Fate ordained otherwise, and they were taken out of our hands. I had instructed the larger ones every Sunday. I trust this teaching has not been lost. Dr. Patterson gave us one of his fine sermons. My husband presided at the melodion. In the hymns my little boy's voiee rang out elear and sweet, never to be heard again. It was his last Christmas.

Our dinner was frugal. It consisted of rice and peas in many forms with a dessert of delicious cake, wine, ground-peas and apples. My cake was made of dried cherries, dried whortle-berries, eandied watermelon rind and sorghum. When we returned to the parlor the candles had been lighted. Here our guests took leave of us, and here ended one Christmas day in the Confederacy.

—Mrs. F. C. Roberts.

[With few exeeptions the Southern slave owners were true missionaries. They lifted the negro to a higher life, but those teachers sent here by the North such as Sarah Keys, and Mary Baker, degraded and eorrupted them.—Editor]

# The Diary of An Indian Soldier of the Confederacy

I was captured in the rifle pits 200 yards in front of Battery Wagner near Charleston, S. C. Three other lieutenants and I had charge of eighty men in these pits within 20 yards of the Federal pits and breastworks. Col. W. S. Devane, on leaving these pits just before light, gave us instructions to hold the pits at all hazards or fight unto death. At the close of the day, of the 26th, Lieut. Cotton and I and 68 men were prisoners and the other Lieutenants, Kieth and Ramsey, got into the fort somehow, but I never heard of the other 12 men. On October 10th I was carried to Johnson's Island prison, four miles from Sandusky, Ohio. Sometime the following winter an Indian prisoner from Ft. Sumrell, Ark., was brought in. He spent the following summer there but died of pneumonia the second winter, and after his death the following was found in his diary:

"Savage and Civilized," 1863

On the 26th day of August, 1863, I was taken prisoner and kept in Fort Smith, Ark., until the 19th of September, and removed to Gibson, and to St. Louis by the way of Fort Scott and Leavenworth, Kansas. I was often asked by the Federals whether the Choctaws are living in huts or houses or pursuing the habit of hunting or farming. In that I am twenty-six years old—but never saw any Choctaws—live in huts or follow after game hunting—I was raised in the habits of farming and agriculture. And many Choctaws I will say a majority lives in good houses, fine buildings just as well as any white men—many time asked of me if the Choctaws have any schools, Academys or churches. In reply I told them Yes Sir, and at St. Louis I was asked if I can read or write my own name; I said Yes Sir; On and on I went—till I got to Johnson's Island—when I see many officers holding high rank in the Confederate service, all surprised to see me. Indian, some wild, wild Indian. I thought strange, and lonsome, no friends, no acquaintance to help for any dependence whatever. No friends to write to. I thought and felt myself very poor; and when Sunday came I went to hear the preaching; and went in and hear very attentively; but I was surprised to see and hear many things going—during meeting and preaching—while preaching is going on in the lower room some knocking or hammering, something going on in the upper room. At evening prayer will be very few in attendance while reading Scripture, some laughing going on, some whispering, some playing cards; and some dancing and some uttering a profane language and every kind of noise going on. That strike me with great surprise—astonishment and amaze—I thought to see every man listen and attentive but see all and altogether another way: Savage Choctaw Indians, what they are termed, attendance on Sabbath day preaching is quite different—in some meeting there be hundred and fifty or two hundred persons attending; when the preaching is to commence every man take their seats—children as well as old men and women. While congregation is silence—no laughing nor giggling whatever—all set there till preaching is over—only preacher will speak, in congregation silence prevail in the assembly, that sound of falling pin could be heard: Choctaw is not savage in preaching and not living in huts, or making their living after hunting Buffalo or deer; they live in good log houses and majority in fine buildings. They live on farming, raise corn and wheat, raise potatoes, and everything that civilized people raise for their living—they plant cotton, spin and weave clothing of their own manufacture, etc, etc, etc. My father raised me in farming and I am now a prisoner on this Island.

Simeon E. Hamilton,
*Capt. Co. B. Ind. Choctaw Cav.,*
*Eaglelown.*

EAGLE COUNTY

Choctaw Nation

I copied the above just as it was written on the copy taken from Captain Hamilton's diary. Lieut. Coffee of Texas could converse with him in Choctaw language and was often with him. He was tall and stood erect. He mingled with the other prisoners, but would often be seen standing alone looking out on the lake. When he died there was deep sorrow in the prison and a Missouri Lieutenant carved on the board at the head of his grave a tree at the foot of which was a quiver full of arrows and one taken out and broken.

Joseph Kinsey.

# A STORY OF TWO HEROES

[TOLD IN CORRESPONDENCE]

Kinston, N. C., January 2, 1914.

*General William Ruffin Cox,*

My Dear General Cox:

The enclosed story was taken from the lips of a Confederate soldier who would not consent for me to publish it unless you could remember the incident.

It is characteristic of the average Confederate veteran that he never brags. In fact, I find him too modest. This George W. Rhodes is an illiterate night-watchman. I have known him from my childhood as a genial, honest, unassuming Christian, in whose word every one believed. I did not know that he was a hero, but I doubt if Othello could have told a more thrilling story and in so simple a manner. I wish it were possible for me to show up the Confederate

Soldier as he really was. There are so many of these old veterans who have nothing to bear witness to them except their scars. They have a holy horror of taking credit to themselves. They could not fill leading places because, many of them could not read and write, but they made it possible for our leading men to gain the heights, and I do hope that you may be able to recall the name of George Rhodes and the flags, as easily as he recalls the bravery of General Cox.

I have a plan to honor these simple unassuming old veterans and I am trying to collect all these little stories that concern them individually.

It was this man who led in the soldiers' prayer-meeting when Lee and his staff joined them at Mine Run, I think.

I am sending you under separate cover a copy of the U. D. C. official organ of North Carolina, in which is an account of the Confederate Ram Neuse, armored at Kinston, and I hope you will enjoy it.

Very sincerely,
LILLIE V. ARCHBELL,
*Editor.*

PENELO PLANTATION,
NORTH CAROLINA,
January 7, 1914.

DEAR MRS. ARCHBELL:

Your esteemed favor of recent date enclosing the statement of Private Rhodes of Company "G" 2nd North Carolina (my) Regiment, which he declines to allow to be given to the public before submission to my endorsement, together with your very interesting comments, are before me.

In reply I beg to say that after the lapse of more than fifty years after the close of the four years of resistance to the invasion of our home and violation of our firesides, it is but natural that I should be unable to recall all the incidents in the battle referred to, which at the time were indelibly impressed upon the mind and since cherished in his memory.

Suffice it to say that I remember that Rhodes was a modest, brave and fearless soldier, who in camp and in field was ever prompt in the discharge of every duty required of him. I can only recall his handing me the captured flag and my directing him with others, during the fierce and relentless battle then raging to take the battery which was then decimating our ranks, as I passed on to other points of the line.

Therefore, I see no good reason to delay the publication of his statement, together with your very appropriate comments.

There are other thrilling deeds performed by my private soldiers on which it would be pleasing for me to dwell, should the occasion require it. When amidst the fire of a doubtful battle where friends and kindred are falling on every side, and victory trembling in the balance, the sensation produced by the overthrow of the enemy surpasses human description. The excitement of a fox chase when Reynard can be seen with his tongue hanging out, hounds in full cry, and hunters yelling their excitement reckless of ditches and fences, and endeavoring to be in at the death; is but an imperfect picture of the scene during the achievement of victory.

The North Carolinians, while fighting far away from home, were unfortunate in having no field correspondents to tell their deeds of valor. The Editor of the ablest paper in our State Capital from disappointment to say the least, if not hostility, had little sympathy with our struggles; so much so that when a Georgia Regiment, aware of this fact, was passing through Raleigh it was with difficulty restrained from destroying his press. It was therefore but natural that many of our distinguished achievements should be passed over with but slight comment.

As one example I mention that when at the disastrous battle of Sailor's Creek a few days before our capulation at Appomattox, at a critical moment I managed to bring my command to the front in good order, so much so as to attract the attention of our peerless leader. He raised his hat with godly courtesy, exclaiming, "God bless old North Carolina." Though this was a guerdon to be treasured by any man, and was generally known in the army, yet on returning home I never mentioned it until Governor Vance in a speech at the Capitol having heard of the fact, referred to it in his public address.

To the fair daughters of the Southland is reserved the high honor of perpetuating and handing down to the rising generation the note-worthy achievements of their ancestors. Be that as it may.

"On Fame's eternal camping ground their silent tents are spread.

While honor guards with solemn round, the bivouac of the dead."

I have the honor to be,

Very truly yours,
WM. RUFFIN COX.

[In the name of the U. D. C. division the Editor thanks General Cox for this letter. He has set a worthy example of helpfulness. Every remaining soldier of the 2nd Regiment is honored by it.]

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## TOLD BY GEORGE RHODES

(Second Regiment, Company G)

"After Boykin was shot I picked up the flag and turned to hand it to the flag Sergeant, New't Jones. He said, "You carry it George, I can't. I'm Captain, Lieutenant and Sergeant. All the rest are gone." I kept the flag.

General Cox rode up behind me and said, "Rhodes, never stop until you stick that flag on the battery now firing at us."

"I got to the battery after a while with the flag. I was leaning on one of the pieces with the flag in my hand when I was shot here," he said, baring his right wrist and showing a terrible scar. "But before I got to the battery I captured a U. S. flag. General Cox rode up and asked for it. As he rode off with it the Yankees turned the batteries on him. This was a brave and daring deed of General Cox, and it saved some of our men that day. When we got to the battery they had spiked three guns. We captured the other three and turned them on the Yankees. New't Jones took our flag after I was shot, and finding that he was about to be captured he tore the flag from the staff, concealed it in his bosom, and jumping into Cedar Creek, he got to the other side and escaped capture."

[We have other reminiscences by this veteran that we shall publish.]

# SIDELIGHTS ON HISTORY

General Foster never expected a water attack, much less by an ironclad (which he attempted to burn at White Hall), or he would not have made wooden gun-boats an important element in his defensive system. Consequently, when attack may be looked for by an army and iron-clad, some slight modifications are essential to security.

The preceding observations upon the general system of defense applies with equal force to the armament of the fortifications. While no water attack was expected the old ordnance of North Carolina, when I assumed command, would have sufficed. Not so now. Two iron-clads menace us, and may at any moment attempt to cover the command of the sounds, in conjunction with land forces. In view of this sudden revolution in the rebel means of attack what artillery has this army which can be depended upon to destroy these iron-clads in the absence of the Federal Iron-clads? It has only seven suitable rifles, six of which were here when no iron boats were dreamed of. A 200-pounder and 100-pounder are at Plymouth. A 100-pounder is at Hatteras, two are at Fort Macon, and two at New Bern.—*War Records, Vol.* 33.

[The other Iron-clad mentioned here was the Albemarle with the assistance of which General Hoke captured Plymouth. These notes were left out of November issue accidentally.—Editor.]

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Correspondence Between Butler and Palmer

On receiving most reliable information of the organization of a naval brigade for opening these sounds with the aid of the rams in the Neuse and the Roanoke Rivers, I directed the blocking up of the Neuse with old Hulks within the range of our batteries. This work is now in progress. I then proceeded to Little Washington and perfected similar arrangements in the Tar River, and fully advised all the authorities of the rebel plans, and gave the necessary orders for foiling them to the extent of our means.

Since my return I have examined men respecting the ram at Kinston, and their information is positive, reliable and confirmatory of what I have advised you. The ram is to be sent down on the next high water. The engine has been taken from Pugh's Mills, and was once in a factory in this city.

Your letter of the 20th has just reached me, and I agree with your views except in one particular, viz., *"I don't believe in the Iron-clad."* Hitherto it has been a question of iron and time. A communication from General Wessells of the same date as yours settles the matter, in my judgment. His spy has just come in from Halifax. He came from Wilmington, and 25,000 pounds of iron was on the same train for this identical gun-boat. The General writes that other parties from near Garysburg, who have not seen the boat confirm the reports of the shipment of iron. He adds the following: "In view of the possibility of such a monster coming down, it would be well, I think, to procure the hulks, if practicable, and cause them to be sunk in suitable places."

From War Records, Vol. 33, Series I.

The rebels are making every preparation to bring the ram, which has been for sometime at Kinston, down the river. I am kept constantly advised of the progress of the work upon it. She is completed, and a few days since a party was sent by the rebels to sound the channel, coming as low down as the blockade which we have constructed. The work upon this blockade is pushed day and night, and it will be made as effectual as possible. It is under the fire of several heavy guns and carefully watched.

I am, major, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

I. N. PALMER,
*Brigadier-General.*

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My information is of such a nature as to induce the belief that Jeff. Davis has decided upon covering New Bern and the sounds, probably as a preliminary step to Lee's retrogade movement in the spring. Both rams are expected down the Neuse and Roanoke, in conjunction with land troops. It seems certain that the one at Kinston is intended to come down on the next high water.—*Vol.* 33, *War Records.*

# A YANKEE YARN

[RE-TOLD AS HE TOLD IT TO ME]

On the train between New Bern and Kinston some time in the eighties about the time that "Bubonic Plague" was much discussed hereabouts, I had been to New Bern to adjust engines on a boat to be used between Grifton and New Bern. It was the "L. A. Cobb," and the work was, of course, accompanied by plenty of grease and dirt. A man on this train was discussing to a companion the small-pox scare in Florida, and seeing that he was trying to make an impression, and not liking to be outdone, I undertook to account for my smutty clothing by claiming to have just run away from a boat at Morehead which had been laid up on account of Bubonic Plague. The man seeing that I was disposed to be sociable, told of a war experience that he had in this section in the sixties.

He said: "I was sent on a scout boat with a detail to find out the situation of the Confederate defenses up the Neuse, prior to a proposed raid of General Foster. Suddenly turning a bend in the river we came face to face with the gaping mouths of about a thousand cannon. They were nearly concealed by the low undergrowth along the river's bank, and every muzzle was trained on our boat, while the woods appeared to be a vast host of wavering gray. It was a fearful sight that we took in at a single glance. Our negro guide fell upon his knees. 'O Lord!' he prayed, 'I runned away fum de white folks and went to serve de Yankees, but I ain't gwine to do dat no more. I'se gwine back to my white folks. I'se got to jump in dis yer river Lord, but I'se er pendin' on you to hole me up. Put dy lef han' under me ter keep me fum de bottom, and put dy right han' over me to keep off dem white folks' bullets. It'll take er mighty big han' to hide dis nigger Lord, and please Marster do it yourself and don't send your son ter do hit, kase dis ain't no place fer chilluns. I'se a pendin' on de Lord Ermighty an' I'se a goin' back whar I belongs!'

"The black rascal was clearly preparing to desert me, and I started to collar him when a volley of musketry sounded on our right, and a ball pierced our boiler and added to our confusion the noise of escaping steam. The negro had been telling us the most blood-curdling stories about the alligators that infested the Neuse river, and burrowed under the banks, where unwary pedestrians often disappeared and where legs, arms, and sometimes heads were snapped off by mighty jaws in the twinkling of an eye. A mile or two above New Bern he had pointed out a 'Gator' sunning himself on a log. We got out our glasses and tried to see it, but we could see only a terrapin on the log and the negro said we were too slow, that the 'gator' slipped into the water while we were getting ready to look at it. Now the rascal evidently preferred alligators to cannon balls, and he went over the side of the boat at the first hiss of escaping steam. My men followed the negro's example and I concluded not to look for a place to land. On one side I saw at a glance that the whole face of Nature was gray and bristling with cannon. I estimated in that momentary glance that there must be about ten thousand Johnnies behind those cannons, and I thought I'd better dive among the alligators."

"Why didn't you shoot?" asked his companion.

"Shoot! We did shoot—right off the boat into the muddy water. After diving overboard I thought of the negro's yarn about alligators and I was afraid to stay in the water. Then I thought of that gray army, and I was afraid to rise to the surface. Somehow I reached the opposite bank and floundered through a kind of bog or swamp that plastered me with mud from head to foot. Dodging from bush to bush, I at last reached the higher land beyond the river. Night was upon me. The hoot of owls and the cry of wild animals added to my fears. I did not dare make a fire even if my matches had not been soaked in the river.

"I heard a noise near me and discovered a lean, lank, razor-back hog trotting along a narrow path. I followed, and it turned into a kind of pen made of fence rails and small trees. I was thoroughly wet, and shivering with cold. The hog lay down on a heap of straw and at a respectful distance I lay down on another heap of straw and burrowed under it to try to get warm. In the enemy's country, separated from my men, worn out with fatigue and fearing capture, I threw discretion to the winds and slept for hours. A warm body snuggled close to me in the night and I awoke in the morning murmuring, as I thought, to one of my men. 'Bill,' I said, 'If you ever do get back to New Bern, get a shave the first thing. The hair on your face is getting tough.' About that time a voice, a woman's voice, shrilled through the morning air in a prolonged 'Whoop-e-e-e-e.' One and all the hogs rose from their beds, squealing, grunting, fairly laughing, in anticipation of their breakfast. The big fellow that I had called Bill scrambled up and rushed away, while I sat up and stared about me.

"A woman screamed: 'John! John! bring your gun! Here's a Yankee in our hog pen! It flashed over me that John O'Connor, the famous scout of Whitford's regiment was on the spot. I took to the timbers and didn't wait to see which John the woman called. I was satisfied that he was a 'Johnny Reb,' and that was enough.

"Lord, I thought if I ever come to the 'Sunny South' again, let me have a railroad train with plenty of steam and a boiler that can't be penetrated by a musket ball. It suddenly occurred to me that the tables had been turned, the hunter had become the

hunted, and for all I knew that rascally contraband had led me into a trap on purpose.

"Lost and miserable for the lack of food, I finally reached the bank of the Neuse and followed its course down stream. Suddenly I came upon a lone fisherman, black as ink. He sat beneath a spreading big tree and above him drooped long festoons of gray Spanish moss. As I saw it wave and ripple in the wind, I became reminiscent of my late experience on the river, and I then and there decided not to report ten thousand Confederates at that bend of the Neuse, as I had first intended. 'Better go slow old fellow,' I said to myself, About that time the lone fisherman drew a prize from the water. 'What kind of a fish is that?' I asked him.

'Er—dis her's a blue cat,' he replied, 'and it looks jes lak a Yankee.' Well, I breakfasted on blue cat! It cost me a dollar, and it was the best fish I ever ate. I asked the old negro if he didn't want to be free. 'Who, me?' he said, 'De Lawd no! Massa, no I doesn't! I woundn't be one er dese here no-count free niggers, not fer er gol mine!'

We were pretty near Kinston before this friendly ex-Yankee Soldier was asked by his companion, "What about the thousand cannons?"

"Well," he said with a laugh, "I was told in strict confidence by one of my men who escaped that day, that those cannons were logs of wood with one end painted to look like real cannons. I didn't go back to find out. Nor did I try to investigate how many gray uniforms hovered about under the long festoons of gray Spanish moss that drooped from the branches that shaded the Neuse River."

G. B. W.

[The narrator of this re-told story gives it for the purpose of finding out how much truth it really contains. The Editor would be glad to have it corroborated if any one remembers the incident of the wooden cannons. Our scouts were very resourceful, and kept the Yankees on the coast.]

# TO ALL PATRIOTIC NORTH CAROLINIANS

BY MRS. EUGENE LITTLE

At our State U. D. C. Convention held in Tarboro last October the main subject for discussion was CAROLINA AND THE SOUTHERN CROSS—how we as a body could best promote the success of this magazine, which we then made our official organ. We decided to advance to Mrs. Archbell, its editor, the sum of Two Hundred ($200.00) Dollars to pay for printing the magazine two months and to appoint a committee to further see about it. Our State President, Mrs. Marshall Williams, has made me Chairman of that committee and I beg your help in what we wish to do. Late in October I mailed a circular letter to each Chapter U. D. C. in the State and stated that help was needed at once, but these letters have not brought the results I hoped they would. Mrs. Archbell has for nearly two years devoted her entire time and strength to CAROLINA AND THE SOUTHERN CROSS and at a financial loss to herself. She has a great idea and high ideals and we feel that a prophet has risen up for our State. Shame on us if she is not honored in her own country; supported and encouraged in her effort to give us history of which North Carolina will be more and more proud as the years go on. With a subscription list that will more than pay the printers she can do even more valuable research work, the magazine will be beautifully illustrated, and a solicitor will be employed who will make a success. Mrs. Archbell has decided to give a handsome prize which will take the shape of some Confederate badge or picture to any person or chapter who sends in as many as 10 subscriptions before March 1, 1914. Miss Sybil Hyatt of Kinston will act as treasurer of this contest and all interested will communicate with her at once. We have the kindest and most flattering offer of practical help from the Junior Order U. A. M., all through the State who wish to help the magazine "as the official organ of the U. D. C." The articles on immigration and Eugenics which will appear now and then in the magazine are considered most timely, as "The South," Our South is in the eyes of the civilized world, a lasting stronghold of Anglo-Saxon civilization. Last night for several hours I read the back numbers of this magazine, and my eyes filled with tears as I read Charles R. Thomas' noble oration at Newbern, Col. Rodman's letters to his wife, "Little Phyllis' Story" and so many other experiences which 50 years ago were written in the heart's blood of North Carolina's men and women. I read Mrs. Margaret Arthur Calls account of removing the bodies of some of our dead killed near Washington. How their poor heads and feet lay together in a trench, and how pitiful it all was. These men gave their all, their strength. their lives and Oh, North Carolinians, we ought to listen to their story "lest in the Spirit land they grieve and call us recreant." Our remembrance of our dead heroes, and their record will produce other heroes and other great deeds in the future when we have need of them. Ungrateful nations lose their glory.

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A prominent lawyer's wife in Anson County said she heard a dispute between her husband and their seven-year-old daughter, both wishing to read CAROLINA AND THE SOUTHERN CROSS, and they had but one copy.

# Carolina and the Southern Cross

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L. V. ARCHBELL . . . . Editor

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## AN ANNOUNCEMENT

Our inexperience in steering work through a holiday period caused our Christmas issue to get so far out of date that friends have advised us to save it for another such occasion, and take time by the forelock, so that we can not be outrun. The copyright was delayed, and the November issue had to wait till that also, became entangled with holiday arrangements. To bring out the December issue would mean delay in every issue this year. So we shall take the dilemma by the horns and bring out the January number at once, as many of our new subscribers are waiting for it. Our 1913 subscribers will have twelve magazines for their dollar as we shall add another month to their credit, but please remember the name December will not appear in the year's work. We shall know how to anticipate the holiday another year. The chapters that intend to get out special issues should begin at once to collect data, and have it in hand before they name the month of publication.—EDITOR.

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The whole South must regret the death of Mr. Cunningham, the gentle Editor of *The Confederate Veteran*. He had the courage of his convictions, but he used it without bitterness. He had sincere friends in every State. No doubt he published everything sent to his paper from this State, but it is a regrettable fact that the *Veteran* contained very little of N. C. literature. Comparatively few of our people were subscribers to the little magazine, which was full of information. We allowed the Editor, an old soldier too, to struggle along without our help, and now he does not need it. We had the opportunity through him to do great things for North Carolina and the Confederacy's history, but we did not use the opportunity, and, now with Mr. Cunningham gone and the keystone gone we have lost two chances to honor our State by using pen and money. CAROLINA AND THE SOUTHERN CROSS is still with you. What will you do to keep it?

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The General Convention of the U. D. C. will meet next November in Savannah, Ga.

Every foot of ground around Kinston was the scene of some event in history. Our people have not thought it important to preserve these items of history. Their children go to school and learn about the "Boston Boys" snowballing British Officers and "Sheridan's Ride" that never happened, and some other things that color their patriotism until somehow the Battle of Lexington becomes the one important event in American History. All else has grown insignificant because of the mighty "Pen," the pen that knows little of the South.

A Kinston woman who has lived some time in the West was passing through Dayton, Ohio. Finding that she must wait two hours for her train she asked a man how she could employ the time in sight-seeing most profitably. He replied, "First see the Soldiers' Home. I will show you." She discovered that this man had an empty sleeve, and asked him how he lost his arm.

"I lost that arm," he replied, "at Kinston, North Carolina. The hardest fighting I ever saw."

"When I told that Yankee that I was from Kinston," she said, " he seemed to be delighted. He became a willing and interesting guide for me, after he knew where I was from and he talked as if he would enjoy seeing the place that had caused his dismemberment."

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In this issue under the "Call of Today," we reproduce an article that every Southern white man and woman should read. No doubt the people of California have more sympathy with the South today than they had fifty years ago. "A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind," and these people have learned a bitter lesson. White people cannot compete with colored races, because in order to do so they must go down to the level with those races, and must not be above doing many things that they do. When the white man loses his self-respect he generally goes to the dogs. In the ages through which he has fought his way upward, he has acquired habits of life, habits of thought and habits of feeling, to say nothing of his religious opinions, which compel him to go forward in the march of life, or deteriorate and become a failure or a degenerate. In the near future when the Canal is opened no doubt the South will have both Japan and China knocking at her door. Now is the time to take steps to close our doors of ownership against them. We have one colored problem and that is enough. Our politicians say they have settled the Negro problem, that "We have no problem," but it does not alter the fact that *we have*, and that the problem grows. The laws that govern us do not govern the colored race. By birth and previous and present conditions they belong to the laboring class, but they spend most of their time in idleness and crime. When a man settles a

problem by lifting a burden from his own shoulders and shifting it to the shoulders of his wife, in our opinion it is not settled.

The negro neither works on the farm or in the kitchen. More and more the burden of labor falls heavily upon the white woman. More and more the problem whether settled or unsettled, re-acts upon the home of the white man. Has he settled the negro problem? If there are laws to govern the labor situation they are not enforced and the white woman finds that she must take in addition to her own work, that of the servant of the house, whose place should be filled by the negro who will not work, nor get out of the way of white people who would. When the white political representative starts to his office in the morning he not infrequently leaves his wife in the kitchen with a day's drudgery before her. The children have gone to school without having had the special inspection and oversight that is the privilege of mothers, and which counts for much in the formation of habits and character. When evening comes the wife and mother may appear properly garbed and ready to fill her place in the household, but more often she appears as she is, a bundle of over-wrought nerves that have undertaken the task of cook, nurse, teacher, mother and wife. If by chance she has asked a colored woman if she knew where she could hire a cook, she has probably been told. "No indeed! I'm looking for a cook myself."

On his way to the office, the husband of this woman, if he was at all observant, probably saw six negro women, each carrying an oblong box from the express office and there was no shadow of doubt in his mind about the contents of those six boxes. Also, he met numerous other colored women, wearing white kid shoes, messaline and velvet dresses, handsome coats or coat-suits and expensive furs and hats. A little calculation would convince him that there is a race problem, a *lawless* race problem, and it is changing our home life to an alarming extent.

Most of our people judge the negro race by standards that our fathers set for them in slavery. We have been kind and lenient and treated them with the affection that had its birth in old plantation days when the negro was quite a different creature. Now we are seeking a remedy, but that remedy can never be found in alien colored races nor in the pauper class and criminal degenerates of other countries.

Already peculiar people are seen on our streets. They are not of our type nor our religion, they do not even speak our language. Is it possible for us to safeguard our State from those who drift down upon us from the slums of the North? Shall we depend on the law that is already in existence or shall we have some safer, surer law; and then shall we let these laws take care of themselves, as our custom is, or will men arise from our own great Anglo-Saxon race, and find a way to save the South? Shall it be written of the South that 14 per cent. of her population are of foreign birth?

On every hand we are warned of our danger. Men who have seen us unlawfully despoiled of our birthright by a force that, at the same time, let down the bars and brought in the alien to absorb their own nationality, men who have turned their best thought to the trend of foreign emmigration and immigration and have discovered the evil in it for our race, these not only warn us, but urge us to use the power that the war could not entirely destroy, and save ourselves by enforcing State's Rights against undesirable immigrants.

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## MISSIONARIES FOR HISTORY

The editor had the pleasure of entertaining at her home for one evening Mrs. Ruthrauff, of Washington, D. C., and Mrs. Woolfolk, of Birmingham, Ala. These ladies are doing a great work for the South. Mrs. Ruthrauff by lectures before Women's Clubs, U. D. C. Chapters, D. A. R. and public schools is convincing our people that the South has awakened to its great need and our libraries can at last be supplied with a variety of history of the South in its relation to the Nation. Prominent writers from every Southern State have contributed to this history and each state had a direct personal part of history in the books.

Mrs. Woolfolk represents the publishers. She visits public libraries, Superintendents of schools and Boards of Education. The history is in twelve large volumes, and covers every phase of Southern life. Some of Mrs. Ruthrauff's lectures have very attractive subjects; "Historical Research," "The Resurrection of Literature in the South," "Historical Landmarks in the South," "Women of Colonial Days." One can see how these lectures would attract a D. A. R. woman or a Colonial Dame of a U. D. C.

These are Southern ladies who have a mission. They are trying to induce Southern people to study the South in the light of her own history. We shall review these volumes from time to time in Carolina and the Southern Cross when we know more about them. They are endorsed by scholars who are capable of judging them. They are published at Richmond by The Southern Publication Society.

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Carolina and the Southern Cross started out to tell the story of North Carolina's part in the Confederacy to North Carolina's busy people who have no time for research and study, and to preserve history and reminiscences that would otherwise be lost. More and more people are taking an interest in this little magazine. It has found friends on all sides. It has touched palms with some of the most thoughtful men

of our age who not only bid it "God Speed," but offer a helping hand and a brilliant pen for the Old North State. Now we have proposals from other States to join us in our work. This can easily be done if each State secures her own page and has her own editor. Thus we might come in constant closer relations to each other and the old Confederacy would go on record in many a tale that would never reach the world otherwise. Daughters, how do you like the idea? Not only history, but Eugenic Immigration could be put into the mind of the whole South.

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Sorghum used in the Confederacy was the name of a kind of cane resembling the sugar cane. The syrup made from this cane was also called Sorghum.

Molasses was sometimes made of watermelons. This was not so much trouble to prepare as the cane because that had to be ground by horse power, but the melons required more boiling.

Coffee? Well Postum by another name perhaps was discovered in the sixties. Parched corn, ground peas, dried potatoes, and many other substitutes took the place of coffee. Teas grew wild in our woods as they do now. The fragrant sassafras was a healthy drink.

*To the Secretaries of the Junior Order U. A. M. of North Carolina.*

For the U. D. C. of our State I wish to thank you and your members most sincerely for your kind flattering offers of help to the magazine, CAROLINA AND THE SOUTHERN CROSS as the organ of the U. D. C. We realize it is hard to launch a magazine, especially when most of the subject matter is of the dead rather than of the living, but all of us, as patriotic North Carolinians, if not as the proud and grateful descendants of the men who made this history, should support and encourage any true, earnest effort to preserve such history. The U. D. C. will faithfully strive to make this magazine a success and we feel that with your help we are strong indeed. From time to time articles pertaining to the history—especially Confederate—of the different Counties of North Carolina will be contributed from these Counties and we believe they cannot fail to be of deep and general interest. Also men of science and learning will write on Immigration, the life or death of a great people.

Thanking you and hoping for your continued endorsement and support, we are,

Gratefully yours,
North Carolina Division, U. D. C.
By Mrs. Eugene Little, *Chairman.*

# JAPAN IN CALIFORNIA

BY PETER CLARK MACFARLANE

[By Permission of Collier's Weekly]

## IS THE OLD NORTH STATE SAFE?

*COLLIER'S gave Mr. Macfarlane but one instruction—to find out, on the spot, what were the conditions that had led California to the conviction that the agricultural invasion of the Japanese must be stopped by legislation forbidding persons ineligible to citizenship from owning or leasing farm lands. Here is Mr. Macfarlane's report.*

It was the small fruit farmer of California fighting for his home and for his American community life against submergence by an Asiatic social and industrial order which forced the Anti-Alien Land Bill through the California Legislature. Some of the most beautiful rural districts in the State were in jeopardy.

In vain for Exposition Directors to protest, in vain for Presidents to intervene, in vain for Japan to cog and cozen—these small American farmers and rural communities felt they had a right to protection and clamored for it so insistently and with such manifest reason that none in authority dared refuse them. When the issue was finally raised there were but five men in the whole Legislature who dared to go home to their constituents and say:

*The line was drawn between the white man and the brown, and we voted for the brown.*

The details of the final vote were in the Assembly, 72 for, 3 against; in the Senate, 35 for, 2 against; both houses together, 107 for, 5 against.

## A QUESTION OF SOCIAL EXISTENCE

This vote is the best possible answer to the charge that there was no widespread demand for the legislation, or that the demand was of a class character. The legislative districts of California probably represent a greater variety of social and industrial order than those of any other State in the Union; yet upon the subject there was almost perfect unanimity.

The extent of this sentiment is further witnessed by the quotation of a single sentence from an edition in the San Francisco "Chronicle," a paper which was strongly against the bill. That sentence reads:

*With perfect friendliness to the Japanese nation the people of this State are overwhelmingly opposed to their, or any Orientals', owning our land.*

This unanimity shows that it was not a class but a race issue. It was the clash of two races meeting upon the frontiers of their respective civilizations. It is not a question of inferiority or superiority. It is a question of existence, and of social existence at that. At the present time, and until the Panama Canal is opened, bringing fuller tides of European immigration, there is an industrial place for the Japanese in California. But socially there is no place. It is this which makes the complication. Socially the two races will not coexist. When the Japanese farmers move in American farmers move out. This has been the inevitable result.

Yet notwithstanding these facts and the urgent necessity for relief there were grave reasons of expediency why nothing whatever should be done to rouse the displeasure of the Japanese nation on the eve of the Panama Pacific Exposition.

### Three Presidents Have Intervened

This Panama Exposition is the Californians' defiance to the fates which overwhelmed San Francisco. It is their darling project. Into it the people of California are putting some seventeen millions of dollars. They plan to make it the world's greatest industrial exposition. From all appearances they are well on their way to realize this dream. The Japanese exhibit, for which half a million dollars has been promised by that government, was to be the gem and cherry blossom of the Oriental exhibit. Any sort of anti-Japanese agitation would therefore be detrimental to the exposition interests, and California cared greatly to conserve those interests. But this time anti-Japanese agitation would not down. It refused to be anæsthetized. On a former occasion President Roosevelt had browbeaten a California Legislature into inaction upon the subject. President Taft, after his milder way, had delayed such legislation until it failed of passage before adjournment. But now the feeling was more intense. The situation in the few affected centers had become acute. It was for this reason that both President Wilson and the exposition directors failed.

### The Source of the Irresistible Demand

However, in the presence of grave questions of expediency, Governor Johnson was entirely agreeable to postponement. The vast majority of the legislators were also agreeable; but there were half a dozen men in the Legislature who were not agreeable, men who came from districts in which there are American communities fighting for their very existence—Assemblymen like Bradford of Sacramento, Wall of San Joaquin, Killingsworth of Vacaville—Senators like Birdsall of Placer and Sanford of Ukiah. With the exception of Sanford and Killingsworth, Democrats, who for a day listened to Mr. Bryan, none of these men could be persuaded into silence.

For the result Japan need not blame President Wilson nor Governor Johnson nor the directors of the Panama-Pacific Exposition, nor the legislative majority. She need not even blame that little group of recalcitrant legislators who day after day in committee and in legislative session nagged and worried at the anti-alien bills until one of them was reported out of committee and put upon passage.

Instead the blame must be laid upon these protesting farmers who refused to stand idly by and see themselves forced out of the homes they had built, off the ranches they had tilled, out of the communities in which their children were being reared.

The source of the irresistible demand for this legislation proceeded directly from the farmer through the action of the State Grange in passing resolutions demanding anti-alien land legislation against which not one single vote was recorded. And the farmers' representative, Mr. Newman, put the case before a joint legislative committee thus epigrammatically:

> *If you don't give us relief, we are going to lose our homes; not by mortgage foreclosure, but by Japanese inclosure.*

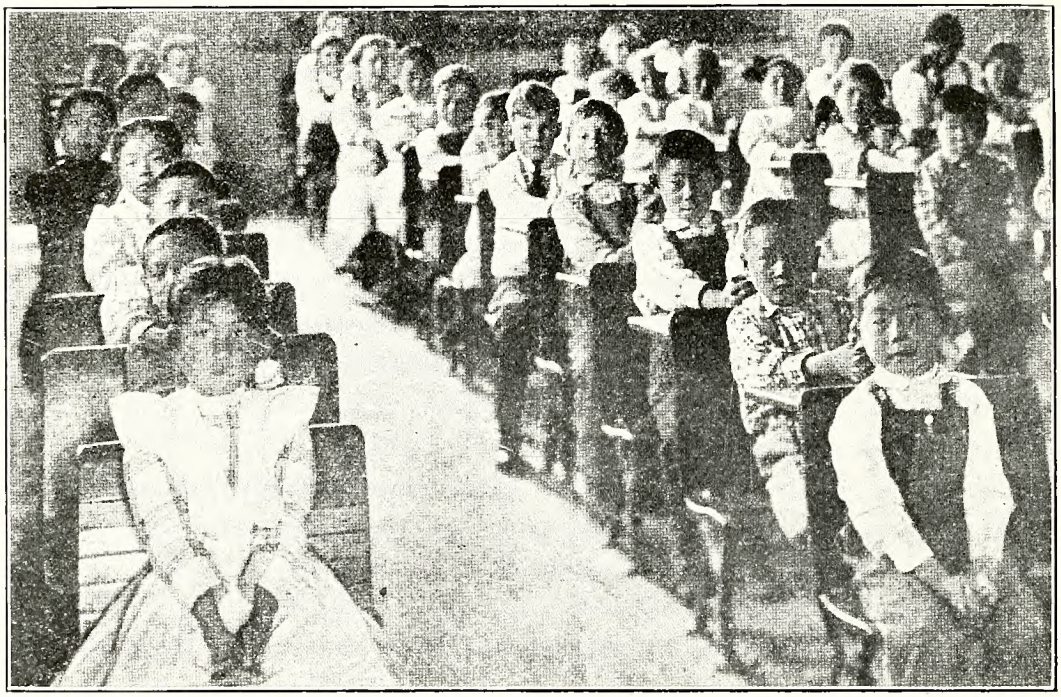
### The Story of the Town of Florin

Just at the moment the classic instance of Japanese agrarian aggression is the town of Florin, which is but eight miles southeast of Sacramento, and therefore an object lesson right at the doors of the Legislature. The proponents of the Anti-Alien Land Bill took great pleasure in showing Mr. Bryan by means of this community exactly what the Japanese invasion meant. Florin is the center of a beautiful little vine and berry growing district comprising about twenty-four sections of land. A dozen years ago each of its vineyards and berry farms surrounded and sustained an American home. Now it is estimated that 65 per cent of these farms are owned or operated by Japanese—about 15 per cent owned and 50 per cent leased. Formerly there were about 1,500 whites and no Japanese in this community. Today it is estimated that there are 500 whites, and from 1,500 to 2,500 Japanese according to the demands of the season.

There were three large general merchandise stores in the town, owned by whites. Today two of those stores are held by the Japanese, and the lone white man has computed the hour of his own demise. He says that within five years the Nipponese will put him out of business. His store, too, will become Japanized. There were two white hotels in the place; now there is only a Japanese boarding house. There were two white blacksmith shops, now one of them is Japanese. The barber shop, the shoe shop, the fish market, and the meat market are owned or operated by the Japanese.

There is a fruit-basket factory in the town. It formerly employed white help and the management prefers white help; but when Secretary Bryan walked into this factory he found forty Japanese employed, the foreman being the only white man about. Apparently about half of the employees were women. Some of them had their babies by their sides. As we were preparing to take a picture a woman with a baby rushed out, but she could not take the crib with her. These employees are now all Japanese, while formerly they were all white because, as the manager informed me, so many whites had moved away to avoid Japanese neighbors that he was compelled to employ some Japanese and then the remaining whites began to ooze out because they would not work in the same factory with the Japanese.

We went around to the neat little two-room schoolhouse, presided over by two charming young women —typical American rural school-teachers—and found



in the primary grade twenty whites and twenty-two Japanese. The white children in the primary were small, but among the Japs were two strapping young fellows who had been in high-school grades in Japan.

### The School Invasion

Ten years ago there were 110 white children in the school. Today there are but forty. The seventy white children who are gone constitute an index to the exodus of white families. Nor was there a single Japanese child in the school a decade ago.

In the town of Florin the great majority of people one meets in the streets and stores are Japanese. All but a few of the workers seen in the fields are Japanese. One may stand at the freight station in the afternoon when the fruit is coming in for shipment and see forty wagons drawn up in line for the station platform, every wagon driven by a Japanese. There will be Japanese check clerks, Japanese roustabouts, Japanese foreman, and Japanese fruit buyers. The whole scene is Japanese.

To see an American community that had been representative of the very best elements of our rural life thus completely displaced by Orientals gives one a strange sensation. This sensation is deepened when one drives up to an American farm only to find it inhabited by Japanese. Imagine ourselves bowling along a splendid California roadway with the finest of fruit farms on every hand. We see the fence by the side of us and know an American built it, we see the house designed after American architectural plans surrounded by trees and lawns, and that profusion of flowers with which California's soil and climate repay so bountifully the touch of an affectionate hand. The house is environed by beautiful vinyards or orchards and the whole is a picture of independence and contentment that makes the life of the California rancher seem ideal.

### The Ways of an Alien Race

But driving in at the big gate we are pained to notice an air of neglect about the garden and the dooryard. The grass is uncut, the flowers look neglected. The very house has an absentee air about it. There are no lace curtains at the windows, only shades. One of the shades goes up and a face is seen, peering, inquisitive, suspicious. It is the face of an Oriental. We round the corner and Japanese babies are sprawling before the door. We turn toward the barnyard

and a pair of Japanese boys are romping there. The barnyard itself has an empty look. There are no cows or calves, not even a fowl, for these Japanese of Florin are tillers of the soil pure and simple. Beyond the barn one sees a Japanese plowing. In a berry patch to the left half a dozen men and women are squatting in the rows, pushing their picking trays before them. If we could look inside of this American house and see how it is furnished and occupied by its Japanese owners we should be still more depressed.

Pictures of cherry-blossom festivals in the Flowery Kingdom and stories of the wizardry of Japanese gardeners would lead one to suppose these Japanese "occupations" would be found blossoming with floral beauty and fragrance. The contrary is true. Nothing appears to receive attention but that which can be sold for money.

The rainbow hues fade out as we see these people in the midst of a Western environment. Sordid realism takes the place of romance. We see merely an alien race with likes that are not our likes, ambitions that are not our ambitions, satisfactions that are not our satisfactions, with morals that to us are no morals, and habits of life that make social relation with them utterly impossible.

### Unendurable as Neighbors

At the next farm we find the same condition, a Japanese family in an American home, except that perhaps it is not a family—merely three or four men and a woman whose status is exceedingly doubtful. At the next farm we see an American in possession but learn that he is going to move. His farm is for sale or lease.

Neither he nor his family can endure the prospect of Japanese neighbors, and because of those neighbors the selling value of his farm upon which he has lavished the long labors of years is greatly decreased. And so it goes over the beautiful countryside of Florin.

What the Japanese have done in Florin they have done to a greater or less degree in the fruit-growing districts of Solano, of Santa Cruz and Placer Counties, and in the vegetable-growing delta district at the confluence of the Sacramento and the San Joaquin Rivers.

### First the Foothold, then the Colony

Moreover, what the Japanese have done in certain farming communities they have done also in the cities. Sacramento, San Francisco, Oakland, Los Angeles, Stockton, all have their Japanese quarters, block after block, solid or becoming solid, where the brown men have come in, purchased a foothold at an exorbitant cost, and then by their social obnoxiousness depressed rental and property values till whites were forced out and the Asiatic tide flowed in behind them unobstructed.

Now let it be borne clearly in mind that this reference to the Japanese colonies in the cities is, for the purpose of this article, purely illustrative, because the Treaty of 1911 with Japan expressly concedes to the Japanese the right to lease and occupy real estate for residential and certain business purposes.

Reverting again to the disturbed areas it must be borne in mind all the time that these are comparatively small. There are only 55,000 Japanese in California; and but half of these are engaged in agricultural pursuits. In many communities the labor of these men is exceedingly welcome. In some of the very counties where the Japanese population is largest the Japanese fit into the industrial scheme so well that the only protest comes from the white laborer who must compete against them.

### The Coming of the Japanese Laborer

In the beginning the California rancher hailed the advent of the Japanese laborer joyously. He was by no means ideal; he was hired principally in gangs and through a boss; he was tricky, grasping, and unscrupulous about keeping contracts; but he filled a gap created by the gradual decrease of the Chinese since the exclusion act, and he was the best available until the hoped-for influx of agricultural labor from Europe should come by way of the Isthmus Canal.

Besides all of which the Jap is peculiarly adept at "squat" labor. Because of that the berry crop of California is almost entirely in his hands.

In some situations, too, he has worked successfully where the white man could not work at all.

For instance, in the delta of the San Joaquin and Sacramento Rivers where the white man could not compete with unhealthy nature, the Japanese came in, survived year after year, raised a better potato than the white man could raise, graded it better, sold it better, and has all but taken entire possession of the land.

The leading producer in this whole district is a Japanese, George Shima, who is sometimes called the potato king. He is said to be worth a half million dollars and is assessed in the San Joaquin Valley for $141,680.

Yet the use of fuel oil by steamers with its consequent wastage from passing boats and seepage into the tule grasses has killed out the mosquitoes to such an extent that it is claimed in a very few years more the delta will be comfortably habitable for white men, and they will be prepared to go back and contend with the Japs for a place upon this soil of Egyptian richness.

Formerly the Japanese worked cheaper than the Chinaman, but now he gets as much as the Celestial or even the Italian farm laborer.

Japanese farm labor falls into two classes; the gang labor of the picking and harvesting crew, and the all-

the-year-round labor. The coming and going of these large gangs of temporary Japanese laborers constituted no serious social problem; but the farmer began to find it to his advantage to employ the all-the-year-round labor by means of leases, usually under such terms as retained control of the entire agricultural operation in the hands of his Caucasian self. The advantage to the landlord was that it relieved him from the whimsical and uncertain disposition of Japanese labor, which could then no longer jump up and leave him in the middle of the night or in the process of crop growing or harvest.

### The Blight

But these leases proved a stepping-stone to Japanese ownership of the lands. Once a foothold was gained, the Japanese colonization operated to the exclusion of the whites in two ways. The first was by forcing the whites out of employment upon the soil. The extent of this crowding out was startlingly revealed by an investigation conducted in 1909 by the State of California into the relation of the Japanese population to agricultural operation.

This commission visited 4,102 farms scattered over twenty-six counties. It found 1,733 of these farms operated by Japanese either as owners or lessees. On these Japanese-operated farms 96 per cent of the labor employed was Japanese. Of the 2,369 farms, 53.4 per cent of the labor was white, 36.4 per cent was Japanese, and the remaining 10.2 per cent was Chinese, Mexican, Hindu, and Indian.

In other words the coming of Japanese into possession or control of the farms of a given community occasions a reduction of white labor employed by approximately 90 per cent—which practically means obliteration.

The second blighting effect is through social pressure. There is little use to argue or speculate over whether the two races should dwell together in brotherly affection. The fact is that they will not.

The Japanese—without meaning any disrespect to the little brown man—does not commend himself to the average American farmer family as a desirable neighbor. He is not overly clean. He is accused of being unmoral. It is claimed the Japanese have no marriage tie as we know the institution. Women, if scarce, may be held pretty much in common. The white farmer's wife does not run in and sit down to gossip with the Japanese farmer's wife and she does not want the Japanese farmer's wife running in to gossip with her. Their children cannot play together. Jenny Brown cannot go for a buggy ride with Harry Hirada. The whole idea of social intercourse between the races is absolutely unthinkable. It is not that the white agriculturist cannot compete with the Japanese agriculturist. It is that he will not live beside him.

### Elbowed Out

So, in the fruit-growing districts of California, when the Japanese get a foothold through ownership or a long term lease, there is nothing for the American family to do but to move. The Jap has found that out. He knows he may have to pay an exorbitant price for the first piece of real estate in a community, but he knows also that his presence will depress the value of the next and the more he buys the cheaper the land around him becomes. This is very well for him. It is not well for the American farmer who helplessly sees the value of his property impaired without power to remedy, since once the Japanese gets title to that property there is no way of ousting him.

In consequence the California fruit farmer in the threatened communities seeks a law prohibiting the Japanese from acquiring agricultural lands. To make this protection real, there must ultimately be a law forbidding him to lease agricultural land; but in order to give the farmer time for adjustment to the new conditions that must come, the right to make leases for terms not exceeding three years was provided for in the bill enacted. Again the hoped-for relief is immigration from Europe by way of the canal.

But still the question recurs: since Japanese laborers are now excluded from the country, why does the question not abate instead of becoming more acute? The answer is that the very fact of exclusion has tended toward provision for permanent residence in this country. Up to that time the Japanese communities were more or less in the nature of temporary camps. Men came over for a few years, engaged in business or labor, made money, and went back. The new disposition to permanent settlement there is strikingly revealed in the increase in the number of Japanese women immigrants. Up to 1904, when there was little or no serious talk of exclusion, the number of Japanese women who came in was but about six in the hundred. In 1911 the number was seventy in the hundred. The method of getting these women into the country in the face of exclusion by the so-called Gentlemen's Agreement of 1908 is by the familiar device of a "picture marriage." By this process the Japanese in America sends his picture home, some woman marries the photograph, and then the Japanese Government issues a passport to the picture bride. It is reported that the Japanese Government favors in passport issuance the picture bride of the man who has effected a lodgment upon California soil.

### Significant Records

The extent to which this colonization is going on in Sacramento County, for instance, is shown by the fact that for the year ending May 1, 1913, 118 leases and 122 deeds to Japanese were recorded. For the month of April alone 26 deeds to Japanese were recorded,

or on-fifth as many as in the whole year previous, indicating the hurry to get transfers recorded before the Anti-Alien Land Law could shut them off. Increased activity in buying and leasing was one reason why the proponents of the legislation were unwilling to suspend action for two years. They did not believe the Japanese land buyers would also suspend activity. On May 8, the very morning of my inquiry at the Recorder's office, one ten-year lease to Japanese and six deeds came in.

As also significant, the fact is cited that within a short space of time ten transfers of property to Hindus were made in one small settlement adjacent to the city of Sacramento, showing that the bill will also curb the activities of certain other "aliens ineligible to citizenship."

A still more startling piece of information gleaned from the Recorder's office was that the number of births for the year in the county of Sacramento, outside the corporate limits of the city of Sacramento, was 274, of which 107 were Japanese. This bears out the assertion made in Florin and other districts that, since the great influx of women, Japanese babies are beginning to rain down.

### Elk Grove Defends Itself

To show how greatly California rural communities begin to dread this Japanization, and how desperately they struggle to protect themselves, the case of the town of Elk Grove is cited. Elk Grove, also in Sacramento County, lies eight miles beyond Florin to the South, and is, like it, a fruit-growing district, but with the products slightly more diversified. The Elk Grove district is very prosperous. The little town bears evidence of this in neat rows of modern cottages, in business blocks, several of which are new, trim, and substantial. The general air of Elk Grove is one of progress and prosperity, quite in contrast to that of Florin. But this different appearance is due to the fact that Elk Grove is strictly an American community. It earnestly desires to remain so, yet has lived in yearly horror of the Japanese invasion. Every measure possible to protect itself has been taken. On December 5, 1911, the Elk Grove Board of Trade adopted two resolutions which, after a half dozen whereases of various import, declared as follows:

> Resolved, *That we, as a body and as individuals, do now and at all times utterly condemn the practice of selling land to Japanese in this vicinity; and, be it further*
>
> Resolved, *That we shall al all times urge all citizens of this community to use their best endeavor to keep this vicinity free of Japanese residents.*

Similar resolutions were adopted by the Elk Grove Grange.

But this was not deemed sufficient. An agreement was drawn up, the kernel of which is:

> *That we will not sell at any time any of our real property to one of the Asiatic race, nor permit anyone to do so for us.*

This agreement was presented to all landowners within a radius of four miles of Elk Grove, and all but four signed it. This information was furnished to me by Mr. Charles H. Cooper, secretary of the bank of Elk Grove, with a letter from which I quote:

> *There is one thing that is certain to come to pass in any community where Japanese start buying land, and that is that the white people will leave that community as soon as they can make satisfactory disposition of their property. The white people of the East who criticize us so severely would take the same stand as we do if they lived here in competition with the Japs. In fact, some of the most ardent supporters of alien-land legislation in this community are the people who lately came from the East and bought property, and when they found that they would likely have Japs for neighbors in the near future, they soon changed their views.*

But even if every man signed the agreement, it would be powerless to protect Elk Grove. The Japanese, creeping steadily down from Florin, buying or leasing one farm after another, and making the next farm untenable, would inevitably overflow Elk Grove, drive out the whites, and turn that beautiful little city into a Japanese town. Their only hope was law.

The Democratic State platform of 1912 had declared:

> *We favor the passage of a bill that will prevent any alien not eligible to citizenship from owning land in the State of California.*

Now it happens that Elk Grove and Florin are both in the same Assembly district. The Democratic candidate for the Assembly was a young attorney of Sacramento, Hugh B. Bradford by name. He made his campaign almost solely on the basis of this anti-alien plank in the Democratic platform.

When at caucus time, before the opening of the legislative session the representatives of the Panama-Pacific Exposition appeared and made their almost tearful plea that no anti-Japanese measure should even be discussed, Bradford was one of the men who could not be moved. He declared his intention to introduce an anti-alien land bill on the first day, and he did.

### A Paradoxical Position

In the Senate was also a man who would not listen to argument, Senator Birdsall of Placer County, who, when his name was called, arose and introduced an

anti-alien land bill, which, with slight amendment, became the Webb bill, finally passed by both Houses. However, Bradford in the Assembly was first to get his bill to a vote, and on April 15 it was passed, the ayes being 60 and the noes 15.

It was this favorable vote on the Bradford bill that precipitated the sensation which was both international and intranational in character, and resulted in some delicious bits of political complication.

First, there was the seemingly paradoxical position of President Wilson himself on the matter at issue. Both Roosevelt and Taft had hammered California legislators hard when they attempted to discuss anti-Oriental legislation. But President Wilson had been made to appear committed to the other side.

The Democratic State Campaign Committee of 1912 had circulated widely a card, on one side of which was printed "Wilson and the Japanese," and reading:

> *Woodrow Wilson is for the exclusion of the Japanese from the United States. On May 3, 1912, he said:*
>
> *"In the matter of Chinese and Japanese coolie immigration, I stand for the national policy of exclusion. The whole question is one of assimilation of diverse races. We cannot make a homogeneous population out of a people who do not blend with the Caucasian race. Their lower standard of living as laborers will crowd out the white agriculturist, and is in other fields a most serious industrial menace. The success of free democratic institutions demands of our people education, intelligence, and patriotism, and the State should protect them against unjust and impossible competition. Remunerative labor is the basis of contentment. Democracy rests on the equality of the citizens. Oriental coolieism will give us another race problem to solve, and surely we have had our lesson."*

No more effective statement of the case for these rural or semirural communities threatened with Japanese submergence could have been made. Of course Mr. Wilson was speaking directly of exclusion, but when he said that "intelligence and patriotism and the State should protect them—i. e., white agriculturists—against unjust and impossible competition," he was voicing exactly what the white agriculturist is crying for to-day in the alien land bill—*protection!*

### Still More Padoxical

Moreover, the Democratic State Campaign Committee, upon the reverse of the card, under the title of "Roosevelt and the Japanese," had placed a quotation from Roosevelt's message to Congress, recommending that Japanese be admitted to citizenship, and certain additional sentences, of which the following two are a good sample:

> *Roosevelt believes the Japanese should be allowed to overrun the land of California. He demanded of the State Legislature that it enact no laws denying Japanese the right to acquire title to land.*

This piece of campaign literature undoubtedly cost Roosevelt many votes and undoubtedly gained many for President Wilson, yet here was President Wilson standing in the exact position of his predecessors and asking that no legislation be enacted.

The President, however, is by no means to be accused of insincerity on this showing. He appears to have been forced by considerations of state into a position to which his convictions would never lead him.

Another paradoxical element cropped up in the position over State rights. President Wilson is the national leader of a political party which emphasizes the doctrine of State rights; yet here he was at the door of a State urging the nation's rights. On the other hand, Governor Johnson had been the Vice-Presidential candidate for a party which stands for a super-emphasized nationalism, yet he was placed in the position of sustaining before an insistent President the rights of a State to its own autonomy. .

Still another paradox arose out of the fact that the anti-alien land program, in so far as it was a party measure at all, was strictly a Democratic one.

But to pick up the thread of the narrative: With the passage of the Bradford bill, Japan protested to the President, and the President protested to Governor Johnson, and Governor Johnson passed the protest to the Legislature.

### Governor Johnson's Attitude

While up to this time Governor Johnson had taken no fatherly interest whatever in the Anti-Alien Land Bill, he resented the volley of criticism which was leveled at the Legislature by the Eastern press, and besides assuring the President that the Legislature might be depended upon to respect both treaty obligations and its own duty to the nation, he leaped into the newspaper columns himself with some paragraphs of bristling argument in behalf of the State rights to enact this protective legislation exactly as Arizona, Washington, and other States had done. California, it appeared, was being put before the nation in the position of a bad boy who was rocking the boat when, as a matter of fact, he was only trying to steer. The firing of the Governor's first barrel of argument in rebuttal centered press criticism upon himself. His response to this was a second barrel rejoinder, reinforcing his arguments by additional citations of the acts of other States, and declaring:

*We protest, while we are merely debating similar laws, against having trained upon us, not only the verbal batteries of Japan, but those of our own community.*

But all the while, too, Governor Johnson was receiving intimations that he was jeopardizing the interests of the national Progressive party by taking a stand that was not popular in the East. At about the same time telegrams began to arrive in the Executive's office from Oyster Bay. These telegrams have never been made public, but a section of the press assumed them to consist of exhortations to stand pat against the proposals from Washington. Such inference overlooks the fact that Colonel Roosevelt as President had himself successfully coerced a California Legislature into inaction when bent on similar intent; therefore it may be concluded safely that anything which came to Governor Johnson from Colonel Roosevelt was in the way of an exhortation to stand from under.

But the state of the Governor's mind appears to have been that of the majority of the Legislature—a disposition to let the matter sleep if it would, but—soothing syrup failing—the issue once clearly raised, there was to him, as to others, but one side to the question. Accordingly, since the time of the passage of the Bradford bill, he had been gradually coming to feel that, despite all questions of expediency, some such legislation was inevitable, and on the very night before Secretary Bryan's arrival, the Governor announced to the Progressive leaders that he was for some such enactment of the Birdsall bill, then pending in the Senate.

### "Is Japan Justly Offended?"

However, his nearest approach to a public exercise of the gubernatorial influence was the widely published utterance made near the close of the second joint legislative conference with Mr. Bryan on the first day of the Secretary's arrival. All the afternoon Mr. Bryan had been bearing down upon the fact that the dignity of Japan had been offended. At length the Governor asked the floor, and in the course of a four-minute speech uttered these sentences:

*The point of inquiry, it seems to me, should be —and I speak perhaps academically in this regard—not: Is Japan offended to-day, but is Japan justly offended to-day? Is there anything that is contemplated by the Legislature of the State of California that should give and would give to any nation logically looking at the problem just offense? If there be just offense given, none of us desires that that shall be so; but if it be a fact that offense is taken where justly it ought not to be taken, then we are justified in proceeding with our legislation in the State of California.*

These remarks of the Governor were received with prolonged applause.

In the meantime Secretary Bryan had completely failed to impress the Legislature with any reason for abandoning the proposed enactment, which the members felt was solid enough to be offered successfully to their constituents as an excuse for postponement of action.

However, as the representative of the titular head of the Democratic party appealing to Democratic members of the Legislature, Secretary Bryan was more successful. His party reasons appeared to be more cogent than his diplomatic ones.

At his suggestion Senator Curtin introduced a resolution postponing the issue for two years, and for this resolution every Democratic Senator but two and all but six of the Democratic Assemblymen voted; but the Progressives were almost solidly against it, so that the Curtin resolution was lost by 46 to 23 in the Assembly, and 26 to 10 in the Senate.

### Tactful Secretary Bryan

At all times Mr. Bryan conducted himself with consummate tact and won the affection of everyone with whom he came in touch, including the Progressive Governor, who, although he found it necessary to oppose his mission, yet declared that it was doubtful if any other than the altogether charming Secretary of State could have carried himself through the delicate situations in which he was placed and in which he placed himself without certain shipwreck.

On the other hand everyone was kind to Mr. Bryan. The Governor entertained him at his home. The Lieutenant Governor placed his office at the Secretary's disposal, thus affording him accommodation across the hall from the Senate.

The Legislature and the legislators heard him whenever he desired to be heard, and the Assembly even went so far as to interrupt its debate before the final vote on the bill to allow him to say good-by, good-naturedly assenting when he seized the occasion to make one final plea for postponement.

During the Assembly debate to which Mr. Bryan was a listener, a point came out which revealed to the Secretary of State that his cause had been hopeless from the first.

This was an unchallenged statement to the effect that the labor movement in the State had, ever since the election campaign, held the pledges of 90 per cent. of the legislators to vote for an Anti-Alien Land Bill.

While the presence of Secretary Bryan in the Capitol of a sovereign State actively endeavoring to influence legislation produced some tense and delicate situations, no unpleasantness of any kind resulted; and while he failed to attain the object of his mission, he undoubtedly secured for the President valuable

first-hand information as to the state of the popular mind on the cause in issue, and it is not likely that anything but good will come from the visit aside from the establishment of what may be regarded as a doubtful precedent.

### The Law Itself

It remains but to say a word about the law. Undoubtedly the President's criticisms, suggestions, and objections resulted in a more euphemistic wording of the document. The words "ineligible to citizenship" do not appear. This is avoided by affirming in one section the rights of aliens eligible to citizenship, and then in a second section affirming that aliens not covered by the first section may "acquire, possess, enjoy, transmit, and transfer real property. . . in the manner and to the extent and for the purposes presented by any treaty now existing," etc.

By the expedient of this phrasing, the law not only avoids contravening the Treaty of 1911 with Japan but follows the very line of cleavage laid down by that document, which as before stated secured to the Japanese the right to lease and occupy land for certain residential and business purposes but was emphatically silent on agricultural lands.

It is difficult to see, therefore, how the Japanese nation can successfully oppose a law which practically enacts a Japanese treaty into a California statute and bars the Japanese citizens from no privilege in California from which California's citizens are not also barred in Japan.

## LEE DID NOT APOLOGIZE

Did Robert E. Lee "apologize to the Union for having taken up arms against his country?"

"Never!" you exclaim, amazed that anyone should ask a question so preposterous. Yet that very statement is contained in United States histories which are used extensively in teaching children throughout the land, and was flung at me by a Northern school-girl in the course of an argument concerning the Civil War. I denied it most emphatically and rather heatedly, I confess—but, alas, I had no proof to back me, while she, with youth's absolute faith in the verity of the printed page, triumphantly brought forth and placed before me the History she was studying at the time, and there it was in bold black type—a statement that I knew to be absolutely false, but to her it was a "Historical" fact, and I was impotent in the face of it.

Since my return South, I have often asked this question of people who were in a position to give me accurate information, but they all answer, "No, Lee never, never apologized to anyone for the stand he took in the Civil War," And I know that these people are right, yet I have only their spoken word, and should I meet that northern school girl again, I should again be helpless before the tremendous force of the printed page.

It is not right! No one wishes to re-open old wounds and fight the war afresh; but the rising generation should be taught the truth and not be made to accept as truth the gross misrepresentations of ignorant or malicious partisans.

Our Southern history (if it were told right) is too glorious, and our valiant soldiers bore themselves too creditably under the fearful odds against them, for us to sit idly by and let them be blazoned forth to the world as servile and ignominious—or for us indifferently to allow "histories" to be placed in the hands of our impressionable young people that will dim the glory and tarnish the reputation of our Southern heroes.

The North could not be harmed—their victory could not be plucked from them—by a faithful presentation of the truth; and we owe it to the memories of those brave men who went through the hell of war only to face the sting of death; who met the bitter, desolate days of reconstruction with a fortitude and courage unexcelled in the annals of secular history; who, broken and poor as the war had left them, bravely faced the issue and, upon the smoking ruins of a cruelly devasted country, laid the foundation for our rich and glorious Southland of today—we owe it to these men, our own ancestors, to see to it that only the truth concerning them shall be spoken and, whose story shall be written and printed and placed in the hands of our children.

The Northerners have their victory. We have only a memory—a glorious memory of a valiant army, which, time after time, against incredible odds, plucked victory from the jaws of defeat and, though finally overwhelmed by numbers, were never conquered.

Shall we let this memory fade and finally be obscured by a cloud of "historical" lies, leaving our children's children to hang their heads in shame when they are taught from the pages of "history" that our great and noble General Robert E. Lee—one of the Five Great Commanders of the world—abjectly "apologized to the Union" at last?

No! We owe it to him and to the great Army he commanded, great even in defeat, to see to it that authentic Southern and Civil (?) War history shall be provided for our Southern posterity that it may be able to refute the misrepresentations with which it will most likely be confronted.

—Mrs. Lloyd K. Wooten.

# Reconciliation: A Christmas Story of the Confederacy

BY MRS. LLOYD K. WOOTEN

"Git away fum dat, you good-fo-nothin' black rascal you!" Aunt Dilsey, broom in hand, wrathfully descended upon the small chocolate-colored figure of "Little Lige" who was endeavoring, by means of a crack in the parlor door, to obtain a view of the interior, which he had been expressly forbidden to behold on pain of chastisement at the hands of Aunt Dilsey. Agile and quick, he succeeded in evading vengeance in the shape of Aunt Dilsey's fat arm, and withdrew to what he considered a safe distance before venturing any attempt at self-defense—a yard or so between them being in his estimation sufficient advantage, since with any lead at all, it would be impossible for Aunt Dilsey's two hundred pounds avoirdupois to keep pace with such a small African Mercury as himself.

"Ah wan' doin' nothin' but—."

"Don't yo' gimme nea' nother word! Yo' know Miss Glory done said dey wan' nobody to poke dey haid inside dat do to'day. Now, yo' git on out'en hyar."

"But mammie—."

"Git!" Aunt Dilsey, broom upraised, took a sudden threatening step forward, and Little Lige darted down the long hall and was gone, "Lak a streak o' black lightnin'," observed Aunt Dilsey, *sotto voce,* as she returned to her task of sweeping and dusting the wide hall of the old Colonial Marsden residence. Meanwhile in the stately old drawing-room of "The Oaks," the door of which Aunt Dilsey was guarding so zealously, Gloria Marsden and her mother were arranging a Christmas tree, the sight of which and the fruit of which was upon the following morning to gladden the eyes and cheer the hearts of the house-servants, Aunt Dilsey, Uncle Lige, Little Lige and the rest of their numerous progeny besides numbers of other negroes who were a part of the Marsden regime.

On other Christmasses, Gloria had taken a delight in planning gifts for the little negroes who really loved her and served her so devotedly, and in picturing their funny round eyes and bobbing courtesies of thanks when their gifts were presented, but now her heart was not in these Christmas preparations. It was following the Army, where brave old Dad had been promoted to Colonel of his regiment and from whence came glowing reports of the gallantry and daring of another and younger man whom she hardly dared name, even to herself. And yet, all this long while, that name had been and was even now ringing in her soul, "Arthur Carrington—Arthur Carrington!"

It was like Arthur to be brave. It was like him to be fearless and daring. She recalled the day, long since, when they were but children, his "Sweetheart," he had insisted, on calling her even then, when he had killed a menacing snake in her path as they roamed the woods together. O why had she sent him away? Why had she let him go, even unto war, with coldness between them? As she reviewed their quarrel, the cause of it which had loomed large and important at the time appeared so trivial now! Arthur, in his quiet masterful way, had pointed out at the time how little a thing it was—the beginning of the breach between them—and had begged her not to allow so small a wedge to separate so large a love. But her pride and unreasonableness had at last driven him to desperation and when the war broke out between the States, Arthur was among the first to enlist on the Confederate side. Gloria recalled with a pang the day their troops had marched from the town.

"There, I've finished stringing the pop-corn, and now we'll just loop it about the tree. Catch this end Gloria." Her mother's voice recalled her from thoughts of the past, and her hands went back to the present task, but her heart was calling, "Arthur! Oh, Arthur!"

That night when the tree was finished, the presents hung thereon, and Gloria had retired to rest in her own room on the second floor, the persistent cry of the whippoorwill came to her from a thick clump of arbor vitae which grew near her bed-room window. It was Arthur's old-time signal with which, when they were just boy and girl together, he had called to her to go for a woodland stroll. She arose quickly and slipping on a warm dressing gown, threw open the shutters and looked out upon the clear, frosty night, brilliant with stars. The whippoorwill called again from the clump of bushes, and this time Gloria gave an answering cry, while her heart was beating so tumultuously that it seemed to her it must be heard above the soft call which issued from her lips.

"Gloria!" Arthur's voice was discreetly low but vibrant with joy at the mere fact that she had answered his signal.

"Yes," she whispered eagerly.

"I can't explain from here," the low voice went on, "but I am in need of shelter—of a hiding place in fact, and I haven't time to make 'The Cedars,' as I had thought to do. Could you—would you, take me in? At the back door please, and don't show a light. I will explain when—." He broke off suddenly and in the stillness Gloria heard the sound of galloping horses coming out of the distance, nearer and nearer.

"Quick Gloria! The back door!" And she saw his dark figure spring from the bushes and make for the back of the house. With forethought she hastily closed her shutters, lowered the sash, and then sped

down the wide stairs, every step of which she knew by heart, in the dark, reaching the big door at the rear of the house almost on the instant that her lover knocked softly for admittance. With trembling fingers, she lifted the heavy bolt and turned the great key in the latch, whereupon the door opened and closed quickly, and Arthur was beside her, deftly and softly replacing the bolt and turning the key. At the same instant, they heard horses galloping up the Avenue.

"Yankees!" whispered Arthur, "S—'s men. They're after me. No time to explain. Where—."

"Come!" Gloria broke in, taking his hand and dragging him toward the stairway. Her quick wit had divined something of the dangerous situation and, by rapid thinking, she had hit upon a plan which would save him, if only they were in time. "The attic Arthur," she whispered as they sped, the young man having paused long enough to remove his shoes, and they climbed the stairs swiftly and noiselessly.

"I remember," he whispered back, "we used to hide up there when we'd done something especially naughty. The very place. The trap-door, removable ladder." I'll pull it up after me, and there'll be no sign. You're a brick, little girl! Is the ladder there now?"

"Always is," Gloria panted, "Never—has—been—moved—that I know—of." They were speeding down the long hallway of the upper story and reached the foot of the ladder just as a rush of heavy feet was heard upon the front verandah. Arthur caught Gloria in his arms, "Just one kiss sweetheart! I've been starving—!" She gave him her lips and then pushed him away frantically, as there came a loud knocking on the doors below.

"O hurry! Suppose that trap should stick—or something?" He started up, then, "My shoes," he whispered. She reached down, quickly found them and handed them up to him. "Quick! Quick! Quick! she breathed as another and louder knock sounded on the door. "They'll be in in a moment."

He climbed then, as swiftly as possible in the dark, and Gloria held her breath at the long pause which ensued. Then she heard the familiar little creak of the trap-door hinges, and no sigh of relief ever escaped from a more thankful bosom.

"All right little girl!" Love's ears are keen, and the whisper came down to her, then as she felt the ladder being raised up from under her hands, she fled to her room, weak and shivering with excitement. Tremblingly but carefully, she removed her dressing-gown and hung it in its accustomed place, and creeping into bed, endeavoring to compose herself so as to be able to feign sleep should anyone come to awaken her, reflecting that if she took no one into her confidence for the present, her lover would be better shielded, perhaps, by a real ignorance as to his whereabouts upon the part of the members of her own household.

Meanwhile Uncle 'Lige had been bidden by his awakened mistress to make a light and see what was wanted by the intruders. Returning to Mrs. Marsden's door, he made his report:—"Dey's some Yankee gemmans, Mistis, but dey says open de do' and dey aint gwine ter hurt nobody. Dey's got ter look hyer, do, for somebody what's 'scaped."

"You go back and tell them, 'Lige, that there's no one here but our family, that we've all been asleep in our beds up to now, and so, of course, no one can have come in. Tell them they're welcome to look about the grounds and stables for the fugitive, but it's no use to look here."

"Ya'as 'm." Old 'Lige shuffled off, but he returned directly at a swifter gait than he had ever been known to use for the ordinary purposes of locomotion.

"Dey sho am 'termined ter git in Mistis. Dey say dey don' mean no harm, but if Ah don' open de do' dey gwine ter git er axe and break it open! An fum de way dey sounded 'bout it—."

"Go and let them in 'Lige," his mistress's voice cut him short, "light the lamp in the hall. I'll dress and come out. I hope they won't wake Miss Gloria, for she is tired out from yesterday."

"Ya'as 'm." 'Lige proceeded to carry out her instructions, and soon a dozen blue-coats were clanking impatiently about the hall, awaiting the appearance of Mrs. Marsden. The young Lieutenant who was in command instinctively made his best bow when the mistress of "The Oaks" appeared, calm, and stately, with her prematurely grey hair piled high, and shining in the light.

"Sorry to disturb you, madam, but a prisoner has escaped from us, and we have reason to believe that he is in hiding here. Of course, you know I must do my duty."

"Of course," agreed Mrs. Marsden, "And you are quite welcome to search the place, for I know there is no one in hiding here. But would you mind telling me for whom you are searching?"

"There is no reason why I should not. His name is Arthur Carrington."

"Arthur Carrington!" exclaimed Mrs. Marsden in genuine astonishment, "Why we haven't seen Arthur for nearly two years." The soldier watched her narrowly as she spoke the name, evidently expecting it to be of greater import to her than her manner conveyed. He was puzzled. "Is not this the Cedars?" he inquired?"

"No, you have made a mistake. This is "The Oaks, and I am Mrs. Marsden, not Mrs. Carrington, as I imagine you have supposed."

The officer stared at her a moment, "But he was traced here," he declared doggedly, "And we've got to get him. He's the most daring and dangerous of all the young fellows we have to deal with. He has been in our ranks in a blue coat, stolen from a dead private,

I suppose, and he has information which would ruin us if it should reach Rebel headquarters before we can change our plans. You know what that means. He was to have been shot at sunrise."

"Shot!" exclaimed Mrs. Marsden in horror. Then, in a tone of relief, "But you're welcome to search for him here. We have seen nothing of him."

"We sho aint!" ejaculated Aunt Dilsey, who had now appeared upon the scene to see what was going on.

"Search the house men," ordered the Lieutenant, "Jones, you and Gray and Hargett take the cellar—every nook and cranny, mind? Seton, Hay and McDougal will search this floor. Hanna guard the front door, Smith the back." The rest of us will go upstairs."

"I hoped you would not find it necessary to disturb my daughter," said Mrs. Marsden, "But I suppose even she cannot be spared. Go and tell her to dress Dilsey."

Of course the search was fruitless, but for one moment Gloria's policy of silence came near being disastrous. She and Aunt Dilsey were standing in the hall above stairs as the soldiers came up, when Aunt Dilsey suddenly discovered the absence of the ladder to the attic. She had seen it there day in and day out for many years, and she was startled into exclaiming with staring eyes, "Good gracious! Whar's dat la—! Ouch Miss Glory! You don' step on de awfullest cawn I got on my feets!" And she turned her undivided attention to the injured member with many grunts and groans the while.

"What was she asking about?" demanded the Lieutenant suspiciously.

"Did you mean the lamp Aunt Dilsey?" asked Gloria pinching her arm softly, "The one that stays in the hall?"

"Ya'as 'm. Dat's whut Ah was axin' 'bout," replied the old negress taking the hint.

"You didn't bring it up last night," said Gloria, "Don't you remember? We were so busy fixing the Christmas tree?"

"Dat's so," agreed Aunt Dilsey with conviction, and the danger was averted.

The Yankee officer, however, looked carefully at the walls and ceiling, but even to Gloria's accustomed eyes, the trap door gave no sign, and at last the men departed, announcing their intention of going on to Arthur's home, 'The Cedars.' Though I did have a sneaking idea he was too smart to go there," said the Lieutenant, as they departed.

Gloria waited until the last hoof-beat had died away in the distance. Then she turned to her mother, "Mother, Arthur is here!" she said simply.

"Here!" said Mrs. Marsden, turning pale.

"Yes," said Gloria, relating all that had occurred, "And mother, don't you suppose he's—he's cold and hungry up there? Don't you think—."

"Of course he is," interrupted the hospitable lady, "We'll have him down at once. Go call to him 'Lige. Tell him the Yankees have all gone, that the coast is perfectly clear. And Dilsey, come help me get him something to eat. The poor boy must be half starved."

Arthur answered his hostess' summons with alacrity laughing like a boy at their startled looks upon seeing his blue coat, and, during the meal, feasting his eyes upon Gloria rather than satisfying his "inner man" upon the Christmas feast set before him.

"Now," he declared, at last rising, "I must go."

"Go!" they all exclaimed startled, yet upon second thought they saw that he must go. But where?

"To join my regiment," he replied to their queries, "I must, if possible, reach the camp before morning. It is stationed at Bear's Creek. That is ten miles away, and—."

"I will give you Deta," said Gloria—she did not say "lend" he noted, "For she is the fastest horse on the place. The only one left of any account in fact."

Arthur adored her with his eyes. "Isn't she wonderful, Mother!" he exclaimed softly, clasping the amazed Mrs. Marsden's hands. "For you are to be that someday. Isn't she Gloria?"

Gloria nodded with tears in her eyes and a trembling smile upon her lips. Whereupon, the shameless young man took her grave face between his hands and kissed the sweet trembling lips again and again before them all.

"Praise de Lord!" gasped Aunt Dilsey, but 'Lige shook her into silence.

"I'll take Deta, Sweetheart," he said, "But I'll bring her back."

He came himself to claim her promise, but "Deta" after carrying him through many dangers, was left on the bloody altar of his country. "She not only helped me to escape certain death that Christmas Eve, but she helped me to win promotion twice besides. Empty honors now that all is lost, Sweetheart," he said.

"Nothing right is ever lost," she returned. "My brave Captain, we will fight life's battles together with that for our motto. The Chrstmas Eve when I gave you Deta was the happiest one I ever spent. It brought you back to me."

---

My Dear Mrs. Thrash:

Your letter of December 15th enclosing roster for North Carolina received. I wish to say that work was more than satisfactory. It gave me a great deal of pleasure to think that there was one division in the U. D. C. that could get up a roster perfectly; it is the only perfect one I have received.

With very best wishes for the New Year, I am,

Sincerely your friend,

Katie Childress Schnabel.

Dec. 31, 1913.

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Official Pin, Children of the Confederacy

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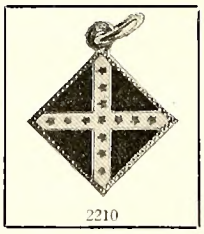
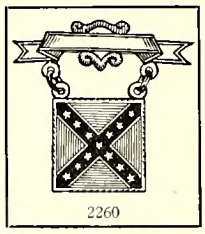
Junior Order Pin


2210

23154
Junior Order Button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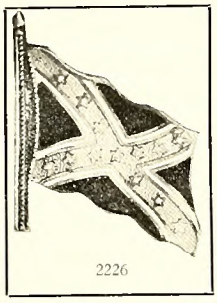
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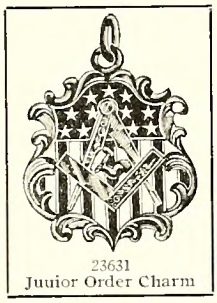
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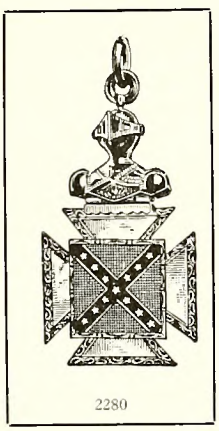
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# SOUTHERN CROSS

HISTORY NOT HATRED, NOR SECTIONAL STRIFE

*Dedicated to our busy people who always have time to make history but never time for research*

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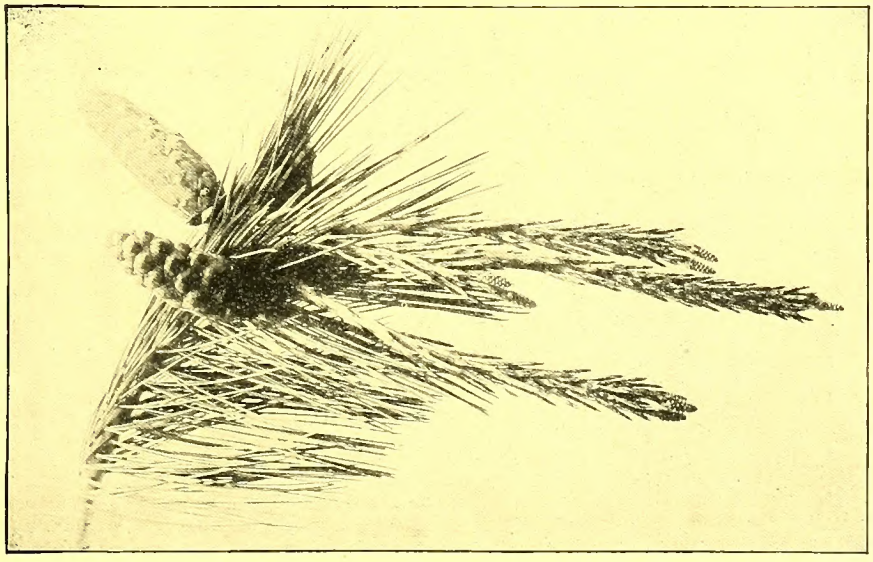

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF NORTH CAROLINA, UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY

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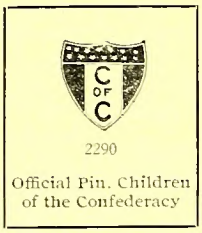

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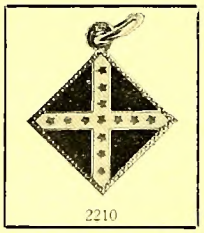
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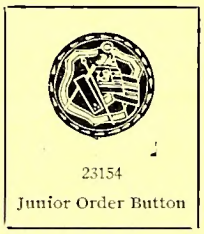
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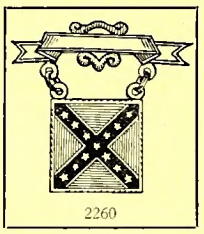
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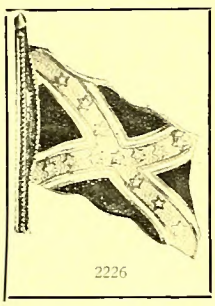
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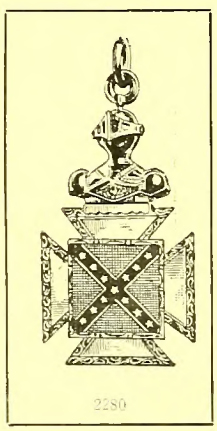
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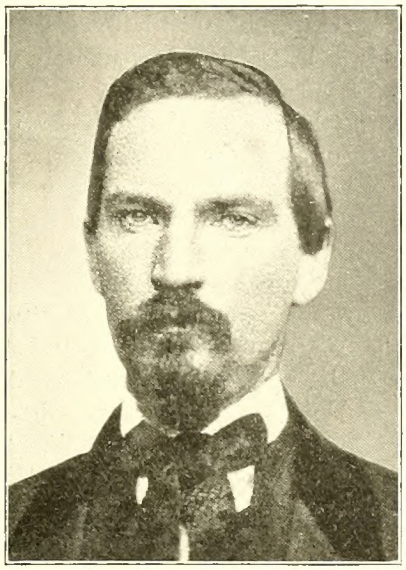
# Carolina and the Southern Cross

VOLUME 1 KINSTON, N. C., FEBRUARY, 1914 NUMBER 11

## WITH DANIEL WASHINGTON HURTT, 1861-1863



MAJOR DANIEL WASHINGTON HURTT

"Let fate do its worst,
There are moments of joy
Which it cannot destroy!
They come trooping back in the night time
Of sorrow and care,
Bringing with them the faces
That joy used to wear."

All civilized people have their moments of sweet meditation and happy reminiscence. If our pathway along life's road has been at times flinty and perplexing, we have, at least, enjoyed God's sunshine and inhaled the odor of the roses if we did not have them to repose upon, while twinkling stars kept vigil athwart the milky way.

This December is one to lend aid to the memory which must retrograde to times and happenings of more than half a century ago. While we sit here alone to-night with no disturbing sound to mar the joy of our moments of retrospection, some thoughts unbidden obtrude themselves, but, as the fair damsel smells each plucked flower and selects only the prettiest and most odorous for a bouquet, so we will give thought only to the joyous moments of happy boyhood—happiest when a soldier paraded, with two lads as "Markers," each carrying a beautiful blue silk marker's flag with N. L. I. in gold letters upon it, and, not last and by no means least, was the drum and fife corps of the New Bern Light Infantry, composed of the negroes: Dow Kennedy, fifer; George Abbot, snare drum; Thomas Wilson, bass drum. To my boyish way of thinking the men who made the music were of more importance than the balance of the aggregation, with their swords and muskets. About this time (1858) the writer commenced to take some notice of Mr. Dan Hurtt. This, no doubt, was owing to the fact of hearing men of experience and sound judgment speak in terms of praise of private Hurtt's military appearance and precision in the manual of arms. As time drew apace the Private Hurtt became Lieut. Hurtt of this splendid organization which furnished the C. S. A. with Colonels, Majors, Captains and Lieutenants. It was with unbounded joy that the heart throbbed when the eye beheld Lieut. Hurtt, arrayed in the fine uniform of his company with waving plumes of two colors and with sword gleaming in the sunlight, march at the head of a platoon of soldierly looking men. But, how soon, all too sudden, the times and scenes are changed! The signal of the approaching "Iron Horse" is heard in the distance; soon the puffing locomotive and rumbling cars are passing by the tent of Capt. D. W. Hurtt's company of "Beauregard Rifles," encamped upon the Academy Green, at corner of Hancock and Johnson Streets. The "Beauregards" from this camp escorted Capt. Jacob Brookfield's Company to the train when it left New Bern to go to Virginia. When Capt. Hurtt and his Company struck tents, and some of them looked for the last time upon the beautiful Academy Green where they had spent so many hours in happy-go-lucky boyish sports, no idle feasts or frivolous speech was indulged in and no Capt. from anywhere ever looked more soldierly than did D. W. Hurtt, at the head of his Company, as they marched to the depot to board the train enroute to Graysburg, situated three or four miles north of Weldon on the Petersburg & Weldon R. R.

At Graysburg, in camp Hill, the "Beauregard Rifles" became Co. 1. 2nd Regiment, N. C., Infantry. After the Bull Run battle, 21 July, 1861, Co. 1, with the 2nd Regiment, went to Richmond; from there to Matthias Point on the Potomac River, where Capt. George Blany, of Co. 1. demonstrated to the satisfaction of Capt. Hurtt, his Commander, that though he was a navigator and sailor by profession, he could engineer the construction of defensive earthworks. In March, 1862, the Regiment went to Goldsboro and into camp at Stony Creek four miles below

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the town, on the A. & N. C. R. R. In June, '62 the Regiment and Capt. Hurtt were back again in Virginia, taking part in the battles of Mechanicsville, Cold Harbor, Malvern Hill, Sharpsburg, South Mountain, and Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862, where it was subjected to a severe shelling.

Now we are done with Capt. D. W. Hurtt, and Co. "I". We have followed him when he was Private Hurtt. Lieut. Hurtt, and Capt. Hurtt of Co. "I," 2nd N. C. Infantry. It is now spring time 1863. D. W. Hurtt is no longer subject to orders from the Colonel of the 2nd Regiment. Henceforth he is to be Major D. W. Hurtt, Commander of the Brigade sharpshooters. How he wore his well earned Major's star is attested by his corps receiving the compliments of General (Stonewall) Jackson, who was looking on when it drove the enemy's line across a field and captured some prisoners. This occurred on Friday before the battle of Chancellorsville. General Ramseur in his official report mentions Major Hurtt and his skirmishers. At Gettysburg on the 1st day of July 1863, which was the first day of the battle, the skirmishers of the Brigade engaged a Pennsylvania regiment on the streets of the town and took its flag from the color bearer. In this encounter the Major was severely wounded. He was also wounded at Sharpsburg on the 17th day of September, 1862.

The Major was far from being a superstitious man, but he firmly believed that he would have been killed in a certain skirmish but for the protecting power of a pocket Testament which he carried in his pocket immediately over his heart. A nearly spent minnie struck him squarely upon this book and pierced through to the back cover staggering him for a few seconds. The Major always highly prized this book and the minnie ball, but unfortunately during the years past it has been lost.

After the battle of Gettysburg the Major suffered much from this wound, and reluctantly retired from the army. When the war was over he moved back to New Bern with his family and for a long time controlled the tailoring and clothing department of C. W. McLean's mammoth establishment, then situated on N. E. corner of Craven and Pollock Streets. From New Bern he moved to Goldsboro where he conducted a merchant tailoring business until his death. He was a refined, courteous gentleman, a brave, daring soldier, and a true friend. Daniel W. Hurtt, born June 9th, 1825, in New Bern, N. C. Died, March 18th, 1905, aged 79 years.

Tribute of a Private.
December, 1913.

# THE TARBORO RAID

[Reply of Captain John G. Smith, late of Company "C" 8th Georgia Cavalry to Gus Litchenstein's article on "Potters Raid at Rocky Mount, in July 1863" published in the "Tarboro Southerner" of February 5th and 6th, 1914.]

Noting an account of Potters Raid through Eastern North Carolina in July 1863 by Gus Litchenstein, I have thought it proper that I, as one of the commanding officers in Eastern North Carolina at that time, should make some reply to it, giving my version of the Raid and its results from a Confederate's standpoint, as I saw and remember it.

Eastern North Carolina at this time, was claimed by the Yankees to be full of Union sympathizers, some of these known there as "Buffalos" were a troublesome lot to handle, as it was hard to tell who was your friend or who was your enemy.

I had for some months been in command of the couriers line from Rocky Mount into Eastern North Carolina and was fairly well posted on existing conditions there. In addition to looking after my troops I had to keep a watchful eye on the "Buffalos" for they were at all times ready and willing to betray the pickets and carry information to the enemy. Indeed, a Southern man of today would be surprised to know the number of Judases we had to contend with who were at all times ready to sell us for less than the traditional "30 pieces of silver," hence it was necessary for us to watch them as well as the Yankees and as far as possible keep the number and movement of our troops concealed to guard against information they might give to the enemy.

I have always felt that the Potters Raid was made on information furnished by the Brook gang or some of their people, as it would have been hardly possible for the enemy to know the disposition of our troops without such information.

On July 18, 1863, Potters Raid through Eastern North Carolina was started, their destination being Rocky Mount, Tarboro and Greenville. When the raiders left New Bern, the headquarters of the 8th Georgia Cavalry stationed at Weldon was notified by my couriers and Lieutenant, Col. John T. Kennedy (a gallant son of North Carolina) was ordered to take six Companies of his command and intercept the raiders before they reached Rocky Mount. At that time my Company was stationed at Greenville and I was ordered to join Company "K" of our Regiment on the Williamson Pike to intercept the raiders should they come our way. Col. Kennedy, by forced marches failed to reach Rocky Mount in time to save the cotton mills and army supplies. They, however, followed the

raiders back to Tarboro where they joined in the chase with Company "K," after the enemy had been routed by Company "C" and Company "K."

On the morning of July 20th, the above Companies were on Williamson Pike and commenced a forward movement to Tarboro, throwing forward scouts and a strong skirmish line that they might have timely notice of the enemy and be prepared to give them a royal reception when they arrived.

We halted our column, (speaking from memory) about four miles from Tarboro on the Williamson Pike in front of the Daniel School House and dismounted Company "C" throwing the Company across a large ditch covered with briers and underbrush, partially concealing the men and sending the horses to the rear. The men were instructed to lie down and not fire until the enemy was in forty or fifty yards and then shoot to kill. Company "K" was moved to the rear, mounted and kept ready for the charge when the order was given. My recollection is it was about 9:30 o'clock when we heard firing in front. Our scouts and the enemy having arrived in Tarboro at about the same time, consequently there was no large amount of property destroyed in Tarboro, neither were there ever any gun boats destroyed that ever I heard of.

Our scouts and skirmishers made a stout fight but were forced back down the Hamilton Pike where we had prepared to give them a fine reception. However, before the enemy arrived our men had been instructed to shoot the horses and insure the capture of the riders. Our scouts and skirmishers reached the command about 10:00 A. M., closely pursued by the enemy, who evidently were not expecting us at this point. They made several charges on our position, but each time were driven back with less men and horses than they came with.

The engagement got to be a hand to hand fight and well do I remember a Lieutenant (I think his name was Herbert) of the 12th New York Cavalry, who selected me as a target and emptied his Colt revolver at me, then he threw the pistol at me with all his might and ran at me and collared me. About this time he was struck by a bullet. I threw him in the ditch where he remained until the fight was over. He was a gallant fellow and I regretted to see him go, but it was war and such was his fate. After the fight he was removed from the ditch by my order, and he gave me his pistol and sword and I kept them until the end of the War and they were taken from me by Captain Littler's Company of Ohio Troops.

The fight lasted but a short while, but while it lasted it was fast and furious. The enemy had killed and wounded in front of my Company twenty-five men and a number of horses and we captured during the day about sixty-four prisoners and nearly one hundred head of horses, many of which had been picked up on the raid. We also captured one mountain howitzer, mounted on a mule's back that was worth about as much to us in an engagement as an army suttler.

As soon as we had cared for the wounded we joined Company "K" in the chase of the invading host who were making all the time possible for a place of safety from our little band of "ragged rebels."

I note that the enemy claims to have made on July 19th an advance on Greenville and within twelve miles of the place to have surprised and captured a picket post of fifteen men destroying the tents and stores. They also claim to have found a strong line of entrenchments at Greenville. I want to say that this was all imaginary. There were no entrenchments at Greenville and there were no pickets captured on the raid. The only pickets there, was a small detachment in command of Sergeant Joe Russ, from my Company. They all joined the Company on the Williamson Pike and helped to give the raiders a good start back to New Bern. There was no hospital or sick soldiers at Greenville.

Now as to Rocky Mount, I was not there at the time of the raid, but had commanded there some months before and knew there was a large amount of army supplies there, in addition to Major Battle's cotton factory, which was a great loss to the Confederacy, that might have been avoided with proper care by the War Department.

Referring to the bridges at Greenville and Tarboro, would say they were both fired by the enemy, but not burned. They were too hard pressed for time to see that their work of destruction was carried out. They needed all the time they could get to reach a place of safety. We chased them from Tarboro to Streets Ferry where, under the cover of night and the aid of gun boats, they made their escape and during two days we had no rest and hardly any feed for man or horses.

Some years ago I met Mrs. Daniel, the owner of the Daniel School House, at Buffalo Lithia Springs and my friends and hers had put up a job on us that only exploded when I was presenting a prize to some young ladies and making them a short address, while Mrs. Daniel, unbeknown to me, was at my back holding a Confederate flag over my head, believing that I was the Yankee officer who commanded the Federal troops at Daniel School House in July, 1863. When she was told of the mistake, she was greatly mortified, but I assured her that I had nothing to do with it and from that time we were good friends. She was an unreconstructed rebel and I have no doubt died in the faith. She had with her a young married daughter, but I have forgotten her name, but would like to learn it again and communicate with her.

# THE AFTERMATH

BY MRS. F. C. ROBERTS

The fall after the surrender, we left our little farm in Warren County, and returned to New Bern. Our house had been burned, and so we rented two rooms, and with just 60 cents in our purses, began life over again.

In the Confederacy we were generally hungry, our clothing had been thread-bare, and we had many trials and cares. But, as a compensation, we had a large house, in a beautiful grove, with woods all round us; an old garden filled with such flowers as our mothers had tended and loved, a fine orchard, good water and freedom to rove whenever the notion took us. Our children were very happy. All summer they had an abundance of fruit and berries, and in fall and winter there were nuts and persimmons in the woods. They had all "the trash gang," that is all the little negroes under 12 years, to play with. They had a pleasant nursery presided over by their dear old mammy, and each child had his or her own attendant.

Now all was changed, there was no money to pay the traveling expenses of the servants, so they were left on the farm, with the year's crop and all the farm implements. They had good houses, an abundance of food and their husbands, fathers and brothers to work for them. Now we had but one young incompetent and indifferent servant. We lived, eight of us, in two rooms, one to sleep in, one to live in. They were in the ell of the house with a northern exposure—damp, dark, and poorly furnished. We had not one foot of ground to call our own, and not a flower that we could pull, not a twig that we could cut. My husband a war wreck, broken down in health and spirits, my children sickened. On the Sunday after our return, while the church bells were ringing, my oldest boy breathed his last—For me the sun ceased to shine, for me the moon gave no light—my heart was turned to stone. A year after some one said to me, "Did you notice the beautiful sunset?" and I answered, "I have not seen the sky since the surrender." In the letter of sympathy Miss Kate Gaston wrote me, after my father's death she said, "The sun has not shone so brightly since *my* father died." I wonder if a dense cloud was over the sun, or only on my poor broken heart. Not even the ashes of my old home remained. The provident Yankees had gathered them up with the bricks from chimneys, basement, wine cellar, and even from the pavement in the street. The very earth had been carried off, so that where flowers and shrubs once grew, was a stagnant pond. My husband's law office had been gutted. The bare walls only remained. All our household possessions were gone. With bowed heads and aching hearts we began the battle of life again, this time without the sinews of war. It was heart-rending to watch our men, their backs were bowed as though they were carrying heavy burdens. Every day some over-burdened soul sought refuge in that sleep that knows no waking on earth. People seemed to envy the sleepers, whose cares and anxieties were ended, rather than to grieve for them. But there was work to be done, and our women aroused themselves. Our soldiers had died on the field of battle and in Yankee prisons, and had been buried with their enemies. They had to be cared for, and the women made this their sacred duty. How they worked! By little and little they at last raised enough money to lay the corner stone of the Confederate vault. Our Memorial Association had been formed. On the day the corner-stone was to be laid, all interested,—that is, every Southern man, woman and child, not a traitor to his or her country, agreed to meet on the Academy Green and march to the Cemetery. Peace had been proclaimed, and martial law had been established. Peace and prosperity for the North,—oppression, humiliation, degredation for the South. The provost-marshal called at my husband's office, and left orders that no procession should march through the streets. Was the great United States Government afraid of this pitiful handful of ragged, sorrowful men, or these poor broken-hearted women, all dejected, all in mourning for loved ones? "Is the dead past going to bring its dead?" Or did its satellites only wish to add this last bitter drop to our cup of anguish? By twos and threes we collected inside the cemetery in God's acre, where these wicked oppressors dared not interfere, and then the sorrowful procession formed. Three of us had made little Confederate flags, to be placed under the corner-stone. These were handed among the dense crowd that filled the cemetery. And as their hands touched and their eyes gazed upon these sacred emblems, there went up a great sound of weeping and wailing. Nor was this our only labor of love.

Our first, last and only President lay in a felon's cell, loaded with irons—a vicarious sacrifice for his people. I determined to do something for his relief. Getting Miss H. Lane to accompany me, I went from house to house to collect money to send him. All gave gladly of their penny penury save one, a Baptist preacher named Cohen: he said, "I give him my prayers." Miss Lane replied, "Keep your prayers, he does not need them." Hearing that Mr. Fleming, who was afterwards sheriff, was a western man and a Southern sympathizer, we called on him, and stated that we were collecting money from the friends of

Mr. Davis. He handed me five dollars and remarked, "I was on the other side, but I give you this." I returned the money and asked him to excuse me; I was not asking charity, but was allowing his friends the great privilege of contributing to the relief of our much loved President. That night the Yankees held an indignation meeting, and left our church. A strange thing to do, as Miss Lane was a Presbyterian, and I just happened to be spokesman. The young men asked me to give a Jeff. Davis ball. I did so. Lothrop Hall was offered free of rent. The band contributed the music. The young men bought tickets. I stood on the hearth-rug and received the company, and we spent a bright merry evening.

The next day the little boys asked if they might have a tournament and ball. They rode stick-horses. Their mothers had dressed them for the occasion, and they were knights of the "Lost Cause," of "Dixie," etc. The ball was held in one of the rooms of the old Academy Building. They crowned the Queen of Love and Beauty, and played games. The next day the little fellows came with $7.00. One, probably about 6 years old, made a nice little speech. Altogether I had $700.00 to send. Mrs. Davis wrote a beautiful letter of thanks with a message from Mr. Davis. He was not allowed even to sign his name. In her letter, she used this expression: "As the blood of the martyrs was the seed of the church, so will the blood of those who fell in this holy cause be the seed of a new South.

We have lived to see her prophecy fulfilled, but it has brought leanness to the souls of us, who knew and loved the old South; we long for the ease, the comfort, the refinement, the culture we once enjoyed. We miss the gallantry, the chivalry of the men, the delicacy and refinement of the women. In all lands the victor leaves his impression on the vanquished. We have become very Yankeefied in our ways.

Looking back it is hard to realize the condition of our people in that reign of terror, and those days of reconstruction. Many books have been written on this subject, but their descriptions fall far short of the reality. Sherman had brought 20,000 negroes of the worst type, ignorant plantation-hands, with their heads full of his vile teaching. Many of them were located at James City. An epidemic of small-pox broke out among them. They were allowed to walk the streets of New Bern with the disease in all its stages. They took great pleasure in rubbing against the white people. A merciful Providence alone protected them. I remember once two horrid, black negroes, ragged, dirty, pock marked, joined me in the street and insisted on walking by my side. I stood still and said, "Now I have all day before me. I shall stand here till you decide to walk before me, or behind me, you shall not walk by my side." They said, "We'll walk behind you mistress, we'll walk behind you mistress!" And as they said the words, they would plant their feet on the train of my black dress and hold me down. This continued, step by step till I reached my gate, almost bursting with impotent rage. One night a neighbor, who was very ill, sent for me. It was late before I could leave her, but I thought I could go so short a distance safely. A negro man seeing me, stretched out his arms and calling, "Run gal, run," came at full speed towards me. I *did* run and right towards him. Most fortunately I reached my gate first, and got inside just as he almost touched me.

I spent the summer of '67 in Beaufort, N. C., and there saw an insipient negro insurrection. A blacksmith shop was just opposite my house. At 12 o'clock one night I saw the door open, saw the smith working at his forge, and one black form after another emerge, heavily armed, and melt away in the dark. The next day I heard that the white men knew of the plot and nipped it in the bud.

That winter we rented what we called the Tull house, at the corner of Pollock and Hancock streets. The negro church was next door. We could hear their songs, their prayers and their preaching. The preacher would urge his congregation to deeds of violence. "Set fire to the white people's houses, murder them in their beds, steal all you can from them; they were your masters, be theirs; make slaves of them, turn them out of their houses, and take them; they have striped your backs, stripe theirs. Treat their wives and daughters, as they have treated yours." I cannot write down the vile words they used. They made my blood run cold, and every word was distinctly heard all through my house. The congregation were roused to a pitch of fury, and would yell out "Yes, Lord" "Thank the Lord," "Bless the Lord." I remember one day, taking my little children out in front of the house, and closing the door that they might not hear those awful words. My little boy, four years old, and a little friend his age, were skipping along on the pavement, while we two mothers sat watching them; suddenly the congregation of 800 negroes turned the corner, some of them caught up the children and beat them unmercifully. And having tasted blood, like wild beasts as they were, they gathered around us and heaped on our defenseless heads, all the curses and vile epithets their vocabulary contained.

That night my husband on returning home found the porch full of negroes, one lying on the floor. Remembering our experience, he raised his foot to kick her out, when one said, "She has fainted." He and I took out restoratives and worked on her till she recovered.

Soon after this there was a talk of insurrection. The negroes started from James City, a negro settlement across the river, to attack the town. For once

our enemies were also our protectors. We were under martial law. The Federal soldiers met the negroes on the bridge and repulsed them. I stood in the streets and witnessed the fight. I recall another night of horrors. A mob from James City came over in a torch light procession. There were thousands of them, a dense crowd, filling the streets from the houses on each side. They were in rags, and under the glare of their torches, looked like wild animals, rather than men. I had put out all the lights in my house but could not resist the temptation of looking at them through the closed blinds. They hooted and yelled and sang, "Hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree," and, seeing me and my children, they would call out, "I see you d—n secesh peeping through the bars, we got you in prison" etc., etc. Rocks were thrown against the house; no one felt safe. Fires were of nightly occurence. The plan was to set fire in different parts of the town at once, so the chance to steal would be greater. The condition of things in the country was worse than in town. It was not safe to drive a mile out of town. There was an organized band of desperadoes, who way-laid all travelers, murdered and robbed them. Those who lived on small farms were shot down at their own fire-sides, their cattle killed, their smoke-houses robbed and their barns and dwelling-houses burned. Those who escaped with their lives, the women and children, whose fathers and sons had been murdered, sought refuge in the country poor-houses, where they found a living death. The keeper was a negro of the lowest, vilest type. He was tall and black, a giant in form, with the face of a wild beast. Only white women and children were admitted. As a member of "Christ Church Relief So.", I visited there. I found a house built high from the ground, underneath was a cellar with no windows and a dirt floor; there were four rooms on the first floor, an attic with openings for windows but no sash; the chimney passed through the middle, but there was no provision for a fire. There was a cuddy under the eaves, a sort of closet but no door. It would require a pen like Dickens' to describe all the horrors of this place. In the cellar were a woman and eight children, their ages ranging from a boy of 12 or 14 to a babe in the arms. They did all the work of the house. And on a bundle of straw in one corner was a poor creature, covered with bed-sores; the flies swarmed around her and her body was alive with maggots. In her agony she had torn all her rags of clothing from her, and lay there exposed to the flies. We, Mrs. Hughes and I, talked to the mother of the children and advised her to send her children to the "Ragged School" we had for poor children. She was an intelligent woman, and had seen better days. In fact all in this house were those who had owned small farms. She said "Mr." Tucker would not allow the children to go to school, as he did not want them to be educated, and be better than his children. Mrs. H. said, "Don't call him 'Mr.' preserve your self-respect." that night he turned her and her children out in the street. We could never hear what became of them. This "Jupiter" Tucker did not wish us to inspect the Poor-House. He had in his hand a switch as large as my finger and about eight feet long. From the time we entered the gate till we left, he followed us and stood close by our side. The main floor of the building contained three rooms about 8 x 10 feet large, and the steps leading to the loft. One of these rooms was used as a kitchen. In one there was a rather comfortable looking bed and one old woman. We said, "You are quite snug with a room all to yourself." She pointed at Jupiter and said "that black devil sleeps on the foot of my bed every night." As we ascended the stairs a horrible smell almost stifled us. The weather was intensely hot. We found in the little cuddy under the eaves a rather pretty delicate looking child dying with typhoid fever, the mother sat fanning her. She said, "that black devil" made her child get up out of her sick bed and driven with the whip, he always had, compelled her to clean up the yard. That he was trying to kill them all. His brother Dick Tucker was an undertaker and had charge of the Poor House. He got $13.00 from the County for each pauper he buried, and while he did not actually murder them, he caused their death, by placing his brother over them to kill them by his cruelty. She was refined in her manner, and said she had owned slaves and had been well off. Jupiter had never exactly struck her, but he would swing his switch so close to her head that it would touch her hair. Each one had a tale of individual cruelty to relate. They were not allowed to leave the little 40 foot lot. Their rations consisted of salt pork, meal and molasses. They were ill, some with scurvy, and they were not allowed to change this coarse food for something they could eat, although at the stores they could do so. They said Tucker would go around the country, pick up all the poor who were old or dying and throwing them in his cart would bring them there to die. Often as he lifted them from the cart, he put them in the box ready for them, dead from the rough ride. Then he would pick up his horse and take them to the Poor-house farm and bury them like dogs, getting $13.00 for each one. They said the poor wretch in the cellar had been brought there to die, and nothing had been done to alleviate her sufferings. In the attic room, or loft, (attic is too good a name for such a place) there were eight human beings slowly but surely dying from neglect and cruelty. The so-called beds were so close together that those nearest the eaves were reached only by crawling over the outside ones. There was standing room in only one spot about 3 x 5 ft. They said at night a poor idiot had her bag of straw

and slept there, filling thus every foot of spaee. At this late date I eannot remember the tales of horror they related. But I do remember her story. Her father owned a farm well stocked and was well off. He had a large family. One night a band of masked men eame. They shot and killed all the family. She caught up the baby and ran for the woods; they fired on her. The next day she was found crouching down with her dead baby close to her breast. They had killed it. She became idiotie from that time. Seeming to know nothing, but if any allusion was made to that night, she went into eonvulsions. Not for one moment did Jupiter leave our side, nor did he contradiet one word of what was said. Hearing a step downstairs, and feeling sure it was Dr. Bates, the eounty physician, I stood on the stairs, but where I could not see him, I repeated the story each one had told me. I then said, "now I have very little money; the Yankees have stolen most all I ever had, but I am going to spend my last cent in publishing the eondition of affairs here. I am going to wait one week and if there is not a change, I am going before the Commissioners and lay the case before them. Are you all willing to stand to what you have told me?" They all said, "Yes, they ean but kill us; they are doing that anyhow and we prefer a quick death to a slow one." I said if they did not aet I would publish this thing from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The worst feature of this ease was that while the poor whites were herded together, the poor negroes had eomfortable quarters at the poorhouse proper. The main building had been burned, but the out-houses were still standing.

The next week we went again and a radical change had been made. Dr. Bates had resigned and a Southern man was in his place. At this time the town was under negro rule. Every offiee was filled by them. Dick Tucker, combined the positions of senator, justice of the peace, eounty commissioner, and many others, with that of undertaker. The Yankees took especial delight in destroying family portraits. Some they used as targets, others they cut from the frames and gave away. In the house of a very poor woman we found a very beautiful portrait by Brown, of Miss Annie Washington, now Mrs. Rapley. This was nailed against the wall. We bought the portrait and sent it to Mrs. R. at St. Louis. We had for many years bought butter from a prosperous farmer. For a long time he did not come, and when he did we eould hardly recognize him—he was so disfigured. He said while sitting with his family a band broke in on him, shot down most of his children, gagged his wife and locked her in the smoke house, shot him several times, left him for dead, and after setting fire to his home went off; somehow he escaped. Tales like these eame to our ears day by day; we had no relief. About this time the K. K. K's. were regulating matters in the Western part of the state.

# Message From the President of N. C. Division U. D. C.

(CHAPTER PRESIDENTS WILL PLEASE READ TO MEMBERS)

Your President extends greetings and best wishes to all the Daughters of the North Carolina Division and eongratulates them on an increase in 1913 of 400 members, four new Chapters and six Childrens' Chapters.

District Meetings will be held again this Spring, hostess Chapters deciding the date.

The Division will have a portrait of the late Colonel Ashley Horne painted. The presentation will take plaee in Raleigh, June 10th, 1914, at the time of the unveiling of the Horne monument. This noble ex-Confederate soldier proposed and devised means for the erection of a monument to the Confederate women. It is most fitting the Division should plaee his portrait among the illustrious Sons of North Carolina. Eaeh Chapter will doubtless feel it an honor to assist Mrs. M. O. Winstead, Roeky Mount, the Chairman of the Horne Portrait Committee. Your President urges all the Daughters to be present at the unveiling.

The erection of the Women's Confederate Home will be deferred for a while, on aeeount of no provision being made for the funds appropriated by the last Legislature. Mrs. Hunter G. Smith, of Fayetteville, urges the Chapters to continue collecting money to furnish the Home.

Apply to Mrs. B. H. Griffin, Goldsboro, N. C., for the first and second year minutes combined, 25 eents per copy.

Remember that all taxes must be paid by Mareh 1st. The Treasurer, Miss Margaret Etheridge, Selma, desires you to state eauses for which you send money.

At the General Convention at New Orleans, it was deeided grand neices were now eligible.

Please remember Chapter pledges to Edueational work.

All members must have certifieates. Order through your President.

We are still due Five Hundred Dollars on the Boy Soldier's monument ereeted last June on the University Campus. This obligation is pressing.

The Arlington Monument is to be unveiled in

(Continued on page 15)

# Carolina and the Southern Cross

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

L. V. ARCHBELL . . . . Editor

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In the March issue each chapter will be given credit for the number of subscribers secured by the chapter. Also a list of Libraries, and public schools that are on our list will be given. Some chapters that have held back will no doubt act after seeing the president's message. Of course no chapter would interpret Mrs. Little's call for ten subscribers as an assessment. Neither would they understand that they could not send more than ten.

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"The Aftermath" by Mrs. F. C. Roberts is selected for this issue because so many requests for information on that period have been made recently. A girl in the country wrote "Please send me an address where I can get something on the reconstruction period, I have never seen anything on the subject except Tourgee's 'Fools Errand.'" About the same time a lady closing an interesting war experience wrote: "About the reconstruction period it is not my purpose to write. It is better to forget that terrible time." Yes, it is no doubt better to forget all unpleasant things in life, but unfortunately we who feel that way can't do the forgetting. These things will not stay forgotten. They come back like ghosts in distorted forms clothed in a garb that is only part the truth, and we find ourselves helpless because we have no tangible evidence to refute them. The Fools Errand is still in existence and still working against the truth as we know it to be. Only a few weeks ago the moving pictures in Eastern Carolina were advertising a Ku Klux scene from that book in which U. S. troops, and Carpet-baggers figured as heroes and the influence of the picture was with the people who were in power, *as the Aftermath shows it.* Daughters and Veterans can not afford to be silent about the painful past. Let our descendants have a truthful account of that awful time as far as written words can give it. We have put away all bitterness and evil speaking and both North and South should know the truth of the war. It will help us to a better understanding of each other.

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A gentleman who had refused to subscribe to CAROLINA AND THE SOUTHERN CROSS suddenly changed his mind when he saw General Ransom's picture. "There's old Bob Ransom," he said, "yes, I'll take the paper if you are going to write about North Carolina men. I am tired of seeing other states get all the credit, and our own soldiers lie neglected and almost forgotten."

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A few weeks ago we received two papers from a U. D. C. woman and we passed them on to a Confederate captain who commanded the Confederates on the occasion described. We are glad to give Captain Smith's answer to the article in the *Tarboro Southerner.* We had just received Captain Smith's letter mentioning the raid.

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Another month, and CAROLINA AND THE SOUTHERN CROSS will have reached the twelfth issue of its first year. During that time many questions have been asked the Editor concerning Abraham Lincoln. Most of these questions have been asked by school children and some by mothers who were preparing club papers. The Editor of this magazine would not pluck one laurel from the fame of Mr. Lincoln if it justly belongs to him; But the Southern child, the deseendant of the Confederate soldier, is not getting a fair deal. He has had a super-abundance of literature thrust upon him, mostly the opinions and sentiments of writers who are carried away by their own personal feelings, and truth about Lincoln is so wrapped about by sentiment, that the youth of today can scarcely secure enough of it to sustain him through a school debate. What would a school boy do with such instruction as he gets in the poem here given, written it is said, by one Maurice Thompson, a Confederate soldier who lived North after the war.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

"He was the Southern mother leaning forth at dead
of night to hear the eannon roar
Beseeching God to turn the cruel North,
And break it that her son might come once more.
He was New England's maiden pale and pure
Whose gallant lover fell on Shiloh's plain
He was the mangled body of the dead."

It takes a powerful imagination to picture Lincoln in the first four lines of this poem; but another of Mr. Lincoln's admirers goes much farther. He says that "in some wild burst of enthusiasm people will proclaim him the Christ." Also, he says: "If every body was as good as Lincoln there would be no need of Heaven."

THE EDITOR WANTS FACTS

Please give six reasons why the children in the public schools of the South should be taught to reverenee Abraham Lincoln? Please give six reasons why the "Daughters of the Confederacy" should object to have their children so taught.

Let all answers be supported by historical facts on unimpeachable authority, and not by unsupported opinion or sentiment.

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Mr. Lincoln's admirers have not been fair in their chronicles, to the history student. The Bible contains the highest type of history. It records an act without comment and records a result. Then you are left to draw your own conclusion. Perhaps some intelligent Confederate soldier would be willing to write a series of short articles for this paper showing the acts of Abraham Lincoln in his dealing with the South. Please do not write what Lincoln *thought* nor how Lincoln *felt,* nor how Lincoln *looked.* The boys and girls who read this magazine, desire to be told what Lincoln *did*, what he wrote and how he executed the laws. The plain truth, and if possible the volume, page and date that bear proof of its authenticity. Sometime we shall print all the questions that have been asked this paper about Abraham Lincoln.

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Out of one thousand books written in praise of Lincoln, it is hard to discriminate between sentiment and fact. We know the difficulties in the way of the school boy—the result of a child's study are sometimes startling.

A Virginia chapter wrote to the Keystone. The Orange County Chapter offered a handsome medal to the pupil in the country schools who submitted the best essay on Confederate subjects. It was won by a girl of Gordonville High School whose subject was "Why the Confederates Failed at Gettysburg." The essay showed an unusual grasp of detail of battle and ability of expression. But we can but conclude that there is something rotten in Denmark when a pupil in a Virginia school in all seriousness states that Jackson prayed too much and Confederate failure at Gettysburg was a Ruling of Providence to prevent the slave holding south from subduing the free and glorious north."

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On February 20, 1913, the A. M. Waddell Chapter of Kinston gave their first entertainment to raise a fund to erect a Confederate monument. It was a great success financially and otherwise. The Chapter had numerous offers of help from outside the State but loyally decided to put the work of raising this money into the hands of two North Carolina girls, the Misses Burkheimer of Charlotte. Miss Bessie Burkheimer has a decided talent as a writer of plays, and she has a number of these plays which always draw full houses. She takes the responsibility, does the work, and gets the money for the Chapter. The play presented for the Chapter was a "Musical Comedy," and was patronized by an overflowing house. Both young ladies take leading parts and they are industrious workers. Chapters that are trying to raise money for special objects would no doubt meet with better success by securing the help of these sisters if they can.

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We are publishing a few letters from some of our distinguished contributors on Immigration.

Let us consider carefully the note of warning that these men are sounding to the South. They have studied immigration and emigration at home and abroad. They have studied the history of races, and the science of assimilation. The alarm is timely and it is up to us to be alert and watchful. When we see large numbers of laborers brought into our state, let us find out who paid their passage here. Has a return passage been provided? Have they sent us laborers that they have used successfully or those that are useless and untried? Will these laborers continue to labor or will they soon become a burden to us? If they bring their children shall we be required to provide separate schools for any reason. On account of color? On account of religion? On account of crime or feeble mindedness?

A certain town in our state has raised an emphatic protest against the admission of a Chinese boy, a laundryman, to the graded school. There is only one just now. In three years there may be twenty Chinese children in that town.

North Carolina has few very rich people, also, she has few paupers. Shall we admit an army of paupers in order to develop a few more men of great wealth?

Another question arises. Will these immigrants marry? Whom will they marry? We have a class of uneducated white people who are too poor to rise rapidly. The state is giving these people a chance to rise by education. What effect will an ignorant horde of immigrants have on the chance of an education for these white people? Aside from this, we still have the Negro. Is there any chance left for the Negro? Can we devise a way to take him from the criminal class and make a law abiding self-respecting laborer of him?

Let us at least see that the laborers who come to North Carolina are not the refuse of other sections of our country, or the undesirable parasites of foreign lands.

# LETTERS OF DISTINGUISHED MEN

BIRMINGHAM, ALA., January 24, 1914.

*Mrs. Lilly V. Archbell,*
*Kinston, N. C.,*

MY DEAR MRS. ARCHBELL:

Your postal card came to hand some days ago, and as usual I was delighted to hear from you again but was too unwell at the time to make any reply. In answer to same permit me to say I enjoyed reading about the Confederate gunboat, Neuse. I had about forgotten there was such a boat, as well as many other interesting things around my old stamping grounds at Kinston. Hence, you can see the reading was a very pleasant reminder to me as I am always interested in East North Carolina, and especially in New Bern and Kinston. I had some very kind friends at Kinston, but I expect they have all gone to the Great Beyond and will never return again.

I note your invitation to write something on the stirring times of fifty years ago, and regret that several things have prevented my doing so before this and I am indeed sorry to say they are no better today.

When I surrendered with the Confederate Army, the Yankees took my horse and baggage and indeed everything I had from me and burned them in my presence and didn't allow me to retain anything. It has always been a sorrow to me that they were lost, as they would have been a starting point to me to say something on the war between the States.

I commanded a Company at the battle of Daniel's School House, a few miles out of Tarboro on the Williamston Pike. It was, I believe, the raid by General Potter. We did fearful execution that day, the enemy losing more men in killed and wounded than we had in our command. We also captured near 100 head of horses and one mountain Howitzer, mounted on a mule, which was the first of the kind I had ever seen. We chased the raiders through Greenville and to Streets Ferry, where under the cover of darkness and the protection of the gunboats they made their escape. I was Commander of the post at Rocky Mount, Tarboro, Greenville and Kinston, but without dates it would be hard for me to write interestingly about the things that happened then.

I have been seriously sick for three weeks with bronchitis, and am just getting able to be out again, so you see at seventy-six I am hardly in condition to write you like I want to. I still entertain the hope that some day I shall go to Kinston again, and if I do, I will certainly honor myself by making you a call and introducing you to my wife, who is the best part of myself.

With kind regards and very best wishes for your good self and any inquiring friends of fifty years ago, I am,

Yours very truly,
JOHN G. SMITH.

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CAMBRIDGE, MASS., January 22, 1914.

*Editor, Carolina and The Southern Cross,*
*Kinston, N. C.,*

DEAR MADAM:

I am very much interested in the last number of CAROLINA AND THE SOUTHERN CROSS. It is most attractively printed and arranged, and should receive hearty support in your section, and indeed over a much larger territory than that. Your campaign for more stringent immigration laws, along eugenic lines, is a very vital and a very necessary one. The financial, and other interests which gain from a continued and an increasing immigration of aliens who do not assimilate with our people, and who are below our own standards, physical, mental and moral, are at the present time, as always, tremendously active in Washington and all over the country. If the people of the South are alive to this question they can, now, secure such adequate immigration legislation as will really keep out those whose presence in our midst will be a hindrance. I hope that every reader of your valued magazine will write at once to his Congressman, urging immediate action on the immigration bill (H. R. 6060) which has been favorably reported to the House.

Very truly yours,
ROBERT DeC. WARD.

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NOVEMBER 10, 1913.

DEAR MADAM:

I have received a copy of CAROLINA AND THE SOUTHERN CROSS. I am glad to know that the magazine takes such an interest in immigration and we shall be glad to send to your paper what we shall publish on the subject.

Sincerely yours,
CHAS. B. DAVENPORT.

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NOVEMBER 18, 1913.

DEAR MISS HYATT:

In reply to your letter of November 14th, I take pleasure in sending you herewith a copy of a recent article of mine on Eugenics, which I thought you might care to use. As you see, it was published in Good Health.

I am glad to hear of your enthusiastic work for CAROLINA AND THE SOUTHERN CROSS, and I wish you the best of good luck.

Very sincerely yours,
IRVING FISHER.

# American and Immigrant Blood

BY EDWARD ALSWORTH ROSS

[By Permission of the Century Magazine]

### ILLITERACY

Among us there are now two million foreign-born illiterates, while the number of foreign-born men of voting age unable to read and write has passed the million mark. The confessed illiteracy of the multitudes coming from southern and eastern Europe is 35.8 per cent., as against 2.7 per cent, for the dwindling streams from the north and west. We know that the actual state is somewhat worse than these figures indicate. As the lands of ignorance discharge their surplus into our country, we must expect to meet fellow-citizens who, in the words of the Commissioner of Immigration at New York, "do not know the days of the week, the months of the year, their own ages, or the name of any country in Europe outside their own." Or, as another official puts it:

"Our daily official duties we come to know as belonging to a moral human adult type the individual who cannot count to twenty every time correctly; who can tell the sum of two and two, but not of nine and six; name the days of the week, but not the months of the year; who knows that he has arrived at New York or Boston, as the case may be, but does not know the route he followed from his home or how long it took to reach here; who says he is destined to America, but has to rely on showing a written address for further particulars; who swears he paid his own passage, but is unable to tell what it cost, and at the same time shows an order for railroad transportation to destination prepaid in this country.

While sister countries are fast nearing the goal of complete adult illiteracy, deteriorating immigration makes it very hard to lift the plane of popular intelligence in the United States. The foreign-born between twenty and thirty-four years of age, latecomers of course, show five times the illiteracy of native whites of the same age. But those above forty-five years of age, mostly earlier immigrants, have scarcely twice the illiteracy of native whites above forty-five. This shows how much wider is the gulf between the Americans of to-day and the new immigrants than that between the Americans of a generation ago and the old immigrants.

Thanks to extraordinary educational efforts, the illiteracy of native white voters dropped a third during the last decade; that is, from 4.9 per cent. to 3.5 per cent. But the illiteracy of the foreign-born men rose to 12 per cent.; so that the proportion of white men in this country unable to read and write any language declined only 9 per cent. when, but for the influx of illiterates, it would have fallen 30 per cent.

In the despatches of August 16, 1912, is an account of a gathering of ten thousand afflicted people at a shrine at Carey, Ohio, reputed to possess a miraculous healing virtue. Special trains brought together multitudes of credulous, and at least one "miracle" was reported. As this country fills up with the densely ignorant, there will be more of this sort of thing. The characteristic features of the Middle Ages may be expected to appear among us to the degree that our population comes to be composed of persons at the mediaeval level of culture.

### OVERGROWTH OF CITIES

Not least among the multiplying symptoms of social ill health in this country is the undue growth of cities. A million city-dwellers create ten times the amount of "problem" presented by a million on the farms. Now, as one traverses the gamut that leads from farms to towns, from towns to cities, and from little cities to big, the proportion of American stock steadily diminishes while the foreign stock increases its representation until in the great cities it constitutes three fourths or even four fifths of the population.

It is not that the immigrants love streets and crowds. Two thirds of them are farm bred, but they are dropped down in cities, and they find it easier to herd there with their fellows than to make their way into the open country. Our cities would be fewer and smaller had they fed on nothing but country bred Americans. The later alien influx has rushed us into the thick of urban problems, and these are gravest where Americans are fewest. Congestion, misliving, segregation, corruption, and confusion are seen in motley groups like New York, Jersey City, Paterson, and Fall River rather than in native centers like Indianapolis, Columbus, Nashville, and Los Angeles.

### PAUPERISM

Ten years ago two fifths of the paupers in our almshouses were foreign-born, but most of them had come over in the old careless days when we allowed European poorhouses to send us their inmates. Now that our authorities turn back such as appear likely to become a public charge, the obvious pauper is not entering this country. We know that virtually every Greek in America is self-supporting. The Syrians are said to be singularly independent. The Slavs and the Magyars are sturdy in spirit, and the numerous indigent Hebrews are for the most part cared for by their own race.

Nevertheless, dispensers of charity agree that many southern Italians are landing with the most extravagant ideas of what is coming to them. They apply at

once for relief with the air: "Here we are. Now, what are you going to do for us?" They even *insist* on relief as a right. At home it had been noised about that in foolish America baskets of food are actually sent in to the needy, and some are coming over expressly to obtain such largess. Probably none are so infected with spiritual hookworm as the immigrants from Naples. It will be recalled that when Garibaldi and his thousand were fighting to break the Bourbon tyranny in the South, the Neapolitans would hurrah for them, but would not even care for the wounded.

Says the Forty-seventh Annual Report of the New York Juvenile Asylum:

"It is remarkable that recently arrived immigrants who display small adaptability in American standards are by no means slow in learning about this and other institutions where they may safely leave their children to be fed, clothed, and cared for at the public expense. This is one of the inducements which led them to leave their native land.

Charity experts are very pessimistic as to what we shall see when those who come in their youth have passed their prime and met the cumulative effects of overwork, city life, drink, and vice. Still darker are their forebodings for a second generation, reared too often by ignorant, avaricious rusties lodging in damp cellars, sleeping with their windows shut, and living on the bad, cheap food of cities. Of the Italians in Boston Dr. Bushee writes:

"They show the beginnings of a degenerate class such as has been fully developed among the Irish. If allowed to continue in unwholesome conditions, we may be sure that the next generation will bring forth a large crop of dependents, delinquents and defectives to fill up our public institutions."

Says a charity superintendent working in a huge Polish quarter:

"It is the second generation that will give us trouble. The parents come with rugged peasant health, and many of them keep their strength even in the slum. But their children often start life weakened physically and mentally by the conditions under which they were reared. They have been raised in close, unsanitary quarters, in overlarge families, by parents who drunk up or saved too much, spent too little on the children, or worked them too soon. Their sole salvation is the open country, and they can't be pushed into the country. All of us are aghast at the weak fiber of the second generation. Every year I see the morass of helpless poverty getting bigger. The evil harvest of past mistakes is ripening, but it will take twenty years before we see the worst of it. If immigration were cut off short to-day, the burden from past neglect and exploitation would go on increasing for years.

### INSANITY AMONG THE FOREIGN-BORN

Not only do the foreign-born appear to be more subject to insanity than the native-born, but when insane they are more likely to become a public charge. Of the asylum population they appear to constitute about a third. In New York during the year ending September 30, 1911, 4218 patients who were immigrants or of immigrant parents were admitted to the insane hospitals of the State. This is three quarters of the melancholy intake for that year. Only one out of nine of the first admissions from New York City was of native stock. The New York State Hospital Commission declares that "the frequency of insanity in our foreign population is 2.19 times greater than in those of native birth." In New York City it "is 2.48 times that of the native-born."

Excessive insanity is probably a part of the price the foreign-born pay for the opportunities of a strange and stimulating environment, with greater strains than some of them are able to bear. America calls forth powerful reactions in these people. Here they feel themselves in the grasp of giant forces they can neither withstand nor comprehend. The passions and the exertions, the hopes and the fears, the exultations and the despair America excites in the immigrant are likely to be intenser than anything he would have experienced in his natal village.

In view of the fact that every year New York cares for 15,000 foreign-born insane at a cost of $3,500,000 and that the State's sad harvest of demented immigrants during the single year 1911 will cost about $8,000,000 before they die or are discharged, there is some offset to be made to the profits drawn from the immigrants by the transporting companies, landlords, real-estate men, employers, contractors, brewers, and liquor-dealers of the State. Besides there is the cost of the paupers and the law-breakers of foreign origin. All such burdens, however, since they fall upon the public at large, do not detract from or qualify that private or business man's prosperity which it is the office of the true modern statesman to promote.

### IMMIGRATION AND THE SEPARATE SCHOOL

In a polyglot mining town of Minnesota is a superintendent who has made the public school a bigger factor in Americanization than I have found it anywhere else. The law gives him the children until they are sixteen, and he holds them all. His school buildings are civic and social centers. Through the winter, in his high school auditorium, which seats 1,200 persons, he gives a course of entertainment which is self-supporting, although his "talent" for a single evening will cost as much as $200. By means of the 400 foreigners in his night schools he has a grip on the voters which his foes have learned to dread. Under his lead the community has broken

the mine-boss collar and won real self-governmnt. The people trust him and bring him their troubles. He has jurisdiction over everything that can affect the children of the town, and his conception is wide. Wielding both legal and moral authority, he is, as it were, a corporation president and a mediaeval bishop rolled into one.

This man sets no limit to the transforming power of the public school. He insists that the right sort of schooling will not only alter the expression, but will even change the shape of the skull and the bony formation of the face. In his office is a beautiful tabouret made by a "wild boy" within a year after he had been brought in kicking and screaming. He scoffs at the fear of a lack of patriotism in the foreign-born or their children. He knows just how to create the sentiment. He has flag drills and special programs, and in the Fourth of July parade and the Decoration day procession the schools have always a fine float. He declares he can build human beings to order, and will not worry about immigration so long as the public school is given a chance at the second generation.

*But is the public school to have this chance?*

Multitudes of the new immigrants adhere to churches which do not believe in the public schools. "Their pupils," observed a priest to me, "are like wild children." Said a bishop: "No branches can be safely taught divorced from religion. We believe that geography, history, and even language ought to be presented from our point of view." Hence with great rapidity the children of Roman Catholics are being drawn apart into parochial schools. In Cleveland one third of the population is supposed to be Catholic, and the 27,500 pupils in the parochial schools are nearly one third of all school children. In Chicago there are 112,000 in the parish schools to 300,000 in the public schools. In New York the proportion is about one sixth. In twenty-eight leading American cities the attendance of parish schools increased sixty per cent. between 1897 and 1910, as against an increase of from forty-five to fifty per cent. in the attendance of the public schools. The total number of children in the parochial schools is about 1,400,000. Separate education is a settled Catholic policy, and the bishops say they expect to enroll finally the children of all their people.

To bring this about, the public schools are denounced from the pulpit as "Godless" and "immoral," their product as mannerless and disobedient. "We think," says a Slovak leader, "that the parochial school pupils are more pious, more respectful toward parents and toward all persons in authority." The Polish, Lithuanian, or Slovak priest, less often the German or Bohemian, says bluntly: "If you send your children to the public school, they will go to hell." Sometimes the priest threatens to exclude from the confessional parents who send their children to the public school. An archbishop recently decreed that parents who without permission send their children to the public school after they have made their first communion "commit a grievous sin and cannot receive the sacraments of the church." Within the immigrant groups there is active opposition, but it appears to be futile. In a certain district in Chicago where the public-school teachers had felt they could hold their own, the mothers came at last to take away their children's schoolbooks, weeping because they were forced to transfer their children to the parish school.

Now, the parish school tends to segregate the children of the foreign-born. Parishes are formed for groups of the same speech, so a parish school will embrace children of only one nationality—German, Polish, Bohemian, Lithuanian, Croatian, Slovak, Magyar, Portuguese, or French Canadian as the case may be. Often priest and teachers have been imported and only the mother-tongue is used. "English," says a school superintendent, "comes to be taught as a purely ornamental language, like French in the public high school." Hence American-born children are leaving school not only unable to read and write English, but scarcely able to speak it. The foreign-speech school, while it binds the young to their parents, to their people, and to the old country, cuts them off from America. Says a Chicago Lithuanian leader: "There are 3,000 of our children in the parochial schools here. The teachers are ignorant, illiterate spinsters from Lithuania who have studied here two or three years. When at fourteen the pupils quit school, they are no more advanced than the public-school pupils of ten. This is why 50,000 Lithuanians here have only twenty children in the high school."

When, now, to the removal of the second generation from the public school there is added, as is often the case, the endeavor to keep them away from the social center, the small park field-house, the public playground, the social settlement, the secular American press and welfare work in the factories, it is plain that those optimists who imagine that assimilation of the immigrant is proceeding unhindered are living in a fool's paradise.

### SOCIAL DECLINE

"Our descendants," a social worker remarked to me "will look back on the nineteenth century as our Golden Age, just as we look back on Greece." Thoughtful people whose work takes them into the slime at the bottom of our foreignized cities and industrial centers find decline actually upon us. A visiting nurse who has worked for seven years in the stock-yards district of Chicago reports that of late the drinking habit is taking hold of foreign women at an alarming rate. In the saloons there the dignified stein has given way to the beer pail. In the

Range towns of Minnesota there are 356 saloons, of which eighty-one are run by native-born, the rest chiefly by recent immigrants. Into a Pennsylvania coal town of 1,800 people, mostly foreign-born, are shipped each week a car-load of beer and a barrel of whiskey. Where the new foreign-born are numerous, women and children frequent the saloons as freely as the men. In the cities family desertion is growing at a great rate among foreign-born husbands. Facts are justifying the forecast made ten years ago by H. G. Wells: "If things go on as they are going, the great mass of them will remain a very low lower class—will remain largely illiterate, industrialized peasants."

# The Palatines and Their Descendants

THE PALATINES MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION

The Palatines Memorial Association was organized at Newbern, N. C., January 11, 1914 for the purpose of erecting a monument and of stimulating an interest in the history of the Palatines. The members are as follows: Hon. F. M. Simmons, Chairman; Mrs. S. M. Brinson, Vice-Chairman and Treasurer; Mr. R. A. Nunn, Secretary; Miss Sybil Hyatt, General Genealogist; Mrs. George Green, Assistant Genealogist; Mr. Edgar Wallman, Mr. L. I. Moore, Mr. H. K. Land and Mr. Owen G. Dunn. Genealogists were appointed for fourteen families. There were ninety-two families of the Palatines. It is hoped that genealogists can be found for all of them. The following are some of the family names: Croom, Isler, Moore, Wallace, Simmons, Frank, Miller, Kinsey, Hargett, Koonce, Ormond, Brock, Ernull, Bernard, Fenner, Kornegay, Richards, Market, Sheets, Grist, Walker, Busick, Morris, Foy, Ipock, Teachey, Garnto, Perry, Jones and Rhem. Many of the names bear little resemblance to the original German names. For example, Croom is derived from Grum, and Ipock from Eibach.

CAROLINA AND THE SOUTHERN CROSS was selected for the official organ.

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KINSTON CIRCLE, DESCENDANTS OF THE PALATINES

Descendants of the Palatines met in the public library, Kinston, N. C., January 22, 1914 to devise plans to aid the Palatines Memorial Association. Organization was effected and officers elected as follows: Mayor F. I. Sutton, Chairman; Mrs. Sac Sutton, Vice-Chairman; and Mrs. C. W. Pridgen, Secretary. It was decided to hold a meeting the 22nd of each month at four o'clock at the home of Mrs. Lovit Hines. Mr. Lovit Hines showed a number of colonial papers of great value, which belonged to the Isler family.

February 22nd falling on Sunday, the Kinston Circle met February 23rd. A committee was appointed to call on and urge all descendants in Kinston who have not yet attended a meeting to be present on March 23rd. A committee was appointed to secure designs and prices for an official pin or button.

EXTRACT FROM THE STORY OF THE PALATINES, BY SANFORD H. COBB

"The reasons for writing this story of the Palatines are several. Chief among them are these three: that it has never been written in its fullness, or with proper regard to its historic importance; that much of the little which has been written about it abounds in misunderstandings and misstatements; and that the story truly told is one of such intrinsic interest and bears such relation to colonial history as to make it worthy of regard by every student of American society and institutions."

"As to the permanent influence of this Palatine immigration, it goes without saying that it were impossible for such sturdiness of stock, such patient and firm persistence in the right, such capacity for endurance, and such buoyancy of hope, conjoined with such addiction to religion, to be absorbed into American life without a deep impress on the character of after generations."

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MY DEAR MISS HYATT:

We wish to express to you the great interest which the Board of North Carolina Society of Colonial Dames of America feels in your work for the monument to the Palatines. We beg to say that when the committee is ready for it, the Society will take pleasure in making a donation for the work.

Very cordially yours,
MRS. WALKER TAYLOR,
*Cor. Sec. N. C. S. C. D. A.*

WILMINGTON, N. C.,
February 6th, 1914.

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In the November issue among the names of the ship carpenters who worked on the Confederate Ram at Kinston "John Brewer" should be "Mumford Brewer." He was the father of Mrs. W. H. Sutton of Kinston. Possibly other Christian names or initials are incorrect. Soldiers naturally might forget a given name. The Editor will be glad to hear from any whose name is left out, and from any soldier detailed to protect the boat. Valentine Gaskill was a detailed soldier who served in the work of the Confederate Ram.

# FRANCK LINES

Generation I. John Martin Franck was born in the Palatinate on the Rhine River, came to Craven County in 1710, married Sevil of Cevilla. It is thought that he is buried on a farm in Jones County now owned by Mrs. H. Frank Brown. His will was filed in 1745. His widow married Rev. Jacob Sheets. His children were:

Generation II. 1 John Franck; 2 Edward Franck; 3 Susanna Franck, md. William Herritage; 4 Sevil Franck; 5 Barbara md. Daniel Shine; 6 Catherine Franck md. 1st Hardy Bush, 2nd James Blackshear; 7 Mary Franck md. John Worsley; 8 Elizabeth md. Thomas Harrold.

Generation III. Edward Franck, Jones County, N. C., born September 1, 1753 md. Elizabeth Avritt, born September 23, 1770. Their children were:

Generation IV. 1 Eleanor Franck born December 1, 1787; 2 Polley Franck born November 5, 1789; 3 Elijah Franck born April 12, 1792 md. Nancy Jones; 4 Hannah Franck born March 1, 1795; 5 Zilpha Franck born November 30, 1798; 6 John Martin Franck born October 4, 1800; 7 Barbary Franck born April 29, 1803; 8 Cary Franck born September 4, 1805.

Generation V. Children of Elijah Franck and Nancy Jones. 1 Elijah Lafayette Franck born September 15, 1828, died October 31, 1898 of apoplexy, md. Maria Miller Herritage born June 16, 1834, died May 4, 1869. Her fraternity were James Simmons Herritage, Richard Herritage, Elizabeth Herritage and Ann Bryan Cobb Herritage; 2 John Edward Franck; 3 Whitliff Franck; 4 Julia Franck; 5 Henry Clay Franck; 6 Martin Franck; 7 Mary Franck.

Generation VI. Children of Elijah Lafayette Franck and Maria Miller Herritage; 1 John Martin Franck born February 8, 1853, Richlands, N. C., was appointed Family Genealogist by the Palatines Memorial Association; 2 Laura Elizabeth Franck (Sandlin) born November 25, 1855 Richlands, N. C.; 3 Edward Lafayette Franck born August 5, 1856 died pneumonia February 27, 1895, Raleigh N. C., President pro. tem., of the Senate; 4 James Richard Franck born December 17, 1858, Richlands, N. C.; 5 William Henry Franck born September 16, 1865; 6 Robert Lee Franck born September 20, 1867; 7 Charles Duffy Franck born May 4, 1869.

Generation I John Martin Franck and Sevil Franck.

Generation II Susanna Franck and William Herritage.

Generation III John Herritage and Rachel Whitfield.

Generation IV Raehel Herritage and James Bryan.

Generation II Barbara Franck and Daniel Shrine.

Generation III Mary Shine and John Oliver.

Generation IV Elizabeth Oliver and John Bryan.

Generation V and IV James Bryan and Raehel Herritage.

Generation VI John H. Bryan and Mary W. Shepard.

Generation VII Charlotte E. Bryan and Gen. Bryan Grimes.

Generation VIII Col. J. Bryan Grimes, Secretary of State, N. C.

## Message From the President

(Continued from page 7)

Washington, D. C., April 27th. Our Division has promised One Hundred Dollars. Do not forget Shiloh Monument.

Our Presidents and Secretaries are urged to study the page in the Minutes "Things to be Remembered" —and to note carefully page showing how to fill out application blanks.

All Chapters expected to pay One Dollar each to Sinking Fund.

Gettysburg is calling to us for a Monument. Miss Georgia Hicks, Faison, N. C., is the chairman.

The Carolina and Southern Cross edited by Mrs. L. V. Archbell, of Kinston, is now our official organ. Your President cannot say too much in praise of this excellent magazine; read it, judge for yourselves. Your President has appointed an Eastern and Western official reporter for this magazine. Send your communications to Mrs. S. A. Wooten, Mount Olive, N. C.; Miss Annie Jean Gash, Brevard, N. C.

Mrs. Gordon Finger, Charlotte, is official reporter for the Children's Chapters.

General Convention will meet in Savannah, Ga., November 11 to 14th.

State Convention meets in Raleigh, October 14th.

Following are the officers of the Division: Mrs. Marshall Williams, President, Faison; Mrs. F. L. Huggins, 1st Vice-President, Wilmington; Mrs. M. O. Winstead, 2nd Vice-President, Rocky Mount; Mrs. H. L. Riggins, 3rd Vice-President, Winston-Salem; Mrs. T. W. Thrash, Recording Secretary, Tarboro; Miss Winifred Faison, Corresponding Secretary, Faison; Miss Margaret Etheredge, Treasurer, Selma; Mrs. C. F. Harvey, Registrar, Kinston; Miss Carry A. Leazar, Historian, Mooresville; Mrs. H. E. Reid, Recorder Crosses, Lincolnton; Miss Hettie James, Chaplain, Wilmington; Mrs. Gordon Finger, Director of Children's Chapters, Charlotte.

Your president is glad to answer your questions and is ever at your service.

Faithfully yours,

MRS. MARSHALL WILLIAMS.

# Department of Children of the Confederacy

Every one will rejoice that the General Convention, by admitting grand nieces to membership in the grown up chapters, now makes it possible for every child or grandchild of a U. D. C. to be a regular member of the Children of the Confederacy, that includes nieces, nephews, grand nieces and grand-nephews. No Southern born child need now be deprived of any sign of his patriotism, of any opportunity to learn facts that will impress his duty and heritage upon him. This new rule will be hailed with delight by Leaders who are sorely handicapped by the former one.

### WHAT WE MUST DO

Every year we make a report to our big mother Chapter of the State Division and she usually advises us some things we should do or we ask her permission to do things we have planned. This year they are:

1. That the children shall have their own official page in CAROLINA AND THE SOUTHERN CROSS. (What chapter will be first to send news to it?)

2. That all the Chapters of Children combine to make a loan collection of war-time-made articles and relics with stories of how the house-hold articles such as silk, linen, etc., were made, dyed and manufactured, or the history of the relic. These to be loaned by the Director to requesting chapters to stimulate interest and inform the children.

3. We are to get out a printed sheet or pamphlet to help our new leaders that will tell about our work and give them suggestions as to what they shall do at meetings, and work to be taken up.

This paper was written a long time ago from things that ladies and "Old mammys" told me and while it does not tell half it will give the children some idea of what and how we are to make our collection. Let us have it on exhibition in the State Capital next October.

### SOME WOMANLY RECOLLECTIONS OF THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES

Nurtured by generations of refined and noble forebears, shielded from the contact of any coarsening influences, the young Southern girl of the sixties has come down in history a bright creature whose nobility and courage have commanded the admiration of her foes; and whose uncomplaining unselfishness and fortitude are revered by her country.

It is chiefly of her hardships and the little details of her daily life and her mother's that this paper is concerned.

The house-mother of the old South had many grave responsibilities. Even in the hey-day of her wealth and prosperity her mind was encumbered with the care and welfare of many souls, though her hands had little of actual labor to do. The master and mistress of the Southern Mansion have been more truly likened to the country gentleman and lady of England than any other, though only a small per cent of the Southern women adopted the English plan of sharing their responsibilities with a hired house-keeper. There was large and open handed hospitality; not only friends of relatives were entertained by the wayfarer as well, a custom that even the horrors of war did not change. Conditions were ideal for refinement of manner and mental culture; most homes had a library, all a bookcase, well stocked with what are known as the Standard English Poets and Novelists. They were not a trash reading people.

The larder was a well stocked one, the plantation furnished most all of the staples, a fine assortment of jellies, preserves and candied fruits and things to be grown by the soil, but that left a long list to be supplied from imported articles; tea, coffee, soda, flavoring extracts and except in the far South, sugar and rice, spices, and medicines, except what were home brewed from herbs. Also, raisins, currants and many luxuries.

They had their own hand looms which supplied some of the plainer house linen, the lovely old rag-carpets, coverlets and counterpanes, and the home-spun the darkies wore. My lady's own gowns and linens were supplied from the Northern markets or English or French looms. The governess for the children was usually from the North because they sought and prepared for the position.

Even as far North as North Carolina, cane for sorghum was raised and boilers or evaporators for making it were found at most places.

In the early Colonial times and prior to 1840, the South was a leader in manufacturing interests, (as early as 1813 our neighbor county of Lincoln boasted a cotton factory,) but the increased value of cotton and the growth of the institution of slavery made the South's best interest agricultural. Consequently the coming of the war found the South dependent upon the outside world for much that seemed unimportant until the need of it was felt. With a government to organize, an army to raise, and equip, a navy to obtain, the hands of the South were too busy to then develop her manufactories. Though what she did was marvelous, and the world has stopped to wonder how she supplied her armies and ammunition and her soldiers equipment for four years struggle against such out numbering foes, to say nothing of things for family consumption. So, as the rigors of the Blockade became more and more severe it is no wonder that our women set about proving the verity of

the old adage; "Necessity is the mother of invention." Many to-day suppose that only the poorer class, common people, resorted to the make shifts herein described, but such was not the case. An elegant woman, a member of the distinguished families of Lee, Custis, and Randolph, of Virginia, the daughter of a wealthy Louisiana planter said to me: "There were not only days when we were hungry for a crust of dry corn bread but we were without meal with which to make it."

One of the hard problems was to find a substitute for good coffee and its solution was one of the least satisfactory. Some preferred a blend of sun-dried sweet potatoes and parched rye, while others used corn, wheat, okra, and even the kernels of persimmon seed. A chemical study of these things would no doubt be interesting. The tea was more pleasing and the choice much greater—the garden afforded sage and the grinning pickaninny delighted to gather the root of the pungent "sassafras." There also was spicewood. The twigs of this shrub were used and furnished a delicate but deliciously spicy beverage. Cherries, grapes and plums were dried in sugar to pose as raisins in the festive times of fruitcake and plum pudding. The citron was either home grown, or melon rinds preserved. Peach and cherry tree leaves made almond flavoring, and rose was carefully made from rose leaves by confining them near fresh butter. Sugar too became scarce, and molasses was much used, also a very coarse dark sugar that can be made from sorghum. Few people know the elaborate process that sugar refining is. A preparation that answered for soda and furnished the only change from beaten biscuits or light bread, was made in this manner. Well seasoned hickory logs were burned in the brick oven all slave time houses had, until they were thoroughly consumed and the white feathery ashes gathered and dissolved in water. It was kept in a tightly covered vessel and when the proper amount was used in buttermilk biscuit or sour cream cake, the results were quite good.

In the early years of the struggle, in questions of dress it was chiefly a matter of making over clothing already in stock. In households where the habit prevailed of giving unused apparel to the maids and house servants this period was not long getting over.

The loom was the principal asset in the home-factory that was now set up and the whir, whir, of the big spinning wheel, and the treadle of the little one were seldom silent during waking hours. The cards for cotton and those for wool were being worked over time, by hands that were little used to the labor. At night by the light of pine knots or candles, the young folks and children seeded cotton by hand, while the older women were knitting socks and stockings, carding bats or sorting and picking out wool to free it from trash or cockle-burrs. When the cloth, if it was cotton, or linen, was finished, it had to be bleached. This was done by spreading it on the grass in the bright sunshine and frequently dampening it with a strong suds made from home-made soap. The night dews were also considered efficacious, and butter-milk was also used in the same way as the suds.

Hats were ripped up, cleaned, dyed and sewed over into different shapes. They were also made from wheat and rye straw, rye straw making the finest braid. The straw was carefully gathered from the fields, choosing small stalks of equal size. The heads were cut off and the straw put to stand over night in boiling water. The braid was made of seven or five straws by folding over, always the outside straw towards the center. New straws were put on by inserting the end of the new straw into the hollow of the one used up. The tediousness of the task can be imagined when you know it took from thirty- five to forty yards of the braid for a hat. If the natural yellow of the straw was not liked it was bleached by smoking it in the fumes of sulphur. To size a hat and give it shape and a glazed finish it was coated with a mucilage made from the gum that exudes from peach and cherry trees made thin with hot water. Hats were also made from shucks, fine shavings, the white inside bark of the slippery Elm tree, or of paste board or stiffly starched cloth covered with velvet, silk or woolen cloth. For trimmings, the treasure closet of the bygone finery was sure to yield some part of its ornamentation. Though paper was scarce, some choice bits of colored paper would be made into flowers. Pompons were made of the downy part of the goose, and chicken feathers. Fine shavings from cows horns were used for the same purpose. The squash ornament was another curious thing. Very young girls and many of the older ones, wore only the daintily made sun bonnets, that her black mammy delighted to iron "better'n any other girl's." For dyeing, aside from logwood for black, and aniline for red and copperas for shading, the leaves of the pine were used to make a delicate brownish green, red oak bark, sumac and poke berries were also items in the laboratory.

Sewing silk was very hard to get. To secure it, scraps of old silk were cut into bits carded and spun into thread. In some cases silk was grown from the silk worm, but it required much care and experiment to succeed with the culture as they thrive best on one variety of the mulberry tree. From this raw silk, gloves were knitted in beautiful open work patterns. A bride might even have a pair of silk stockings. The silk woven with a natural linen woof made a homespun almost identical with present day pongee.

Buttons were made from wood or gourds and covered, the ones from gourds were lighter and less likely to break when thin.

In some sections, what must have been a remarkably uncomfortable shoe was made. The sole was

cut or sawed from wood and the vamps or tops were made of cloth and held by tacks to the soles.

Corsets were another garment women greatly missed, as styles of those days required a tapering waist. To supply the want, a neatly fitting waist was made of two thicknesses of home-spun in which casings were stitched for the stays. Clasps were impossible, so neat rows of eyelets were worked and it laced up both back and front. The strings were spun and twisted by hand the stays were made and kept in quantity against the accidental and inopportune breaking that often occurred. A choice section of a whiteoak log, free from knots was the source of supply. The pieces were first split off according to the natural grain of the wood, and scraped to the desired thickness and smoothness with pieces of glass.

Of course the taste and harmony of the results of these extraordinary hat trimmings and crudely simple dress materials are unquestioned by us, for we have the testimony of numberless Southern gentlemen that they were lovely.

It was on the things of the soldiers that the tenderest, the most arduous, and the most loving, unceasing labor of Confederate womanhood was expended. Each soldier was equipped so far as possible at home at the last, even to part of his arms. The uniforms were made of grey home-spun and the blankets that were often over-coats as well, were grey too, woven into a heavy twill of natural white and black or dyed wool. The haver-sack was made very much like a modern school bag of the coarsest home-spun. The caps were also home-made. Most neighborhoods boasted some good woman who was an adept and accommodated the rest; for kindred, friend and stranger were provided for if he but wore the grey. A water proof cloth or oil cloth was also furnished. It was heavy home-spun treated with linseed or cotton seed oil colored with lamp black. This was to protect the valiant man's meagre ration and himself from the weather or the rainy, snowy nights of quick marching and short rest.

The swords were hand forged after the pattern of the Bowie knife of Colonial times. My grand-father had one left as a legacy of love by a dying comrade. The weapon is eighteen or twenty inches long; the hilt is of wild cherry, and the end is tipped with brass. There is also a cross section of brass that protrudes on either side as the hilt joins the blade and stops the oncoming scabbard. The blade is straight and two edged widening from a narrow point to a broad blade at the hilt. The scabbard is of hand sewed leather, with a trimming of bright red leather at the tip and a band at the mouth. Altogether it is a strong and terrible looking weapon.

An object greatly prized by the Confederate maiden was a bit of jewelry made by her lover in prison. These were often works of art. From the gutta-percha button on his worn uniform he would carve a dainty ring. I saw one once of a quaint design; in the center was a square of pearl (also a button) inset with a heart of gold, and on either side was a golden olive leaf cut from a coin that might have brought him comfort. The tracings on the leaves were delicate and perfect and represented weeks of careful and patient labor with the soldier's crude tools. Other pieces of jewelry were made from bits of polished beef bone.

Many have wondered how the people of the South so soon discovered these homely substitutes for manufactured articles of elaborate process. The solution is simple.

The people who were leading spirits and molded public opinion in the Old South were the direct descendants of the pioneer settlers, a race in whom love and respect for their ancestors were strong. Families who made no claim to aristocratic origin had their revered family traditions. Their choicest stories were likely of Colonial hardships or Revolutionary bravery. If some maid seemed idle and inclined to bemoan her lack of luxury and ease she was likely to be told what trials her grandmother bore and the details of her ingenuity in supplying her wants from what she had rather than needlessly longing for the unattainable.

The aspirations that were born in those years of privation and trouble in Southern hearts, we are seeing fullfilled to-day, when the South is manufacturing her own raw material, developing her own resources, and supplying her home market.

To many people one of the horrible memories of the War between the States, is the hardest labor, the terrible privations, and the awful responsibilities that were the woman's lot. I would not for a moment belittle the rigors they underwent, but it seems to me that this very busyness of brain and hand kept the equilibrium with racked nerves and aching hearts. Souls that fought through maelstrom of strife and horror, weathered the storm and sustained the weak, must have gone down with grief and sorrow unbearable, if the lines of life had fallen in the usual places of ease and comfort.

MAUDE TURNER FINGER,
*Stonewall Jackson Chapter, U. D. C.*
*Charlotte, N. C.*

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There are only a few copies left of "The Story of the Palatines." Price $2.00. Order from CAROLINA AND THE SOUTHERN CROSS, Kinston, N. C., or G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

N. B.—The printing of these records costs $3.50 for each page and must be paid either from the monument fund or by subscriptions. Every descendant is invited to send $5.00 to Mr. S. M. Brinson, New Bern, N. C., for the monument fund, and $1.00 to CAROLINA AND THE SOUTHERN CROSS for a subscription.

# South Carolina Children of the Confederacy

By request of Miss Earle, our Division President, this article about the Children of the Confederacy is written for publication in *The State*.

The prospects for the new year are most encouraging, but there is much to be done to bring this department up to the standard of the rest of the U. D. C. work in our state.

Three chapters, no longer in existence, were dropped from the list in 1913. Of the twenty remaining, all are not in satisfactory condition, but most of those fallen behind are reorganizing or taking up work with renewed interest. Some are very enthusiastic and are accomplishing much that is really worth while. Three new chapters are being organized, and already, since the Convention, half as many certificates have been issued, as during all of last year. The annual report and per capita tax (five cents each) for 1914 were due February first. Though each chapter has been notified directly, only three have responded as yet. The others are urged to be as prompt as possible, as we are trying to get the books straight and work in good order by early spring. In sending reports, be sure to give name of director and list of officers, and, if possible, date of organization and complete list of members. New records are being made and we wish them correct. Let us know what you are doing in your chapter, as only per capita tax and certificate fees pass through the Chairman's hands,—we cannot credit your good works unless you tell us of them.

On General Lee's birthday, the Sam Dow's Chapter of Florence carried out a program all its own. The W. F. Pou of St. Matthews had a part in that of the U. D. C. as did the Butler Guards of Greenville. The latter also assisted in serving refreshments to the Veterans. The Loyal Carolinians of Greenwood were ushers for the public exercises at the Courthouse, and afterwards waited on the veterans at the dinner table. Now, only *one* of these chapters wrote to the Committee about it, and there may have been others of whom we did not learn in other ways, as in the case of these three. We hope many of the children will have part in the Memorial Day exercises, and that the directors will see that it is reported. Some day the proudest memory of these young people will be that they personally knew and served the soldiers of the Confederacy!

Miss Rutherford's presence and the Children's Hour at the Edgefield Convention added much interest and enthusiasm to this work among the children and an essay contest was arranged to arouse the children themselves to study more carefully their own history. The subject, suggested by Miss Rutherford, is Wade Hampton. Surely with such inspiration as South Carolina, our great leader, and Miss Rutherford's enthusiasm, nothing further is needed. But, to make sure, our Division offers a gold medal for the first prize, and a five dollar gold piece for the second. The jewelers are now working on a special design for this medal, which is to combine the three emblems, —the veteran's Cross of Honor, the Montgomery flag in the laurel wreath of the U. D. C., and the Confederate shield, which is the badge of the Children of the Confederacy. The third and fourth prizes are copies of Miss Rutherford's history, given by herself. She has also most generously offered two more copies to the Dixie Auxiliary of Edgefield for the two longest lists of things in which South Carolina is *first*. The judges for the essays are Miss Louise Fleming, of the Historical Committee, Chairman; Mrs. D. B. Alexander, who was the first vice-president for the Piedmont District, and Mr. W. W. Nickels, Superintendent of the Greenwood Schools; and we are very fortunate in securing their services. Encourage as many as possible of the members to try, and send the best paper from each chapter to me by June first for the judges. The award will probably be made on Palmetto Day, June Twenty-eightth. Directors will please make special effort to interest the children in this contest, and see that the papers are sent in at the right time. The Ellison Capers Chapter of Columbia has adopted the effective plan of offering a prize to its own members, the winning paper to be entered in the State contest.

In the annual report of the children's work published in the Minutes of the Edgefield Convention, a special point was made of suggestions for organizing and conducting the Children's Chapters, and helps in the way of programs, etc., were mentioned, so directors will do well to get a copy for reference.

Carolina and the Southern Cross is a monthly magazine published by Mrs. L. V. Archbell, of Kinston, N. C., at a dollar a year, and U. D. C. and C. of C. would find it interesting and helpful. It will contain notes from South Carolina from time to time during the year. The Washington and New Orleans addresses of Miss Rutherford, Historical General, have been published in pamphlet form, and may be obtained from her address (Athens, Ga.) for thirty cents postpaid. The Southern History, in which South Carolina has so large a share, is in a most attractive and available form for Chapter use.

The other members of the Committee on Children's Chapters are MissVance Long of Greenville, and Mrs. E. J. Bureh of Florence. Each of us is anxious to advance this work, and will gladly serve you in any way possible. We trust that at least one of us can attend every District meeting this Spring to assist you personally as you may need or wish. It is a selfish con-

sideration to urge that our existence as an organization in the future depends upon our work with the children. Rather should we stress the importance of teaching the truth about the South, and love and honor for our Confederate fathers and mothers *now* to these children and young people, while we can influence them. But let us in our zeal for Southern rights be guiltless of bitterness and prejudice.

"Be just and fear not;
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy Country's,
Thy God's, and Truth's."

FRANCES PEMBERTON,
*State Chairman,*
*Children of the Confederacy,*
*Greenwood, S. C.*

[We are all glad to welcome this visitor to the Children's Department. We like the sentiment of this report. We should teach the truth because it is *Right* and not because it will be the means of perpetuating the U. D. C. order. Note what is said of this magazine. Miss Pemberton has our thanks.—EDITOR.]

JUSTICE OF THE PRECINCT COURT

The following records confer "eligibility of descent" for membership in the N. C. Society of Colonial Dames of America.

Colonial Records, Vol. III, 1726 to 1734 Page 244 "Ordered that a Comision of the peace Issue for the precinct of Craven Directed to Capt. Wm. Handcock Capt. Daniel Shine Thos. Martin John Powell Capt. Thos. Masters Jacob Miller Jacob Sheets *Martin Franck* John Formveil Jr. Wm. Brice Simon Bright George Whittaker and Walter Lane Constituting and appointing them Justices of Peace Within the said Precinct."

Page 537. "Ordered that a Commission of the Peace pass the Seal of the Colony Constituting and appointing Daniel Shine Thos. Martin John Powell Thomas Masters Jacob Sheets *Martin Franks* Jno. Formville John Slocomb John Bryan Corns Loftin Simon Bright and James Green Gen't Justices of the Peace for the precinct of Craven."

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*Manager, Carolina and the Southern Cross,*

DEAR MADAM:

I enclose my check for a year's subscription to "Carolina and the Southern Cross." This is a splendid movement and I sincerely hope it may prosper. I shall do what I am able to assist. However, I am at present hard pressed with so many demands upon my time that I do not feel able to do perfect justice to an article for the magazine on "eugenic immigration." This matter is superbly handled in Dr. Ward's article in the American Breeders Magazine.

Very sincerely yours,
H. E. JORDAN.

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Thomas Hart Raines, M. D., was at one time trying to construct a Franck Family History. June 19, 1907, his address was 221 Charlton St., East, Savannah, Ga. Before February, 1905, he was living at Waycross, Ga. It is hoped he can be found.

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Dr. Davenport has been working on heredity and allied subjects since 1887, though his interest began much earlier than that. He began to lecture on the subject at Harvard in 1892. He has written many of the most valuable contributions to the new science, eugenics.

---

Dr. Jordan is Professor of Embryology at the University of Va., and is in much demand as a lecturer on eugenics. He has delivered quite a number of lectures in this state.

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Dr. Fisher is Professor of Political Economy at Yale University. He has made many valuable studies on diet and the destructive influence of alcohol.

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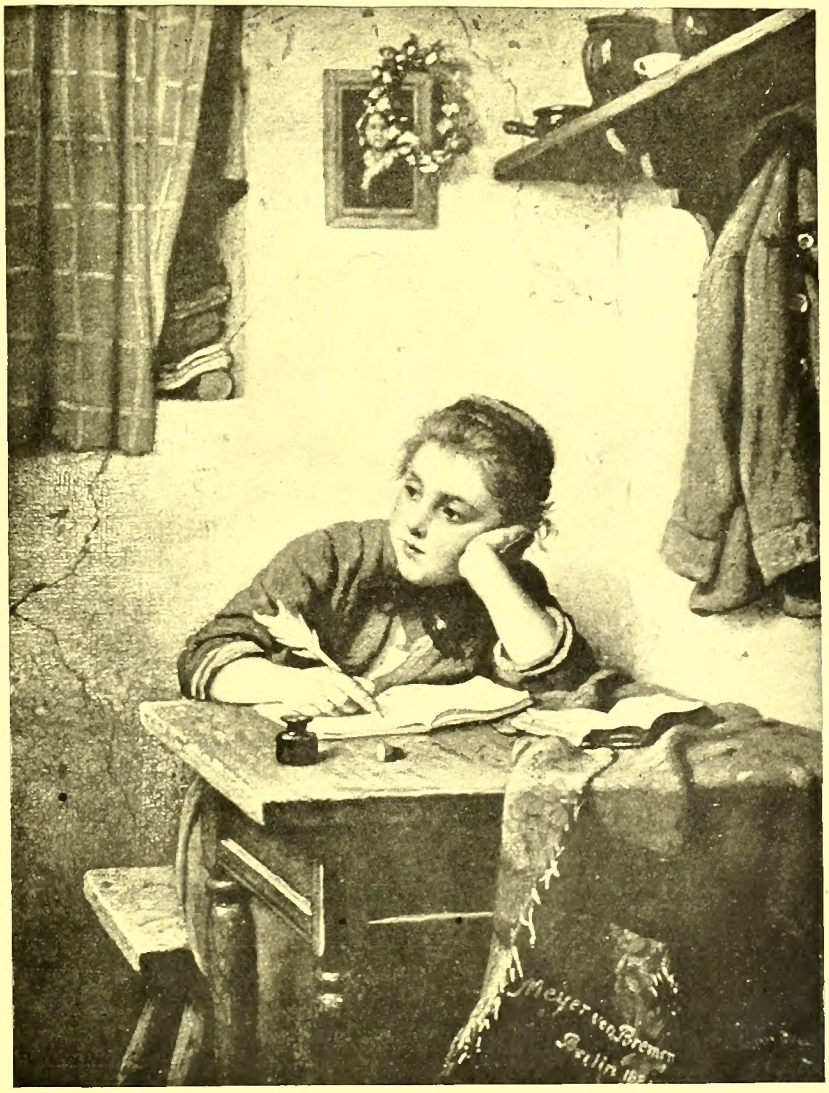


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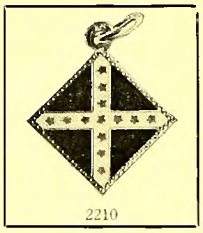
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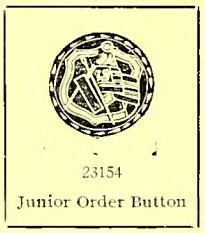
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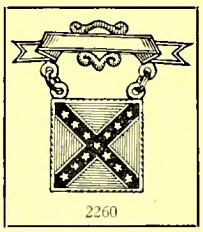
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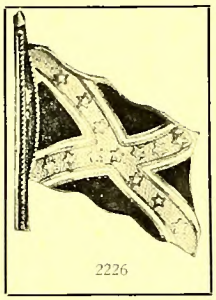
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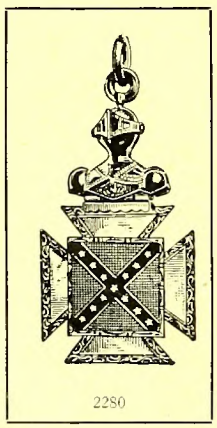
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# Carolina and the Southern Cross

VOLUME 1 KINSTON, N. C., MARCH, 1914 NUMBER 12

## Events and Incidents of Home Life in Robeson County During the War Between the States

As the War progressed and the clouds hung lower over our beloved Southland, privations and trouble increased in the homes, and our noble women were enduring burdens which might have broken the spirits of strong men. From the entrance of the years '62 and '63 there were but few households throughout this section of the country who were not mourning the loss of a noble son and brother, and many bright eyes had grown dim with weeping for a gallant lover slain in battle.

I recall to memory ten neighbor boys, grand specimens of young manhood, living within a radius of four miles square who marched gallantly away, to return no more, while others were maimed for life. Five of these brave boys had been my school-mates and had but recently exchanged the peaceful pursuit of knowledge for the tramp of War, and the field of carnage.

Two aged parents in this vicinity, Mr. and Mrs. Reuben Jones, had reared a family of eleven sons, all of whom were in the Confederate Army, performing active service for their country; and strange to relate, all save one returned unscathed to their homes, while in many instances the only son and brother was cut down.

Of those schoolmates of mine, one of them, Lieut. J. B. Morrison, was handsome as a young Apollo and gifted with rare intellect. His young life went out in the battle of the Wilderness, pierced by a foeman's bullet in one of his beautiful brown eyes. When the fateful message reached his devoted mother, she exclaimed, "Oh! Why must my boy have been shot in one of his pretty brown eyes!" This afflicted mother had in the service at the same time four splendid boys, one of whom was the late lamented J. H. Morrison, Clerk of the Court of Robeson County for many years, and one of Nature's truest noblemen.

Another of our neighbor boys, Lieut. Joseph McRimmon, of Lee's Army, came home on his first leave of absence granted for thirty days in June, 1863. Ten days before the expiration of his furlough he grew restless and returned to his command to be slain three days later, on the bloody field of Gettysburg. Was he not a grand young hero?

The post office of Queensdale was established in our home during those troublesome days, and never shall I forget the scenes witnessed on mail days, when the poor women came with anxiety and fear stamped upon their care-worn faces, to hear the news from their loved ones, and oft-times the news was grievous and sad—wounded, captured or killed. Among the crowd of news-seekers was a gray-haired patriarch, one of Earth's most saintly characters. Rarely indeed was he absent when the mail came in; and his familiar figure was seen coming leisurely along, seated on his gentle little pony, albeit, he was nearing his four score years. He was a true patriot and his interest in the Cause was intense. The *Fayetteville Observer* was at that time our greatest channel of news from the front, and so eager was he to hear that he could not wait to get home, but would tear open his paper and call me saying, "Belle, come and read me the dispatches." I was always ready and glad to comply with his request, but one sad day as I was reading a blow fell upon this dear old Uncle of mine, from which he never recovered, and these were the words I read:—"Fell mortally wounded on the field of Sharpsburg, while leading his men to victory, Capt. Angus McRea." Oh, how quickly the light fled from the dear old eyes, and the bright color from his cheeks, for this was his own gallant son. After this he came no more for the news. I think the harmonious chords of his heart were broken, and he lived but a short while afterwards. These are but a few of the pathetic incidents which were continually occuring. In the meantime the women, children and the faithful slaves worked on with tireless energy, suffering ever increasing deprivations.

Coffee and sugar were now only a memory. For the latter there was no substitute save sorghum molasses, while for the former various articles were used, including wheat, rye, okra seeds, sweet potatoes, and other commodities, the favorite of which was rye. Beeves became scarce because of the shipment of them to the Army and consequently tallow was in demand, which finally almost disappeared, and as tallow candles were at that time our sole dependence for lights, other inventions became necessary, and resulted in a dip made of beeswax and tar from the pine trees. This was, of course, a miser-

NORTH CAROLINA STATE LIBRARY.

able make-shift, but far better than nothing. The smoke and sputtering from the mixture were torturous and the light so dim that it was impossible to see to read or sew, but the knitting went bravely on. In February, 1864, I attended the wedding of a neighborhood belle, who was the only daughter of a devoted old father in good circumstances, and he was determined to give her a grand old fashioned wedding. So he went down to Wilmington, bought sugar at a fabulous price, and paid $100.00 a yard for the silken dress. The six brides-maids who were also to be clad in silk, went far and wide on borrowing excursions, but were fortunate in securing the objects of their quests, though there were no two dresses alike, and they ranged in pattern from a broad flashing plaid to a modest pin stripe of pink and white. As to gloves, they were entirely wanting.

The large old farm house was crowded with guests; the table laden with an abundance of good things, the wedding quite a success, and the proud old father was happy.

A sweet young girl in this section of the country was engaged to be married to a handsome young soldier who was killed in battle. So devoted was she to her gallant young lover, that news of his death dethroned her mind; and she fell into a mild dementia. She died a few years ago, and through God's tender compassion, I trust she has rejoined him beyond the stars.

During the winter of '64-'65, I was boarding with an uncle and aunt, and going to school in Marlboro County, South Carolina. By birth this aunt of mine was an Alabamian, the blood of distinguished Revolutionary forefathers coursed through her veins, and she was fired with patriotism and loyalty to the South. Her whole household was kept busily employed doing something to aid the Cause. She had no daughter, but taught her twelve-year old son and his little black henchman the art of knitting, setting them and myself a nightly task to accompish. It was amusing to see those two boys, one so white and fair, the other such a contrast with his ebon skin, sitting side by side, busy clicking the shining needles. They became quite expert and finished up several pairs of socks to be sent to the boys in Virginia, while she and I were busily engaged in the same needful work. This high-born Southern woman was before her marriage Miss Sarah E. Pickens, grand-daughter of General Andrew Pickens of Revolutionary fame, and married General John McQueen of Queensdale, Robeson County. She was of no kindred blood to me, save through my uncle, but I loved her for sweet womanliness, and admired her for the grandeur of her character. She had graced the halls of Congress, both in Washington and Richmond, her husband having been a Representative to both Governments; yet she wore her homespun dress with the grace and pride of a Queen, and bore her changed position and the privations of the period without a murmuring word, and with that dauntless courage which was her birthright.

When Sherman's raiders invaded the Carolinas and took away with them all the valuables they could find, they visited my aunt and immediately began to punder. They found hidden away under a bed a box of sugar which she had hoarded for many months, as it was a valuable article and very rare. She saw them when they discovered her treasure and brought it from its hiding place. She sprang forward, pushed the intruders aside, and calmly seating herself on the box, exclaimed, "Now leave me and my property alone. The first man who attempts to steal my sugar, I will break a chair over his head," and she remained unmolested. But they found many of her other valuables which she had stored in various places, including handsome ante-bellum dresses, which they tore into strips and used to decorate the manes and tails of their horses.

While boarding in the home of my uncle and aunt in February, 1865, a false alarm reached the academy one day, and a stampede of the students ensued. Our teacher was Mrs. K. E. Bryan of Fayetteville, N. C., a widow lady of great nerve and admirable coolness and bravery. A negro boy came rattling up to the schoolhouse door, driving an old bony gray horse hitched to an old-time two-wheel cart, and screaming for, "Miss Mary Jane and Miss Kate to come home, that the Yankees were in Brownsville, six miles distant, burning all the houses and killing the women and children." Pandemonium broke loose immediately, and the children started in every direction whooping and yelling like wild Indian. In vain did our high-spirited teacher try to calm us and shame us for our cowardly conduct. She could as easily have turned the rolling tide. In a few seconds the school house was vacant, and as I cast one hurried glance behind I saw her figure, erect and stately, walking slowly and gracefully away; and I saw her nevermore for the students became demoralized and the school was disbanded. In a few days I returned to my home in Robeson and found that my dear old father had arrived but recently. He came out of Wilmington on the very last train that left the city before it fell into the hands of the enemy. The sight of his pallid face and emaciated form wrung my heart, as he had left us a hale robust man, and came back a mere shadow. Through the kind solicitude of a medical friend, he was given a certificate of ill health just in time to save him from capture and send him home to his dependent family. The approach of Sherman's Army became daily more inevitable, and the probability that this section would be in his line of march grew to be a certainty.

My parents, reposing implicit confidence in the fealty of their slaves, entrusted to their care the mules, horses and household valuables, to be carried to places of safety, and in no single instance was their confidence betrayed. The solicitude of "Black Mammy" for the welfare of the family and our property equalled that of my parents and she was "faithful unto death." Dear Mammy with the ebon skin, and the golden heart within. Her loving arms enfolded me in my infancy, and her busy hands and willing feet for many years ministered to the comfort and ease of her "white children." She died some length of time after the emancipation, in a little home on the border of the old plantation, and every day or two we were made glad by her sunny presence and her ever helpful hands. But by and by the way-worn feet grew weary of Life's journey and visits to the "Big House" less frequent. Her "White children" went often to see her, to repay the kindness and devotion of her long life, and to minister to her little wants. And one sad day our Mammy left us, stepping peacefully and quietly away to the "Land o' the Leal". The eyes that watched over us in childhood were closed, the cheery voice was hushed, and the blessed old hands folded over the golden heart. Our hearts were sorely wounded, and our tears came thick and fast, for we had lost a friend who could never be replaced. But we were well assured that Mammy had flown right inside the pearly gates, for she was a happy Christian, and her faith in Jesus was very beautiful in its child-like simplicity.

Her grave is near my home, unmarked. Her numerous progeny have promised me time and again to erect a stone to her memory, and although some of them are well able to do so, I have despaired of any action toward that end, and shall attend to it myself. No ante-bellum Mammy's grave should be left "without a mark, or without a stone," in fact they deserve real monuments.

The spiritual welfare of the slaves was not neglected, the Bible was read to them and they attended regularly the services of our Churches, where separate pews were arranged for them and a special sermon given them. In our home I had a class of little negroes to whom I taught the child's catechism. None of them could read, but by patience and perseverence they learned every question in it from memory. Among them was a bright, ambitious boy who aspired to become a scholar, so I taught him the alphabet in the old "blue back speller." He made rapid progress, was soon reading and has been for many years a preacher of the Gospel, a good and useful man.

Mrs. R. T. McElyea.

My Dear Friend:

I am sending you the series, some of it may not be acceptable. I submit it to your judgment with the request that you sift it. I may get up one more paper later on if you so desire.

Very Cordially yours,

Mrs. McElyea.

# Incidents of Sherman's Raid Through Upper Robeson

About the first of March, 1865, it became almost a certainty that General Sherman and his army, in his march to the sea, would pass through this section of the country. This was a time that tried the heroic souls of our brave women who had been during four years, passing through fiery trials; but with unfaltering spirit and busy hands, they began preparing for the inevitable. As stated in a former chapter, my father had arrived from Fort Caswell about the middle of February, a poor physical wreck, unable to do anything except to direct my mother and the negroes in regard to the best location and mode of secreting our valuables, also the hiding away of a supply of provisions, horses, mules, etc., all of which had been arranged before the arrival of the "Grand Army." A great quantity of cane syrup, which was one of the war time staples in the South, had been made on our farm the previous year and was a popular diet with the young people, especially. My little sister and I were very fond of it, and the candy manufactured from it was all we had during the war. So when we discovered that no steps has been taken to save any of it we decided that would never do, and proceeded forthwith to fill a five-gallon jug from the barrels in our father's store-room. Finding a good strong stick, we ran it through the handles, and away we started with no certain destination in view, except to get a long distance from the house. Across rough fields we tramped, stopping occasionally to rest, as our burden became heavier, the farther we went, until finally coming on a dense pine thicket we halted and concluded we had found the right place. Within a thick clump of pine tops and straw we placed the "big red jug" and left for home well content that the Yankees would not get all of our beloved syrup. The main body of the Army passed through Laurinburg, ten miles distant from our home, and only the raiders and "bummers," penetrated this far South, and they were so uneasy, lest the Confederate Cavalry might overtake them, they did not tarry long enough to do material damage, so our big jug and its contents were unmolested, so

likewise was the remainder of the syrup, and sister and I had our wearisome tramp unnecessarily.

But while on this subject I will relate a piece of fiendish meanness they perpetrated at the home of a neighbor, Mr. Alex McRea, whose store house they raided, and taking a tow sack filled it with syrup, threw it across the back of a horse, and went riding away, with the contents streaming along everywhere. At another place they emptied a barrel of home-made lye soap into the old-fashioned open well, which was the sole dependence for drinking and cooking purposes. At our own home, they ransacked our dwelling and every negro home from top to bottom, taking off wearing apparel and bed clothing, but very little provisions, as they were in a hurry to get away. One of the crowd ordered a house girl to go and bring him a ham of meat. She grudged our nice home hams to these strange men, so instead of a ham she brought a shoulder. With oaths and curses, he commanded her to go back and fulfill his order, which she did in quick time. All of the eggs, milk and butter were rapidly confiscated, but we fared much better than did many others.

A mile or so distant from our home lived an uncle, Major J. H. McQueen, a widower with two lovely young daughters just grown to womanhood. At the near approach of Sherman's hordes, this uncle and my father grewanxious for the saftetaoin eta and my father grew anxious for the safety of their families and decided to send his two girls, my eldest sister and myself to a sequestered spot in the midst of a dense pine forest about three miles distance from our homes. So on Monday morning, March the 6th, the unique looking procession moved off, leaving our dear mother, little sister and black mammy bathed in tears.

In these days the old-fashioned two-wheel cart was the substitute of the present one-horse wagon, and two of these clumsy vehicles were laden with house-hold goods, beds, pillows, quilts, cooking uteusils and provisions, while perched on top were the refugees, four white girls and three colored, with a faithful slave boy driving each cart. I went away in fine spirits, dressed up in my only "Sunday best," a green wool dress which my father had managed to purchase in Wilmington from a blockade steamer at $8.00 per yard in Confederate money. The other girls, far wiser than I, had donned good, thick homespun dresses and I have often woudered since what made me so silly.

In about an hour we arrived at our destination and found two little cabin houses set in the center of a small clearing enclosed by a high rail fence. We began immediately to get things in order for housekeeping, and with the aid of the negroes, soon had that task accomplished, and were ready with keen appetites for dinner. Flora, my uncle's fine cook, was busily preparing dinner in pots and ovens, out in the yard, as neither house could boast of a chimney. Late that evening uncle came, having with him two or three negro men and about seven or eight horses and mules belonging to him and my father, which were turned into the enclosure. All went well that night and the following day, until about four o'clock in the evening, when a neighbor gentleman appeared at our camp with the news that the Yankees were near Laurinburg, about seven miles distant, that a colored woman had discovered our whereabouts and threatened to betray us, and we had a "stampede."

I waited to hear no more, I was home-sick prior to this news, and consulting no one, gathered my fly bonnet, and noiselessly stole away. Through the thick dark woods I sped, until breathless with haste, I stopped a moment to rest, when Oh horrors! the sound of a hoarse cough from a fallen pine top near at hand fell upon my ear, which I quickly decided emanated from a Yankee throat, and turning I fled in fear and trembling back to the camp. Owing to the confusion induced by the sudden preparation to move, no one had missed me, and I ssid nothing of my escapade until some time afterward.

Among the horses confined in the enclosure was a fine and very beautiful chestnut sorrel named "Jim", the property of my only brother, then in service in the Confederate Army. This horse was highly prized by his young owner, and was the pet of the family. At that time I was well trained to horsemanship, and I determined to ride Jim home. Conferring with my uncle in regard to my wishes, he reluctantly consented, but my plans were defeated for want of a bridle, nothing but halters could be found, and with his high mettle, I knew I could not take the risk, so poor Jim was left to his fate. The Yankees got him and all the others except two, which were saved by the colored men. But our soldier boy never more needed his gallant charger, for he returned to us never again.

About sundown of that day, Tuesday, it was decreed that we abandon our present abode, and penetrate farther into the wilderness, afoot this time as there was no road in that direction. Carrying some lighter articles of clothing etc., we girls followed in the wake of my uncle, while the negroes, laden with quilts, pots, pans and provisions, brought up the rear. By this time a cold drizzly rain was falling. the woods were low and flat, and some one of us was constantly stumbling over roots and into mud holes, while the bushes and briers impeded our progress, and lacerated our limbs, but on we tramped for about a mile, when reaching a little knoll on higher ground, we halted for the night.

A good hot blaze from the rich pine knots of the virgin forest was soon roaring, and we had the comfort of warming and drying our saturated garments,

and cold-wet feet, while Flora cooked our supper. But we had only a frugal meal that night, on account of the rain, but we were hungry and the corn "hoe cake," fried bacon and hot coffee were duly enjoyed. The next problem was sleeping arrangements, solved by making a rude shelter under the pines, with forks and poles, covered over with pine needles and two heavy quilts, while other quilts were spread underneath, upon which the four of us lay down to uncertain slumber and troubled dreams.

The rain increased to a regular downpour about mid-night, the roof of our bedroom became top-heavy with water, and I was awakened by a screech from one of the girls, as the quilts came down on us in a perfect deluge; saturating everything with the cold rain, and giving us all an involuntary bath, and there was no more sleep for us that night.

Early next morning everything was astir, and breakfast cooking, when a runner in great haste appeared with the news that the Raiders were about half a mile distant, playing havoc at the house of an old Croatan. Forward move was the instant order, while Flora with great presence of mind, exclaimed to the men, "Out dat fire," thinking that the smoke might betray us, and our camping outfit to the enemy. Again we took up our line of march, breakfastless, wet and miserable. Into the middle of Bull branch was our final destination, where we sat perched on two "tussocks" in the pouring rain until midday, terrified by the near proximity of the "Bummers," who were just across the branch at the home of a neighbor, shooting, cursing and yelling amid the squawks of the fowls and howling of the dogs. My cousins were frail and delicate, reared in luxury and unused to exposure, and their father was terribly anxious for us all, but it was my spirited sister who finally rebelled at the situation and declared her intention of going home, to which my uncle agreed, and the female portion of the crowd arose with great difficulty after sitting so long in a cramped position, and after getting out of the branch, slowly and painfully wended our homeward way, guided now by Flora, as the men remained in the woods in the hope of saving the horses and other property. We were approaching uncle's house from the rear, and as we drew in sight of his premises, Flora exclaimed in terrified accents. "My God, chilluns, Massa's barn is on fire and dem blue devils all ober de place." And this was true. We gave one glance and took in the awful scene. The large granary filled with the products of the preceding year's crop was burning, the flames bursting through the roof, the black smoke rising skyward, and hordes of bluecoats, busy as bees, seeing that the job was well done.

Thus once more we sought a hiding place, as we had not courage to face this crowd of hostile incendiaries. This time we crept into a patch of thick broom-sedge, and actually lay down in the shallow water which covered the low surface of the earth. For about two hours we remained there, until finally Flora, who was acting as scout, proclaimed the glad tidings that "De Yankees wus all gone," when we started once more, and soon arrived at the home of our cousins to find a scene of ruthless destruction.

The extensive grounds were littered with remains of handsome glass and crockery ware, boxes, barrels and forage left from feeding their horses, while the interior of the fine old home was almost past recognition. Rich mahogany furniture mutilated and smashed up, drawers, books, trunks, everything broken, torn and scattered, and no one to stem the tide, save the terrified servants and our widowed old aunt, who met us at the door calm and collected, with that dauntless spirit which actuated so many of our noble Southern women. The unusual destruction at my uncle's was probably attributable to the fact of his being a man of some note and a strong secessionist.

Flora was soon busy investigating the larder and wondering if "Dem theiving Yankees had lef anything to eat." "Case," says she, "we are all about starved." Her search was rewarded by finding some remnants of food-stuff, which she immediately set about preparing, but before it was ready in stepped my dear old nurse from our own home, whom our anxious mother had sent over in quest of news from us, having heard nothing since our departure. Never shall I forget her joyous cry of surprise and delight, when faithful Harriet found us safely on our way home. "Oh! Bless de Lord!" she exclaimed, "Here's my chilluns alive an well, and I'll take 'em right home to dere pore mother, fer she nigh 'bout crazy a-fearin' de Yankees done an took you all off."

In the excitement incident to our home coming my pitiable plight had not been observed, but now it was noted by Harriet's motherly eyes, with an exclamation of surprise and horror; "My pore chile," said she, "who done tore your frock offen you an' send you home in rags like dis?" And truly I was an object to elicit both sympathy and mirth, a veritable Cinderella, who went away in gay spirits riding in high state, to return on foot, a perfect tatterdemalion.

My "boughten" dress was illy calculated to withstand the ravages of bush and brier, consequently the skirt had parted company about the knees, was tied in knots, and dangling about me in miserable style. Many times I deplored the folly of not having worn my homespun dress, but I was near home and loved ones now, and my costume was little on my mind. My aunt, cousins and faithful Flora insisted on our waiting to get something to eat, and truly the pangs of hunger, sharpened by the appetizing odors from Flora's pots and pans, were a sore temptation, but we were too hungry for mother love

just then, and were soon on the road once more, with home, loved ones and supper as our goal.

Chatting gaily, and asking Harriet endless questions in regard to the Yankees and their behavior, we sped onward, but halted once more in passing the home of an old neighbor gentleman, who was sitting lonely and dejected on his front veranda and called us to come in and view "the wreck and ruin wrought." This gentleman had refugeed with a great number of slaves and much valuable property from the vicinity of Wilmington when it became apparent that that city would eventually fall. His wife and young daughter, unaccustomed to the quietude of the country, did not take kindly to the life and only at intervals came up to spend a few days. Now his negroes had all gone away, some with the Yankees and some back to the city, and he was the sole occupant left on the plantation, not even a dumb animal or a domestic fowl to cheer his loneliness, and all around a scene of utter destruction; marble slabs from his handsome suites of furniture broken into atoms, trunks, boxes and drawers rifled of their contents, books and papers torn and scattered, and the crowning act of sacrilegious infamy, his handsome gilt-edged, golden clasped family Bible lying out in a mud hole stamped beyond repair or recognition 'neath the dastardly boot heels of the foe.

It was now late afternoon, and the poor old gentleman had fasted all day long; told us he had nothing left to eat, and no one to cook it if he had. So we insisted that he go home with us, and share our hospitality until he could make plans for the future; and he promised to come over a little later on, which he did. This was Mr. John A. Sanders, a typical chivalrous gentleman of the old South, whom we highly esteemed, and who was an object of our sincere sympathy. Leaving him in the midst of his ruins, in a few moments we were clasped in the arms of our parents, laughing and crying with joy. Then supper, the delights of which still linger in my memory.

Mother told us after we all got off on that memorable Monday morning, a great anxiety took hold upon her lest the Yankees might harm our father should they learn that he had been in the Confederate service, so she pleaded with him to go out on the border of the plantation and there secrete himself until the Raiders had passed through. He was loath to do this, but finally yielded to her persuasions, was absent two or three hours, when he returned determined to live or die with his family. Only in one instance was he molested. When ordered by a drunken thief to get his watch and deliver it up, he told them that he had no watch at that time, which was true, as he had sold it to a comrade in arms, but the Yankee protested that he was lying and unless he produced it in three minutes he would shoot him down. My dear mother in an agony of fear, plead for his life, but the brutal reply was, "I'll do what I promise to do." She then appealed to an officer, who had within him the instincts of a gentleman and the heart of a human, and he went immediately and gave the creature a scathing reprimand and drove him out of the house.

On the night of our return about an hour after supper the sound of hoof-beats was heard approaching, and six men finely mounted, came clattering into our front yard, and right up to the door steps. Father walked out on the piazza and asked, "Who are you?" "We are Confederate Cavalry," was the reply.

"Well," exclaimed my brave outspoken old father, "I will get a light and take a good look at you." They made no objection. The light was forthcoming, and holding it aloft, father gave them a close inspection.

"Well," said he at length, "I see you are clad in Confederate uniforms, but each man wears the U. S. belt."

"Oh!" was the reply, "We captured them from the Yanks."

These men were vigorous, stalwart specimens of robust manhood, but neither looked nor talked like Southerners and I knew that father discredited their story. They began to ply him with questions as to the present locality and direction of General Sherman's headquarters, which he readily answered. Then they enquired if he knew or had heard aught of Wheeler's (Texas) cavalry, which was a holy terror to the Yankees.

"Well, yes," father replied, "It is reported that a squad of them are rapidly approaching from the Little Pee Dee, about three miles distant."

In a flash the men wheeled, put spurs to their horses, and sped away like the wind in the direction of headquarters, which confirmed father's preconceived opinion.

On the following Friday evening we were rejoiced to welcome six bona fide Confederates, the veritable Wheeler's men, and Oh! what a sense of security we derived from their presence, and what a warm welcome we gave them. A handsome, more gallant looking set of men no army could boast; of superb physical proportions, strong, athletic and perfect in the art of horsemanship. One of the squad had been a cowboy, and gave us exhibitions of his skill. His name was Munger, the only son of a widowed mother. He was mounted on a large, irony gray mule, brought from his Texas home, and ridden throughout the war. Once more I saw the gray mule, but he was riderless. After passing through the four years of battlefields, privations and perils, the brave young Munger was slain at the battle of Bentonsville, while, with waving cap, at the head of his company, cheering on the boys, his gallant young life went out, and two of his comrades en route home came by

my father's, related the sad story, and were leading back to the stricken mother the faithful animal, which had borne her splendid soldier boy safely through all the years to be killed on the very last battlefield. Oh! the myriads of mother hearts whose very cords were riven by the murderous hand of War!

I could write on and on, telling of the awful days of Reconstruction, and the tortuous humiliations and indignities suffered by our high-spirited and noble Southern people, but I have no desire nor intention of opening the old sectional wound. A half century of years should efface all feeling of enmity and leave only the white dove of Peace to dwell in our midst, and hover with outstretched wing over all sections of the common country.

Now as this paper may be growing too lengthy, I will close by saying that our faithful slaves were loyal to every trust, and in no instance betrayed the confidence imposed in them.

My sweet young cousins married and flitted away in early life to the Home land. My sister and I are both now lonely widows of brave Confederate soldiers, natives of Virginia, and members of Lee and and Jackson's command. The proudest memory of my sad life is that my husband was a gallant Confederate Officer, commended for bravery and promoted on the field.

Mrs. R. T. McElyea,
Maxton,
N. C.

# Extracts from Mrs. White's Address at New Orleans

(COPIED FROM THE MINUTES OF THE GENERAL U. D. C. CONVENTION)

Mrs. Alexander White's summary of U. D. C. work:

Organized in Nashville, Tennessee, September 10, 1894, it seems well at this, our Twentieth Annual Convention, to take stock and see what the United Daughters of the Confederacy really stand for and what they have accomplished.

The objects of our organization are "Benevolent, Memorial, Historical, Educational and Social." It endeavors to draw into closer bonds of friendship all its members, and by a unity of action to accomplish greater results in honoring Confederate dead, and in charity to needy Confederate veterans and their families.

With a membership of over ninety thousand, every one of Confederate lineage, ours is the only strictly Southern organization. Its stronghold is in the South, but it has extended its influence and membership far beyond the confines of "Dixie Land," and now its dominion is from the Atlantic westward across the great plains to the sun-kissed Pacific; from the Rio Grande to the blue Columbia; from the Gulf to the Great Lakes. We have even gone beyond the borders of the United States, for we have a chapter in the City of Mexico.

Wherever seven women, with true Confederate blood coursing in their veins, find one another, be it in the heart of Abolition Land, or on the snowy summits of the Rocky Mountains, they came together in a chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

Of the forty-eight States forming the Union, the United Daughters of the Confederacy has chapters in thirty-three. In New York City are two chapters, one with a membership of six hundred; Philadelphia has two flourishing chapters, one organized sixteen years ago; Minneapolis has a chapter. It is no doubt astounding to some to learn that we have a State organization in California, in the State of Washington, as well as Washington, D. C., in Ohio and in Illinois. So now we have State divisions in twenty-two States and will soon have another in Colorado.

What has this great nation-wide organization done? What have all our struggling activities brought us? Whither do they trend? First and foremost, we have held out the hand of hope to our dear old veterans by showing our pride in the chaplet of fame they wove for the South, by honoring them, and by helping them in their struggles, helping them in their feebleness and old age, by getting pensions for them or for their widows, and by building homes for them and homes for the Confederate women, or by getting States to maintain or endow such homes. Every Southern State has, I think, its home for Confederate veterans; many have homes for Confederate women; and to those homes the Daughters furnish many luxuries; for the sick, physicians and nurses. Many big boxes of clothing and good things to eat are sent to these homes.

While adding to the comforts and pleasures of those in Confederate Homes, we are not unmindful of the other dear veterans, who from various causes, cannot go to those homes, but must stay with their families; but, be they in town or country, we hunt them out to offer aid and a cheering, loving word.

Every one of our fifteen hundred chapters is expected to send something each year to the Relief Fund, and so important has grown this work that the Virginia Legislature of 1912 gave the Virginia

(*Continued on page 00*)

# Carolina and the Southern Cross

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

L. V. ARCHBELL . . . . Editor

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ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE IN KINSTON, N. C., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER


This issue of Carolina and The Southern Cross closes the first volume of twelve numbers published since March 1913.

It has been a year of struggle and waiting, but not once has our faith in the work, and in the North Carolina U. D. C. division faltered. The leading thinking women of the state division have realized that this is their opportunity and they are doing all in their power to get the whole division to see what an advantage this magazine would be to the whole state. It is unique, therefore it cannot interfere with any general work, but only add to its value.

Our space is limited, and this prevents the publication of many letters that we might publish from distingnished people who approve the work and cheer us on. Both veterans and daughters in the state have begnn to see the value of the paper to them alone, and those out of the state approve it most heartily.

It has been impossible to get the magazine out on a certain day of the month, because the Editor has had to be reporter and everything else in a Journal office, because, while others were willing to help there was a lack of information that one must have in order to convince the business public that it wants a thing.

We need the general activity of U. D. C. women. People know what they stand for, they know that they devote all the money they get to a good cause, and they are willing to trust them to carry the work on.

All who have had the magazine from Mareh 1913, are asked to renew their subscription. This will help the Editor.

Give us a chance, and we shall be able to make a record that the Daughters will be proud to bequeath to the state in a period in which we have done so much for the general U. D. C. work in other states.

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This is a woman's issne of "Carolina and The Southern Cross."

It will no doubt interest the U. D. C. ehapters to read Mrs. White's address to the New Orleans convention. As she says, she could not tell it all. The work in the states goes steadily on, so silently that only those who do it ever hear about it.

The pride of Southern womanhood found utterance in the president's appeal to the Southern representatives not to ask that our veterans shall become pensioners of the Government. She promised in the name of U. D. C. women to endeavor to get the states to do more for our needy soldiers and help the Daughters to keep them from suffering for the comforts of life. She acknowledged with thanks, the kindness of the G. A. R. veteran who suggested at Chattanooga that the Government should eare for Confederate Soldiers' Homes; but we are asking nothing of the Government.

The Editor thinks that it would be perfectly proper if the United States Government ceased to exact the war debt, and then we could pension our own veterans.

We are paying millions every year. More than was ever exacted of any other nation. If North Carolint could keep her millions that the United States Government exacts from us we could offer some recompense to those who have nothing left but the scars that they brought back from the war.

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As Mrs. Pickett's articles on "General Pickett's Career in the Confederacy," naturally interested all Southern people, and as she, like many other writers, finds no place at Gettysburg for North Carolina, we purpose in the April number of Carolina and The Southern Cross to discuss the service of North Carolina at Gettysburg.

We shall have an artiele by a Confederate veteran, and another by a Union veteran. We shall have a diagram of the battle field and all the pictures that we have money to pay for.

We hope to make the April issue valuable for school work.

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The collection of genealogieal data is a part of the work of the Palatines Memorial Association. The colonial and revolutionary services of ancestors will be published along with the genealogies. This will save deseendants, who are joining the patriotic societies, much research and expense.

They are very fortunate in having Miss Hyatt's services in working out the lines of descent. She has not only interest but experience to qualify her, as she was last year employed as fieldworker in eugenics by the Eugenies Record Office.

All deseendants are asked to give $5 to the memorial fnnd. This will eover the expense of the researeh work, (hotel bills, railroad fare, ete.) and pay for printing the data in Carolina and The Southern Cross.

This data alone will make our official organ very

valuable, and in years to come its files will be as eagerly desired as Hathaway's *"North Carolina Historical and Genealogical Register,"* which cannot now be bought.

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The following names have been reported to the Editor for unclaimed mail:

Mrs. Almond Hart.
Mrs. Latta Johnson.
Mrs. Robert Jones.
Miss Lillian Bunch.

Some of these names were given at the Tarboro Convention and it is possible that the postoffice address is not correct. Please send your address and notify the Editor if you have not received your paper. If you have moved give your present address, please.

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*To the North Carolina Division United Daughters of the Confederacy:*

Our Southern women are so accustomed to make their requests and get them granted that they do not realize just what it means to order a text book discarded from a public school; but it is not so simple. The text books in our public schools are adopted and provided under the law and no matter how a teacher feels about them, he or she cannot always choose. Besides, there may be portions of the book that are really excellent, and if discarded would be a loss to the school.

Some time ago the Editor was requested by a school superintendent to examine a history of the United States and express an opinion of it as a text-book for the High School. The first part of the book concerning colonization and settlement was all that could be expected in a school book. It was far ahead of any other in its treatment of North Carolina early history. In fact it was very acceptable up to the fifties, and then the opinion of the author began to supplement the text. In the part concerning the sixties opinion and history were so mixed that the author could not fail to control the mind of anyone who did not know history already.

When discussing the objections to the book with the superintendent, he asked, "Can you recommend a desirable book for our school without those objections?" I found that I could not. He concluded to use the book, but he provided against the objections by requiring the teacher to get up parallel readings and lectures for the class. The teacher had no library at hand, nor reference books available. He was hampered by not being able to prove to his class the opinions he expressed to offset the text book. Besides, research in history takes much of the time of the teacher as well as the pupil, and not one in fifty teachers is prepared to substitute for the written text in the hands of his class, in such a manner as to counteract the influence of the text.

Most of the younger teachers must be largely influenced by the literature that is in their reach. All who teach are not fond of teaching history, and a thorough knowledge of the subject must be the result of patient hard work, and a love for it that cannot be turned aside by such obstacles as invariably confront the student of history.

Events and acts, discussions and opinions that interest our country today will become the history of these times in the future. Things that are transpiring in our state now, whether we care for them or not, are the very things that will be discussed by those who take our places, as the causes that shall have brought about effects that will have made or marred, in a measure, the fortunes of our Old North State.

Certain questions are being discussed in connection with the proposed entertainment, in the State, of William Jennings Bryan and others, that have a significant bearing on the story of our people in coming years whether we desire it so or not.

The history that belongs to a state or a nation depends on the character of the people. The history that is written of a state or nation depends on a number of things. First: The preservation of a true record. Second: The character, ability and honesty of the man who undertakes to arrange that record for dissemination among the people so that they may become the judges of that record unbiased by his opinions. Third: The quality of the mind of the people who are the natural inheritors of the record.

None who has read the acts of the U. D. C. General Convention at New Orleans, can doubt that our leading women have a clear conception of our duty to the history of the South.

The urgent necessity of preserving a truthful record, the prayerful hope that a future historian will arise to disseminate the records we have kept for his coming, and the earnest desire to keep our schools unpolluted by the false teachings of those who are fair to us only in part.

What is our plan of work in regard to history? For its preservation each chapter has its historian, whose duty it is to collect and preserve all the history in her reach and turn it over to the state historian, who files a copy in her state archives, and sends a copy to the Historian General, who places the copies of each state in the archives of the U. D. C. organization at Richmond in the White House of the Confederacy. There they await the coming historian who shall dispense the truth to an expectant people who shall have descended from the Confederate Soldier, the grandest soldier known in the annals of the world.

What is the defect in our plan for the history of the South?

First: Are the chapter historians accomplishing their part of the work? Second: Are the State Historians able to do their part? Without going further, let me ask what portion of all the history preserved in the General Archives has North Carolina contributed? How do we know that the coming historian will be any truer to our State than past historians have been? After he has condescended to let us fight to drive the foe from his borders will he hold us up to the world as cowards who fled at Gettysburg "like leaves before the wind," and then explain that there was a reason for this. We were "made of common clay," we were "North Carolinians." Then will he calmly claim the honors for General Pickett? I call attention to this because this printed history is in nearly every library of any size in North Carolina. Our children have daily access to these books that brand us as cowards. This from the pen of a writer of Confederate history should warn us that if we neglect our own state, others will not be alert for our honor. They are busy taking care of themselves and while we gladly unite for the honor of the General U. D. C. work we must take care of our own first. To secure our own is the very best way to aid the general history work.

One must admire Virginia's prompt stand against adverse history. She was the first to turn down Elson's and other histories, and she substituted Jones' and Leigh's school histories written by her own writers, but North Carolina could not use them because they are no more fair to our state in some things than those from a Northern pen.

Our State U. D. C. committees visited our schools and colleges and notified the educators that we did not approve of Elson, etc., but it took about five years to get Elson out of our University. No doubt this book would have been eliminated in five minutes, but unfortunately we had nothing to suggest in its place, and it remained in the schools until they got "good and ready to give it up."

Our educators are placed in a position that compels them, when choosing United States history, to take the lesser of two evils.

Without going into details I will venture the assertion that the U. D. C. women have undertaken and accomplished the most wonderful work ever attempted by any women at any time of the world's history. Not for a day would we stop the general gathering of history by the United Daughters, not for a moment would we bid them cease to hope for the true historian who shall come to write the great history of the South and to do justice to the brave men and women of the Confederacy.

But, another duty must be fairly met by us if we expect to have a perfect elimax to our work. The trend of thought and training is against us even now, and when the result of our labor has remained locked in our archives till the hour and the man have come, there is a prospect that he will tear his hair like the prophet of old and cry, "Lord who hath believed our report."

The greatest of all our work, in North Carolina at least, remains to be done. We must do our part toward preparing a people to receive the coming writer of history who shall do justice to the character and heroism of the South.

What does it matter if we save our records till our historian comes, if at his coming the field has been so cultivated and sown that he finds a people who are ready to condemn both him and our records. A people so imbued with the idea that our United States flag could never have floated over even an evil intention, a flag that was always glorious, and that glorifies whatever cause it represents. How could a people with such a belief understand us?

A Southern young man taking a course at Columbia University came upon a group of young teachers and there was a hush at once in the discussion among them. At last one of them ventured: "Mr. Blank we have been discussing your patriotism and I wish you would answer a question. Would you refuse to salute the flag?"

"That would depend entirely upon circumstances," he replied. "My father carried a Confederate flag."

"Well," said the young lady, "in our city schools we teach the children to salute the flag whenever it passes, and we have a regular flag ceremony."

"I imagine it is necessary in your city schools," replied Mr. Blank, "because at least 60 per cent. of the children are foreign born. They came from a country where it is customary to salute their flag and you have adopted their customs in order to teach them to become familiar with the United States flag. Now at the South it is not necessary. We have no foreign born element and our children are all born patriots. The flag is our own flag, the product of our fathers and we are born loyal citizens."

Can we expect this condition to last in the South?

Let us not lull ourselves into a belief that the future historian can bridge the chasm that we have left open. There is a way by which we may prevent the quiet invasion of a foreign element. There is a way by which we can place ourselves in touch with nearly every home in our State. Shall we do this work?

There are nearly five thousand U. D. C. women in North Carolina, and they can accomplish anything that they undertake. The blood of our soldiers is calling to us from the trenches and open battle fields of the South, and from the prisons of the North. It is for us to say what shall be done for North Carolina. Lee, Jackson, and Pickett have been provided for and

we have done our part to sound their praise, but what of our own brave generals? What of our men! How many North Carolinians have been honored by marble or bronze? We have battle fields, but even their names and locations are not known to our populace.

We have helped to build, but where?

Your state organ may become a live wire if you will; but pray how many of you would rather have your organ in another state?

The Editor ordered samples of Confederate pins. They came bearing names of generals from nearly every state in the Confederacy except North Carolina. We suggested distinct pins for North Carolina Generals. The dealer was afraid that there would not be a demand for them. Shall we, the Daughters of North Carolina, create a demand for pins that distinguish our North Carolina generals from others? Do not forget that these pins would become a part of our history and they could be used as prizes for school essays.

Shall we try to get in touch with the schools and homes of our State?

How long will you suffer one woman to bear the burden of five thousand? Your paper needs, money, money to make it worthy of you. It needs a special agent in the fields to go from town to town, and chapter to chapter. It needs some one to visit the schools, the homes, the reunions. It needs money for picture cuts, money for enlargement. "But how can this be accomplished?" you ask. By working to circulate your organ in your own environment. Get the people to subscribe and read.

The Editor asked advice of an experienced northern magazine worker. He examined the magazine, and seemed surprised that North Carolina had made such an effort. He seemed to be pleased with the appearance and arrangement and said it was above the average, and very attractive as an advertising medium.

"All that it needs to make it selfsupporting is a thorough local circulation," he said. "If 4000 women are sincere in their desire to have their history known and read in their state they have only to see that this magazine reaches the homes.

"It seems to me that the proposition is an easy one if the U. D. C. women desire their state history preserved and known."

The young man glanced through several numbers and as he turned to leave exclaimed, "By George its a big thing for women to do!"

Do the U. D. C. women of North Carolina quite realize that they stand for the biggest work that has yet been undertaken for the State and that through it they may reach their heart's desire?

# MENACE OF IMMIGRATION

(Manufacturers' Record.)

Southerners concerned for the present and the future welfare of their country ought to spend at least an hour in carefully reading and pondering upon an article by Edward Alsworth Ross on "American and Immigrant Blood," published in the December number of *The Century*. It is one of the most thoughtful and patriotic treatments of the subject of immigration to this country, with special reference to the effect upon the people of the United States, that has appeared in recent years. The suggestion that Southerners study this article is made because it is not believed that the average resident of that section is fully aware of the tremendous significance in the change that has taken place in the past ten or fifteen years in the character of immigration to this country. The South is facing economic problems that came to the rest of the country fifty years ago, problems which were solved by immigration from the Northern countries of Europe of peoples closely allied in blood and in instincts to the elments that gave the stamp of healthy progress to this country. For reasons which persist in some measure even today that splendid stream of reinforcing immigration was diverted to parts of the South in only comparatively small volume. For fifty years, twenty-five of them filled with the destruction of war and the almost superhuman work of rehabilitation, the South was left practically alone to depend upon its native stock, first, to repair, and then, to enlarge its foundations for greater growth. Its progress in the past twenty-five years is, on that account, the greater marvel, for, as new and greater opportunities for productive labor presnted themselves more rapidly than the natural growth of population permitted the manning of them, the main reliance for additional producers needed was immigration from other parts of the country. More than once has been seen the spectacle of farming operations hampered by the drift of the cotton mills, the lumber camp, or the railroad gang, and vice versa, and for quite ten years there has been a growing conviction that the South's supply of thrifty productive workers was becoming unequal to the task of maintaining the rate of progress in material development that prevailed between 1880 and 1900.

Consequently the South has come more and more

to look to immigration from foreign lands to meet the deficieney. *That inclination has been used by a propaganda, sedulously cultivated and persistently pushed at every favorable opening, to make the South a field for colonization of foreign elements held to be undersirable in their own lands and emphasizing that undesirability wherever they have already been massed in other parts of the country.*

It has taken the form of *this* "Southern" organization or *that* "Southern" organization which has always gained for a while the support of some representative Southerners who have not recognized the alien inspiration of these "Southern" movements but have sincerely welcomed them as possible means of solving Southern economic problems. Only the other day one of the most recently-formed organizations of the kind which, by the way, had at its birth the *commendation of an official of the Italian Government in charge of emigration from Italy,* was found coming up to expectations in protesting against a bill now before the Congress of the United States for the further restriction of immigration to this country.

Southerners misled by their enthusiasm for the progress of their section into supporting such organizations forget, if they indeed know, that the elements dominant in immigration from foreign lands today are radically different in blood, instincts and purpose from the dominant elements of the older immigration which have been assimilated by the American people to the advantage of the United States. They forget that the mighty stream of half a century ago from Northern Europe has become a mere trickle hardly distinguishable in the flood pouring in at the rate of nearly a million individuals a year from the Mediterranean regions and from other countries of Southern Europe, and that the great volume of that flood, although flowing from rural communities abroad, has no intention of becoming in this country a factor in direct production either on the farm or in the factory, but expects to join the herd of the alien races in the great centers of population, there to live in parasitic occupations.

Southerners protesting against further restrictions upon immigration fondly imagine that the immigration of the day, is diverted to the South by means of special provisions for immigrant stations at Southern ports and special sailings to those ports by trans-Atlantic steamers, will bring them household servants and laborers for their farms and plantations. They are grievously mistaken and, if they allow their mistake to become effective in diverting the stream, carrying much of the human refuse of Europe, to the South, not only will the material progress which they hope for not be assured, but the true welfare of their section, of much more importance to this country than the piling up of wealth, will be sadly hampered.

The present inrush from abroad is not of peoples who for many years met satisfactorily the demand for household servants or for farm labor until, under the auspices of American opportunities for bettering one's self, they became heads of households or independent farmers, as they and their children were assimilated happily into the body of the American people. The newcomers are not fitted for household service, and one of their motives in leaving their native lands is *to get away from agriculture* and into the channels of haphazard, dependent livelihood, so diversified in the great cities. Encouraged by extraordinary artifice to turn their steps to the South, they can only become the nuclei of congestions similar to that of New York's East Side, which is a menace to the metropolis and the nation. For, even if the latter-day immigration were inclined to become absorbed by the American population, the influences behind its movement to America and the circumstances in which it is placed upon reaching here would forbid. In one respect it is fortunate that this is so, for without such absorption which would surely intensify the evil, the very presence of hordes of aliens is having a detrimental effect upon our institutions and our people.

The South has been fortunate in escaping many of the banes that have come upon the rest of the country in the past quarter of a century because of the flood of mongrel peoples that has poured into the country. The South should present a strong front against any influence, however specious, that will weaken its power of resistance to the banes.

"Safety first for native stock," should be the watchword of the South when dealing with immigration. Material progress had better slacken than be furthered at the sacrifice of the higher good.

## Extracts from Mrs. White's Address

(*Continued from page 7.*)

Daughters five thousand dollars for it. Why can't every Southern State do this?

As the United Daughters of the Confederacy sent funds to our Daughters and Veterans suffering from the great San Francisco earthquake and fire, and those overwhelmed last year in the horrors of the overflow and flood of the Mississippi valley, so this year to the victims of the devastating floods in Ohio, our Relief Committee sent timely aid.

One of our chief objects is to show honor and reverence to Confederate heroes, living and dead. So we have bestowed, with much loving pride, the dear little brown Southern Cross of Honor. Though we bestow it upon the descendant or widow of a dead veteran, it is a veteran's cross, and none but a vet-

eran may wear it. When you see that little cross upon the breast of an old man, know ye that it is a badge of courage and honor, that he has a record of glory, a record without a flaw. Nearly seventy thousand Crosses of Honor have been conferred. They can be obtained only from and through a Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. Not of silver or gold, nor studded with diamonds or rubies, yet they are above price, far, far above the marts of trade; money cannot buy one. Bought, aye bought, were they long, long ago by loyal honorable service to the Confederacy, and are now gifts from the United Daughters in recognition of this glorious devotion.

So faithfully and nobly have we commemorated the deeds and lives of heroes of the South with monuments of granite and marble and tablets and memorials of bronze, that we are called "monument builders." We deserve the name, for so impressed were the women of the South with the knowledge that the Southern soldiers had none but them to do them honor, and so proud were they to be conservators of the glory of the Confederate Army, and so desirious that the world might see appreciation of this valor, our first work was erecting towering bronze and spotless marble to tell the story of this glory.

We have worked hard for monuments and we have something to show for our labor, for hundreds and hundreds of monuments dot the entire South, some built by chapters, and others by State organizations. Scarcely a month takes its place on the calendar but a new Confederate monument is outlined against the sky, a silent voice asking the ages to listen to its wondrous story.

Besides these smaller monuments, the General Organization in 1907, with all the pomp and pageantry at its command, in the presence of thousands of people, unveiled, at Richmond, a memorial to the first, last and only President of the Southern Confederacy, Jefferson Davis. This is our most ambitious monument work, costing $71,000. Mr. Davis was our chieftain—he suffered—and we gave him our best.

Last November the laying of the cornerstone of the Arlington Monument at Washington was a most brilliant occasion, and we are looking forward eagerly to the unveiling of this great monument that will breathe the spirit of the South, and will stand in the shadow of that home that stands for nobleness, honor, rectitude, and duty.

While here in New Orleans the design is to be selected, and the contract given for a monument at Shilo National Military Park to commemorate the valor of the entire Confederate Army, as well as the utmost sacrifice of those who sleep there in those six long trenches, and to honor the leadership of Albert Sidney Johnson, "A man tried in many high and official enterprises, and found faithful in all." Few women's organizations can surpass, or even equal, this record of bringing into being at one time two of the most imposing military monuments in the whole country.

This is only part of what we are doing. Besides building handsome memorials of stone to the dead, we are building even greater ones of living monuments to work for the living, in the education we are giving to the boys and girls of the South, lineal descendants of Confederate soldiers. We have reached out into the educational fields and through this are coming into close touch with Southern youth, and putting our organization into their lives as a helpful factor, fitting them for life, making them valuable assets of the nation—educated citizens. In various ways do we reach our end. When the labor of a child is needed for the support of a family, we pay the weekly wages to the family, and send the child to school. Sometimes we furnish books, again it is clothing to fit out the child to attend school.

Few have any idea of the extent of our educational work. We have many scholarships of free tuition all over the country in some of our best colleges, and in many instances we pay all living expenses of these scholarships. The General Organization has a scholarship of free tuition in Vassar College, New York, and for the living expenses of the young lady winning it, we pay out of our treasury three hundred and fifty dollars a year. For the young man holding the U. D. C. scholarship at Washington & Lee University, we pay three hundred dollars a year. We have two scholarships worth a thousand dollars a year, one in Washington, D. C., and one in New York City, and this year there were fourteen applications for each of them. There are fifteen general scholarships valued at two thousand five hundred dollars a year.

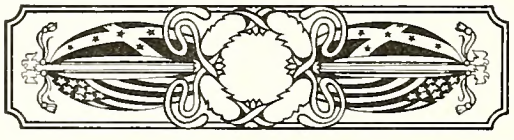
Every State Division maintains free scholarships, or has raised endowments for scholarships. One State has seventy-two free scholarships, and besides that, maintains an endowed school. Another State has increased its scholarships in value from two hundred to seven thousand dollars. Louisiana is furnishing two general scholarships at Tulane University, one at Sophie Newcomb College, besides having six State scholarships and a Student's Loan fund of one thousand dollars. The United Daughters of the Confederacy have control of and have placed this year, two hundred and fifty scholarships valued at twenty-five thousand dollars a year. Thus are the United Daughters of the Confederacy showing how they conserve the fine traditions and high ideals of the South, and showing that they are determined that it shall not be their fault if the descendants of Confederate soldiers sink to the plane of an inferior race for the need of education. "Loyal to the truth of Confederate History," is the keynote of our organiza-

tion. To perpetuate the truth of Southern history and to search out and immortalize its facts and traditions is our dearest aim. Delving into many histories, into personal reminiscences and into letters yelow and dim with age, penned years ago just before the battle, or after frightful carnage, goes on all the time and most of the State Divisions and the many, many chapters have year books and programs for study of the History of the South. Interest is stimulated through prizes and essays. We ask only for truth and justice, knowing that in them are honor and glory enough for all. It is not beeause of our militant blood of which we are so proud, but that mighty truth may prevail, that we condemn histories which are false and misrepresent life in the South. It is a silk banner for the best work in history done by a chapter, and for the best work done in the entire organization, the Raines banner is presented at the General Convention, and was won last year by the Texas Division. In one state eontest for the U. D. C. medal the children wrote two thousand three hundred and eighty-four essays on the battle of Shiloh. This same State presented eighty-five other medals and prizes. Most of our State Divisions award prizes, Louisiana giving six gold prizes every year.

If we are to preserve the heroic deeds and self-sacrificing devotion of the Confederate soldier untarnished by falsehood and misrepresentation, the germthought of truth must be planted in the fresh young minds of the children. To weave these sacred memories and noble ideals into the new generation, we have organized the children into Junior Chapters. There they study the U. D. C. catechism and the history of the South before the "Great War," learn that in the struggle to become a nation it was Southern soldiers who turned the tide of war and won freedom; learn that the first increase of territory came not as purchase but as gifts, from the big Southern Colonies; learn that the largest and richest addition of territory, the Louisiana Purchase, came through the foresight of a Southern President, Thomas Jefferson, of Virginia; that dignity and stability were given the Government and the law of the land by the wise interpretation of the Constitution of the greatest Chief Justice the country has ever had, John Marshall, of Virginia. And it is most gratifying to us to know that that exalted position is now held, and its traditions and forcefulness well sustained by a son of Louisiana who is a Confederate veteran, Chief Justiee Edward Douglas White.

Some think of the United Daughters of the Confederacy as several thousand militant and eontentious women keeping alive sectional feeling. We are not organized to stir up sectional bitterness, and there is too much important work to be done to waste time on that. If we are at times apparently eontentious, we are only insisting upon truth and justice for the Southern Confederacy, for the South, for our noble men, for truth, that we have in the different States U. D. C. text book committees to see that unbiased histories and unprejudiced readers are used in Southern schools. It is because of truth and because there are misnomers that we insist the terms "Lost Cause," "Civil War" and "Rebels" shall not be used.

Eagerly we await the great historian who shall write truthfully and understandingly of the South, and for his coming is cherished every paper, order, relic, every letter that may tell the story of the South. All will be ready to his hand in the White House of the Confederacy at Richmond, our Confederate Museum, the treasure house of relics of those who built the Confederacy's "Glory out of deathless dreams," and mementoes of men who fought and marched so well as to win all men's respect. There we have placed thousands of thousands of rolls of honor of dauntless and true Confederate soldiers, living and dead, their records gathered from their eomrades and their families. We are working now for an endowment fund of two thousand dollars for each of the fifteen rooms of that house where President Jefferson Davis labored and across whose portals passed and repassed the brave and gallant men of the South in the days of the Confederacy. Beautiful memorial windows adorn it, one to Arkansas's brave little David O. Dodd, and one to Matchless Sam Davis of Tennessee. Thirteen Southern States have placed memorial windows in historic old Blandford Church that has kept watch over the heroes of the Battle of the Crater, and the marking and preserving of historic places goes on from the beginning to the end of the year, "To save them from Oblivion's undertow."



# THE PALATINES AND THEIR DESCENDANTS

### The Palatinate

"The name of the Palatinate, as that of a political division, disappeared from the map of Europe before the opening of the present century, the principality being finally shattered by the Napoleonic wars. From the thirteenth century to the close of the eighteenth it maintained a varying importance among the continental powers. Its boundaries were changeable with the shifting fortunes of diplomacy and war. Situated between the greater and rival powers of France and the German princes, its soil was the frequent path of armies and fields of battle. Either of the greater combatants, but more frequently the French, was wont to appropriate what towns and castles, what broad acres and treasures of the Palatinate he thought himself able to retain. In the settlement of treaties, however, when each contestant was wearied by the war, and when, more often than otherwise, the status quo was re-established—proof of the folly of the war—the reigning prince of the Palatinate was apt to come to his own again.

"There were, in fact, two Palatinates—distinguished as the Upper, or Bavarian, Palatinate, and the Lower, or Palatinate of the Rhine—or the Pfolz. The latter, with which alone this story is concerned was by far the more important, and so overshawdowed the other that, when the name Palatinate was used without qualifying word, the understanding was of the Rhenish province. Its boundaries may be somewhat vaguely stated as the states of Mainz, Treves, Lorraine, Alsace, Baden, and Wurtenberg; boundaries subject to more or less of expansion, and contraction, according as one or other of its little provinces became the spoil of war. Its lands lay on both sides of the Rhine extending from near Cologne above Mannheim and containing somewhat less than 3,500 square miles. Its capital was Heidelberg and its principal cities were Mayence, Spires, Mannheim, and Worms, all of which, with still others, have obtained famous place in history:

"The origin of the name, Palatine is notable. Derived from the title of its ruler, it means the principality of the Palatine. This title, Palatine, is in itself peculiar, and receives its explanation from imperial institution. It is supposed by some writers to go so far back as to imperial Rome and to the Palatine Hill, with its palace of the Caesars. Others date the title from the time of the Merovingian kings of France, with whose court was connectel a high judicial officer, callel *Comes Palatii*. He was Master of the royal household, 'and had supreme authority in all causes which came by fiction to the king. When the sovereign wished to confer peculiar favor upon the holder of any fief under him, he granted him the right to exercise the same power in his province as the *Comes Palatii* exercised in the royal palace. With this function went the title *Comes Palatinus*, Count Palatine, and from the ruler the province received its name.'

"Butler gives a somewhat broader explanation of the title, as one conferred by the Emperor in the Middle Ages upon those who in his name administered justice to the empire. Evidently the original intention of the officer was with the idea of a High Court of Justice. As such the title is even found in English history, conferred by both William I. and Henry II. on nobles in the center and west of England. As an English title it soon passed away, but retained its place for centuries upon the Continent. Under the old Hungarian constitution it was the title of the royal lieutenant, who at a later period officiated as mediator between the nation and the sovereign, and as President in the upper house of the Diet. Also in Poland the title obtained for the governors of the larger divisions of the kingdom. None of these ever achieved as Count Palatine, any historical prominence. The chief significance of the title is found in the story of the Palatinate, the ruler of which was a king in everything but name, and frequently exercised large influence on European politics.

"Now, the curious thing in historical nomenclature is that, unlike all other princes, the ruler of the Palatinate did not receive his title from the land he governed, but from his title gave the name to his dominions. Louis XIV, with all his magnificence, took his title from his realm and was known as King of France. But the Count Palatine was not so named because he ruled the Palatinate, but that country was the Palatine because its ruler was a Palatine. Another curious thing is that the people of the Palatinate were described by the same name as their prince. They were all Palatines together, a title with him descriptive of place, honor, and authority, but with them only of birth and nationality. Such, indeed, is the fact with respect to all the emigrants from that country, though how widely the name may have obtained in continental usage does not appear. It is somewhat curious that these people should at times be called Palatinates—a misnomer which is almost grotesque. It is the same sort of absurdity as though one in speaking of Englishmen, should call them Englands. Palatinate is the name of the country and never properly used for its inhabitants, who are always to be called Palatines, with their princes. As a name for the American immigrants, indeed, it had obtained such vogue, doubtless in consequence of the impression made on the colo-

nial mind by the character and volume of the early immigration of that people, that for many years all Germans coming to this country, whether from the Palatinate or other provinces of the Fatherland, were called Palatines.—From *The Story of the Palatines.*

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### Jacob Miller

CRAVEN COUNTY RECORDS

Jour. Court held the 18th 1713-14 at the house of Jacob Miller, Esq.

At a court held at the house of Jacob Miller, Esqr., the third Tuesday in August 1713. Present: John Nelson, Judge; Colln. Wm. Brice, John Slocum, George Bell, Jacob Miller.

Court held at house of Capt. Jacob Miller 1713. Present: Jo. Nelson, Judge; Wm. Brice, Jo. Sloeum, Jacob Miller, Esqrs., assistants.

Court held at house of Jacob Miller, Esq., April 30, 1714. Present: John Nelson, Judge; Jo. Slocum, Jacob Miller, assistants.

Jacob Miller, Esq., January 28, 1713. Present: Jo. Nelson, Judge; Jo. Slocum, Jacob Miller, Esqrs., assistants. Then came Jacob Miller, Esqr and prayed that a deed of sale from Thomas Harrys to him might be proved and acknowledged, whieh was done. Ordered it to be recorded.

"North Carolina:

Know all men by these presents that I, Thos. Harrys of the precinct of Craven in the County of Bath and Province aforesaid do for a valuable consideration by these presnts sell set over and deliver unto Jacob Miller, Esq., of the County and province aforesaid part of a tract of land known by the name of Green Spring and lying on the south side of News River in the aforesaid County got by estimation about three hundred acres of land be it more or less with the bounds as followeth: Beginning at the mouth of Robt. Sherives Creek so running down the end of the further eornfield fence lying on a little hill near a small marsh from thence a line is to be run so that the said Miller may have as much Breadth on his back line as he hath in the front on the River side." Witnesses: Peter Lutts, Hannah Cole. Granted to Thomas Harrys, 1707."

Court held at the house of Capt. Jacob Miller, August 1714. Present: Capt. John Nelson, Judge; John Slocum, Jacob Miller, Esqrs., assistants.

Court held at the house of Capt. Jacob Miller third Tuesday in January 1714-15. William Brice, Quorum; John Slocum, George Bell and Jaeob Miller, Esqrs, assistants.

At a Court adjourned from the *late* house of Jacob Miller, Esq., and held at the house of Capt. Wm. Handcock, Sr., third Tuesday, April 19, 1715, Jaeob Miller was one of the justiees present.

Court at the house of Capt. Wm. Handcoek on third Tuesday in Oetober, 1715. Present: John Nelson, Esq. Judge; John Slocum, Jacob Miller, Riehard Graves, Esqrs., Justices.

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### Abstract of Conveyances.

CRAVEN COUNTY RECORDS

Martin Frank of Mill Creek, Craven Precinct, Bath County, Province of North Carolina to Phillip Miller, Cooper of the said Precinet, County and Province; 200£, current money of the Province; February 12, 1733 or 1734; "being part of the survey of Land commonly called and known by the name of New Germany surveyed for the said Martin Frank the fifteenth day of June in the year of our Lord One thousand seven hundred and eleven;" 300 acres "bounded as followeth: beginning at the lower eorner line of the land of Elizabeth Frank on Trent River from thence running down the one half of a mile and from thence back into the woods to compleat the said three hundred acres." The accompanying survey mentions "Thos. Harrold's Corner on the So. side Trent River."

[The original of this deed was owned by Mrs. Lewis Haywood, Trenton, N. C. She gave it to the State Museum. It will be placed in a case, reserved for relics of the Palatines. She was a descendant of both grantor and grantee, by Seeley Miller, daughter of Phillip Miller, sister of Phillip Miller, and wife of John Martin Frank.]

George Miller of Cumberland County, planter to Frederick Hargett, of Craven County, joiner; 15£ Proclamation Money; 300 acres; part of a survey to Martin Frank by Patent and by him sold to Phillip Miller, the father of George Miller; south side of Trent river in place called New Germany; January 19, 1767; Test., John Bryan, Daniel Miller.

George Miller and wife Margaret of Cumberland County to Frederick Harget; on north side of Trent river; 160 acres; the one part being part of a Patent granted to Martin Frank and by him sold to John Waxelland, by him given to his daughter Margaret; the other being a tract of land granted by Patent to George Miller, dated April 10, 1761.

Phillip Miller, planter to John Lavender, planter; May 20, 1755; south side of Trent; 125 acres; patent to Phillip Miller, January 15, 1755; on both sides of Pocosin swamp next Abraham Busett; Test., Abraham Busett, John Frank.

Phillip Miller, Sr., to Phillip Miller, Jr., 100 acres; part of patent for 200 acres, April 20, 1745; north side of Trent where Phillip Miller, Jr., now lives on Joshua's Creek; February 8, 1755; signed: Filip Muller (German spelling); Test., Fobias Miller.

Dividing Line between land of Joseph Martin and

Daniel Miller; next Phillip Miller, deceast; November 24, 1766; Arbitrators: Wm. Harrison, Matthew Stevenson.

Patent to Abraham Bussett; 200 acres; joins Phillip Miller's line; May 25, 1741.

Abraham Bussett to Phillip Miller; 1-2 part of 200 acres of his Patent; joins Phillip Miller's line; April 20, 1753; Test., Jno. Parrey, John Sanders.

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THREE PHILLIP MILLERS.

Phillip Miller (1) bought a place from Martin Frank, February 12, 1733 or 34. The buildings on this place may have been burned, because he paid £200 and his son, George sold it for £15. In 1744, a survey was made and in 1745, a patent issued to him for a tract in Craven County, later Dobbs County, now Woodington township, Lenior County. This is now known as the John Miller place and is owned by E. L. Miller. There are still some remains of a cellar in a ploughed field, near which was located the family burying ground, which has been ploughed over. Phillip Miller (1) died about 1766. February 8, 1755, he sold to his son, Phillip Miller, Jr., (2), one half of his 1745 patent, on which the son was then living.

In the State Records of North Carolina, vol. XXII page 318, Militia Returns, 1745-1755, in "The List of the Gentlemen Solgers" appears Phillip Miller, Jour. Destrict North side Trent River from Higgans' Bridge to the head of said river—Capt. Lewis Bryan.

A deed made by Phillip Miller (2) in 1777 is in existence, but he must have been dead in 1790, because his name does not appear on the Census of 1790. His son Phillip Miller (3) was born August 31, 1756, and died of bruises and gravel, December 26, 1824.

First Federal Census, 1790, Dobbs County, N. C. —Names of heads of families, Phillip Miller; Free white males of sixteen years and upwards, including heads of famlies; 2 Free white males under sixteen years; 4 Free white females, including heads of families; 2 slaves.

The State Records of North Carolina vol. XVII. Phillip Miller receives pay for soldiers of the North Carolina Line at Warrenton.

"Abstract of the army accounts of the North Caroline line settled by the Commissioners at Halifax from the first September, 1784, to the first February 1785 and at Warrenton in the year 1786, designating by whom the claims were receipted for respectively.

No. 3313, John Cox, Receipted for by Phillip Miller, page 203.

No. 1249, Nathan Harper, Receipted for by Phillip Miller, page 217.

No. 3115, Jonathan Hopkins, C, Receipted for by Phillip Miller, page 221.

No. 3321, Allison Knox, Receipted for by Phillip Miller, page 225.

No. 2692, Arrington Sheppard, Receipted for by Phillip Miller, page 250.

No. 1300, Edward Williams, Receipted for by Phillip Miller, page 258.

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Department of State Auditor,
Raleigh, N. C.,
July 16, 1912

This is to certify that Phillip Miller was paid for services in the Revolutionary War as per voucher No. 202, page 8, Book C 13, Volume 7, of the Army Accounts of North Carolina.

(Seal.) W. P. Wood,
Auditor.

Phillip Miller and Gabriel Parker, grandfather of Mary Parker, wife of Imla Nunn Miller, were both in an engagement at Burnt Court Bridge, near Sarecta, Duplin County. Gabriel Parker was wounded in the thigh.

The sword of Phillip Miller (3) descended to Imla Nunn Miller, now living on the place on Joshua's Creek, patented to Phillip Miller in 1745. A few years ago it was used for cutting cane, left out doors over night, and was stolen.

Phillip Miller (3) married Elizabeth Nunn, born March 9, 1757, (Jones County), died July 9, 1836, daughter of William Nunn and Elizabeth Loftin (daughter of Cornelius Loftin). They are buried in the family burying-ground, near the place where the dwelling then stood. This place descended to Mrs. Bettie Miller Fordham, and is now owned by Mrs. Ollin Taylor.

Elizabeth Nunn was of small stature but very nervous and active in her household duties. Phillip Miller (3) was strict in family discipline. He occasionally preached, following John Wesley's teaching of Christian doctrine. He inherited his father's estate and added to it.

There is no list of their children, known to be complete. Some of them are as follows: Daniel Miller, born September 31, 1781, died October 22, 1855, md. Winnafred Parker, born January 3, 1795, died September 9, 1851, daughter of John Parker and Angeline Loftin. The German spelling of the name is used on her tombstone for the last time in this family.

Elizabeth Miller, born April 26, 1794.
John Miller, born November 26, 1796.
Lewis Miller, born April 2, 1799.
Furney Miller.

William Miller was killed by a negro at the mill in the night of August 12, 1821.

Wiley Miller married Miss Gibson, moved to Georgia.

Nancy Miller married John Fordham, father of Jackson Fordham. She died about 12 months after marriage, leaving no offspring.

Elsie (or Ailsie) Miller married Ben Fordham, moved to Georgia and raised 12 children.

——— Miller married Mr. Ivey and moved to Georgia.

Imla Nunn Miller born March 10, 1801, died 1857 of typhoid fever, married Mary Parker, May 6, 1828. She was the daughter of John Parker and Angeline Loftin, and was born March 26, 1804, and died April 16, 1891.

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### Wiley Miller.

Wiley Miller married Miss Gibson and lived in Georgia. Their children are as follows:

Epsy Miller married Mr. Ryall and moved to Texas.

Elizabeth Miller married Moses H. Baldwin.

Louis Miller married Miss Hay and moved to Jasper, Texas.

Tobias Miller was killed in the war between the States.

Furney Miller died soon after returning from the Civil war.

Missouri Miller married Mr. Shannon, was divorced from him and resumed her maiden name.

Martha Miller married Dr. Coxwell.

Mary Miller married Mr. Ivey, her cousin.

The children of Moses H. Baldwin and Elizabeth Miller are as follows: Martha Elizabeth Baldwin, John Wiley Baldwin, Wm. Robert Baldwin, [Albany, Georgia], Andrew Jackson Baldwin, Louis Speight Baldwin, Moses Haywood Baldwin, Sallie Baldwin, Mary Speight Baldwin.

### Imla Nunn Miller.

Imla Nunn Miller owned over 200 slaves. He was the first of his line to own slaves. Prior to him, the Millers thought slaveholding was a sin. The two slaves recorded to his father on the Census of 1790 must have belonged to his mother. All of his slaves had a piece of ground and time to tend it; he bought their produce at market prices and they spent their money as they pleased. They were encouraged to visit and send gifts to friends and relatives on nearby plantations. He exacted perfect obedience and was considered a severe master. He was devoted to education and made liberal contributions to the founding of Randolph-Macon, and Greensboro Female Colleges. He deferred to the judgment of his wife, Mary Parker in all business affairs. He was away often looking after his farm in Georgia and buying slaves. Mary Parker directed the work on the plantation. She had a big gray horse, and as soon as she had breakfast, she got on the horse, and made a round. She was a rapid worker. Once she wove five yards of goods, made it into a dress and wore the dress, all in the same day. She was tender-hearted and generous, and gave away everything she owned before she died. Their children are as follows:

William Everett Miller born March 6, 1829, died December 10, 1849 of smallpox at Cincinnati, Ohio. He studied for M. D.

Anderson Roscoe Miller born May 8, 1830, died July 20, 1905. He graduated an M. D. and D. D. S., lived at Kinston, N. C. He married September 19, 1857, Delia Maria Henry, Waterbury, Vermont, born October 20, 1835, died March 9, 1884. He served in the Confederate Army.

Nancy Miller born August 15, 1832 died October 3, 1902 at the home of a niece, Kinston, N. C. She was large, strong, active and ran her farm in Woodington township until two years before her death. She taught the negro children on her farm to read and write.

John Parker Miller born March 30, 1834, married Elizabeth Jones Rouse, born October 1, 1839, lived Woodington township. Both of them were murdered by negroes in 1867 during the reconstruction. They left six children. He served in the Confederate Army.

Francis Xavier Miller born July 12, 1836 lives Gainesville, Florida, married Martha A. Williams October, 1864 in Greene County N. C. He served in the Confederate Army.

Julia Miller born March 16, 1839, married October 13, 1869 Wm. M. Dulin, lives Statesville, N. C.

Mary Angelina Miller born March 22, 1841, married October 1864 Lovick Prather, lived principally in Arkansas.

Francis Elizabeth Miller born March 17, 1843, married 1862 Jackson Fordham, lived Woodington township.

Wiley Phillip Miller born May 1, 1845, died 187- married Jennie Prather of Guilford County; lived Woodington township. He served in the Confederate Army.

### Will:—John Martin Franck:

Craven County, November 3, 1744. Sons: John and Edward. Wife: Sevil. Daughters: Sussannah, Sevil, Barbara and Catherine Franck, Mary Worsley, Elizabeth Harrold. Executor: Frederick Isler. Witnesses: Christian Isler, Melcher Remm, Frederick Isler. The following lands devised: plantation called "Chinpin," 500 acres on Trent River adjoining Chinpin; 640 acres commonly called "James Marshel's plantation." About 20 negroes bequeathed. To each of children is bequeathed cattle and riding

horses, and to each of sons is bequeathed a watch. No probate.

[John Martin Franck is probably the correct spelling of the name, though many deeds are signed Martin Frank.]

### Division of Work.

The geneological records of the Descendants of the Palatines will be printed just as they are received. Later they can be arranged in their proper order by the family geneologists. If only a few lines of each of the ninety-two families are completely worked out, descendants of the other lines, years from now, can get the connection of their lines made by a professional geneologist.

The printing of these records can not happen without *active* co-operation, because it would be too expensive.

The work assigned the General Geneologist and the Assistant Geneologist is copying the required records at the courthouses in New Bern, Trenton, Bayboro, Beaufort, Wilmington, Jacksonville, and Smithfield, bridging gaps, and arranging the data for publication. This is not easy, because so many of the courthouses have been destroyed since 1710.

### Books Wanted.

"Reminiscences of Jones County" by Stephen Franck Miller contains much family history. He was a prominent jurist of his day, moved to Georgia and died there. Mr. Calvin Koonce, Jones County, owned a copy.

"History of Jones County" by Bryant Westbrook gives the lines of tracts of lands and the names of the owners. Mr. David King, Lenior County owned a copy.

### Kinston Circle.

The Kinston Circle, Descendants of the Palatines has sent contributions, amounting to $50 to the palatines Memorial Association, given by the following: Mrs. H. O. Hyatt, Miss Sybil Hyatt, Miss Delia Hyatt, Dr. A. L. Hyatt, Mrs. A. Mitchell, Mrs. S. C. Sitterson, Mrs. Lloyd M. LaRoque, Mrs. Sac Sutton, Mr. E. L. Miller (Kansas City, Mo.), Mr. W. R. Baldwin, (Albany, Ga.)

Mrs. C. W. Pridgen, *Secretary.*

Order from Carolina and The Southern Cross, "The story of the Palatines" by Sanford H. Cobb, price $2.00 and "German Settlements and the Lutheran Church in the Carolinas" by G. D. Bernheim, price $2.50.

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### Dr. Julius Goebel.

Dr. Julius Goebel of the University of Illinois delivered a valuable address at New Bern during the Bicentennial Celebration. He wrote the following letter March 1, 1914.

"My Dear Miss Hyatt:

"Your kind letter reached me a few days ago. I was very glad to hear of the movement to erect a monument to the Palatines of New Bern as an indirect result of my address. Unfortunately I do not have a printed copy of this address, but I am sending you instead an excellent paper on 'Baron Christoph von Graffenried's New Bern Adventures.' by one of my former students, the result of three years historical research. This pamphlet was written under my direction and is based on the manuscripts of von Graffenried which are in my possession.

"I shall be greatly obliged to you if you will kindly let me know what progress you are making in your noble efforts.

"Wishing you the best of success, I remain, Sincerely yours,

Julius Goebel."

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# Letters and Reports

## A GOLD MEDAL FOR BEST ESSAY. N. C.

The North Carolina Society of the Sons of the American Revolution offers a Gold Medal for the best essay on the life of Waightstill Avery, a patriot of the Revolution.

### Conditions of Contest.

1. It will be limited to students of the Colleges, High Schools, Public and Private, in the State of North Carolina.

2. All essays must be original work of the contestants, giving credit by quotations where verbatim copying is resorted to and referring to book and page from which quotation is made.

3. Essays must not exceed 3,000 words.

4. In all essays facts are to be stated as facts and traditions as traditions.

5. Three typewritten copies are required of each essay, one copy of which is to be sent to Judge S. C. Bragaw, ex-President of the North Carolina Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, Washington, N. C.; Mrs. W. N. Reynolds, Regent of the Daughters of the American Revolution of North Carolina, Winston-Salem, N. C., and Dr. S. Westray Battle, Asheville, N. C.

6. These essays must be filed with the above named persons before May 15th, 1914

7. If several students in a College or one High School prepare essays, the best one is to be selected from these by a local contest or in any other way the school authorities may prefer, only one essay, the best one, from any one College or School, can compete in this contest.

R. T. Bonner, *Sec.*, Aurora, N. C.

E. A. Harrington, *Pres.*, Greensboro, N. C.

OFFICE OF SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION,

Raleigh, N. C.
Mareh 30, 1914

DEAR MRS. ARCHBELL:

Inclosed please find check for two years' subseription to your splendid magazine.

I am delighted that you seem to be meeting with so mueh success in the magazine, I believe it meets a real need.

With best wishes and kind regards, I am

Very truly yours,
L. C. BROGDEN.

---

Wilmington, N. C.
April 5, 1914.

Mrs. L. V. Archbell,
Kinston, N. C.

You will find one dollar enelosed for renewal of my subscription to your valuable state organ, CAROLINA AND THE SOUTHERN CROSS.

I do hope that it will beeome a paying proposition to you for I am sure the Old North State is well worthy of its deeds being shown to the world, and you are certainly doing your best to that end.

Yours most respectfully,
L. LEON...

---

Birmingham, Ala.
April 3, 1914.

Mrs. Lillie Archbell,
Kinston, N. C.

DEAR MRS. ARCHBELL:

I am enclosing you my eheck for $1.00 to pay one year's subscription to the CAROLINA AND THE SOUTHERN CROSS.

Please mail to Rev. E. A. Wright, 1218 North 32nd Street, Birmingham, Ala., and send him the copy of your paper with the copy of Gen. Robert Ransom's photo and war record.

Thanking you in advance for your kind and prompt attention, I am,

Yours truly,
JOHN G. SMITH.

[This is the tenth request for "The magazine eontaining Ransom's picture," outside of our State.
EDITOR.].

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Since the Tarboro Convention Mrs. Eugene Little wrote to the chapters requesting eaeh to send at least ten subscribers to CAROLINA AND THE SOUTHERN CROSS. Below are the names of those who responded in the order of their eontributions. Two sent eheeks through the U. D. C. treasurer, others sent direct to the magazine. If we have omitted to give eredit to Chapter Presidents or to chapters it was owing to their failure to state that the subseriber was from a chapter and we would be glad to know if we fail to give the proper eredit.

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North Carolina has nearly 100 U. D. C. chapters.

It has cost over $600.00 to get the paper out sinee the Convention.

Eight Universities are subscribers, five at the North. And we have eight or ten Publie Libraries on our subseription list. The present issue eompletes the first volume.

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